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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

LETTER XIX.

February 19, 1835.

I know not what I can tell you of my adventures in returning from Bona to Algiers, unless you will excuse me for recording an obligation which I owed to the Lieutenant of the steamer in which I embarked. To carry me out to that steamer with my servant and luggage, I hired a boat with three boatmen, to whom, on coming aboard, I offered as many francs for the trouble of rowing me about the distance of a stone-cast. One of the knaves followed me up to the deck, and, throwing down the money, begged leave to assure me that I was no gentleman. I coolly picked up my silver, collared the fellow, took him before the lieutenant, and explained the cause of our dispute. The lieutenant, like a second Daniel, gave judgment against my adversary. "You rascal," he said to him, "have you dared to refuse what is three times your fare? But your insolence shall be punished." He then seized him by the shoulders, turned him round, and gave him three of the handsomest kicks that I ever saw bestowed on the after-part of a human body. In a general view, I disapprove of man kicking his brother man; but here there was a fair exception to the rule. I had justice on my side, and, with the picked up francs in my hand, I felt that I had "*stooped to conquer*." I gave them to the knave, and added, "Remember not to keep the three kicks that you have got, any more than the three francs, all to yourself; two of them are due to your companions."

When I look to the date of this letter I am afraid that, before it reaches you, you will have been alarmed at my silence. During the two past weeks no packet has sailed for France; the intercourse with Europe has been stopped by such tempests, as even the stormy winter of Algiers has not witnessed for several seasons. The 11th and 12th of February were memorable days. On the morning of the former day, about 1 A.M., I was awakened by the howling of the wind;—

"That night a child might understand
The De'il had business on his hand"—

and, accordingly, the De'il was very busy next day; for, after having wrecked fourteen ships at Bona and Bougia, he paid us a visit, and the storm has smashed one and twenty vessels in the harbour, or, I should rather say, the roadstead, of Algiers—for, properly speaking, there is no protecting harbour. A pier, the improved erection of which is said to have cost the French a million of francs, or forty thousand pounds, has been swept away like a loaf of sugar; and it is calculated that the entire loss by these gales will amount to three times that sum. But what is most deplorable, fourteen human beings have perished.

* Unable to get any repose on the awful night of the 11th, I dressed myself, and got up to the house-top, where I could keep my feet only by clinging to the breast-work. The moon hung low, and faintly reddened the creamy whiteness of the boiling deep. As the day advanced, the north-west wind grew, if possible, more furious, and the wrecks of seven vessels came in by fragments to the beach below the town. In spite of the tremendous surf, there were persons hardy enough to venture their lives in getting goods from the wrecked vessels. A poor French cobbler of Algiers, in imitation of the saint and patron of his trade, King Crispin*, seeing the "*Troia gaza per undas*," swam out to the tempting treasure, and *came to his last*.

Nine Swedes belonging to a Russian ship were drowned in their boat within sight of us, and a French captain of artillery, a much-lamented young man, perished in bravely attempting to save them. Many honourable traits of French courage and humanity have been shown on this occasion, and it was quite proper that the "*Moniteur Algerien*" should record them; but there was surely no necessity for subjoining the following anecdote respecting Admiral Bretonnière as a proof of his sagacity. That worthy officer, it seems, was going down to the beach wrapped up in his great coat when he had nearly been blown into the sea, coat and all; but, luckily he met in his way a cannon fixed erect in the ground, and he had actually "*the presence of mind*," says the "*Moniteur*," "to save himself by clasping this cannon with both his hands." Without questioning the Admiral's sagacity, why compliment him on doing what any creature, human or simious, would have done in the same circumstances.

One glorious instance of intrepidity was given, I am happy to say, by an Englishman. The French have not published it, but they speak of it with due and high admiration. The captain of a British merchantman, whose name I am sorry I omitted to learn, though he was pointed out to me, had confidence enough in his own seamanship to weather the whole storm, and when a boat was sent out to bring him ashore, he calmly said, "That it was his duty to save the ship and cargo if he could, and that he would do his duty." His vessel, a puny-looking thing of some fifty tons, had a crew of five men, four of whom he sent ashore, and retained only one sailor, besides his own son, a boy only ten years old. "Why retain the poor child?" you will say. I tell you he was no poor child, but a noble boy, and he persisted in refusing to leave his father. Nor was this a freak of rashness on the part of the captain, but an act of cool and calculating bravery. He knew the strength of his little brig, and trusted to the tenacity of both his anchors. He even reckoned that he should be safe with one of them, should it be necessary to cut the cable of the other. This manœuvre eventually became necessary. During those two awful days, the main cause of destruction to the ships was their running foul of each other; accordingly when one or two of the miserable drifting wrecks were coming down, and ready to bump him to destruction, he cut his cable and swung out of bumping reach.

* King Crispin, the saint of the shoemakers, was drowned in consequence of plunging into a river, down the stream of which a dead horse was floating, which, his Sutoric Majesty mistook for a huge ball of resin.—*Vide Syllurgus de Gestis Regum*.

When I saw this brave mariner and his boy, the countenance of the former struck me by its expression of mildness almost amounting to simplicity: it reminded me of one of Morland's best pictures of an English peasant.

Yet, with all my pride in our native seamen, I have been no indifferent witness to the sufferings and fortitude of those of France. The *Eclaireur* steam-ship, in which I came from Bona, had gone again thither, and, coming back, reached Algiers on the second day of the storm. Never shall I forget my sensations at seeing this gallant vessel engaged in a combat with the elements, which every spectator regarded as utterly hopeless. The spray flashed over her so as to make us believe at times that her hull was irrecoverably under water. Again she rose in sight, but again the ruffian waves, like assassins shouldering their victim, whirled her back from her course. To think she had human beings on board was sufficiently painful; but to those who had acquaintances and friends among the seemingly devoted sufferers, the spectacle was heart-rending. For my own part, I had had but a short acquaintance with the officers of the *Eclaireur*; but they had shown me every possible civility, and I felt for them as for friends. At last, in spite of all difficulties, they got to anchor off Cape Matifou; but it was still uncertain there whether her anchorage would continue firm, or the ship's timbers keep together. Rumour says that the highest marine authority at Algiers signalled a command to them to run in upon the sands of Cape Matifou, about a league below the town; an order which was tantamount to bidding them drown themselves. The captain, however, knew better: he rode at anchor till the tempest somewhat abated, and at last succeeded in getting into Algiers. Happily no lives were lost on board the *Eclaireur*; but she could only be brought in in a state so nearly approaching to a wreck, that it has not been thought expedient to repair her. She is English built; and I doubt if French carpenters are up to the skill of repairing a steamer. Be this as it may, the unfortunate captain, though there is not a shadow of reflection on his character, retains only his rank in the service, and, for the present, loses his livelihood.

During those terrible days—you may easily suppose that we had scarcely any other subject of interest or conversation in Mr. St. John's house than the fate of our fellow-creatures at sea—one of his beautiful little daughters, about seven years old, came to her mother in the crisis of the danger, and said, with tears in her eyes, "Mamma, I wish to pray for these sufferers in the ships, but I know not how to compose a prayer—do put words together for me that I may get them by heart, and pray to God for the poor people."

Now that the storm is overblown, I have leisure to deliberate what I shall next do with my humble self. As I wish to see as much as possible of the Algerine Regency, I should gladly venture once more into the inland country as far as Constantina, if it were possible either to travel unprotected, or to find a protecting convoy: but it would have been safer fifty years ago than it is at present for any European to have penetrated so far from the coast as Constantina. My object must therefore be to get to Oran, the furthest western point of the Regency of which the French have taken possession, since it is accessible by sea. The sea, however, has of late left no very seducing impression on my mind; and

although at the moment I am writing he reminds me of the glorious words of Æschylus, “*πῶντίων τε κυμάτων Ἀντιόχου γέλασμα*” *—whilst his waves “interminably wreath their crisped smiles”—yet I cannot think of immediately trusting myself to his hospitality, and shall accordingly tarry a little longer at Algiers.

LETTER XX.

I could easily transcribe for you long comparative statements of the expenses and the receipts of the French Colonial Government here, as well as tables of the shipping, and of the exports and imports of all the ports in the Regency; and if the colony were in a settled condition, such documents, though dry reading, would be well worth studying as means of solving the grand problem, namely, what profit will France make by her conquest of Algiers? Things, however, are not in a settled condition. I have still, to be sure, the same general impression that their national pride will induce the French to retain the country, and to penetrate from its littoral into its interior as far as they can; and I have still a further general belief, that by good management a perspective of splendid though remote advantages might be opened to France, and to the civilized world at large, from the French possession of the Regency. But you must take this opinion as a guess, not as a dogma; for I repeat that things are not in a settled condition. The public feeling of France itself, as to the advisableness of retaining Algiers, is divided between pride and frugality; and how the struggle is to end will depend upon many contingencies. Among these we may reckon the chief one to be the balance of accounts from year to year, as to the expenses and receipts of the colony. Let us hear then, perhaps you will say, how much on the one hand the colony costs France for soldiers and the civil administration; and on the other hand, how much it yields in the shape of customs, tolls, taxes on markets, and on the natives, &c. &c.

As to the expense of the French army in Algiers, that must depend upon its number. At the time I write, the officers whom I have consulted compute it, generally, at 23,000 †. Take that estimate, and compute the expense of every soldier at 35*l.* a-year, and the result will be 805,000*l.* sterling. But when I recollect the fact that a British War Minister once expressed to me his belief, that what with ordnance, hospitals, officering, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., our soldiers cost not less to the nation than 80*l.* annually per head, I cannot believe that France maintains her military, (in Algiers at least,) all things included, at less than one-half that sum. The expense, therefore, to France in the event of her being obliged to maintain 23,000 fighting men in the Regency, would exceed a million sterling a-year, besides the cost of her civil government.

Query, Would this force be sufficient to overrun the country, and to keep possession of it? I am no military man, but I would stake my life on the truth of the opinion, that, to sweep and keep the country, Napoleon himself, if alive, would demand double that number. It is wandering

* May a thousand curses light on the German critic who first substituted *καχλασμα* for *γέλασμα* in this inimitable passage of the *Prometheus*!

† Mons. Genty de Bussy states the whole effective force of the army at 31,410 on the 1st of January, 1834.

from the question to talk of the British retaining Hindostan with twenty and some odd thousand British troops; for the Kabyles and Arabs are not Hindoos, and we have 200,000 native Indian troops of the most warlike caste in our service. No doubt the French might keep hold of Algiers, Oran, Bougia, and Bona, and a few miles round those cities, with 15,000 men. But who knows what their policy will be in this respect? and who therefore can set le the question of what the military expense of retaining this Regency will be to France?

It thus seems to me to be a matter if not of vague, at least of wide calculation, how much the possession of Algiers will cost France in the way of pecuniary outlay. The Colony may ere long cost her half a million sterling a-year, or it may cost her two millions. This contingency depends on other contingencies; and I should say the same thing of the profits that may result and partially meet that outlay. Suppose I tell you, for instance, on the authority of Genty de Bussy, that the French Colonial Government of Algiers derived from all its resources in the colony, namely, from the public domains, the custom-house dues, the post-office, the police fines, the monopoly of hides, the sale of coals, the impositions on the natives, and some other items, the sum of 1,144,664 francs and 78 centimes, within the first six months of the last year, 1834—and, by fair calculation, double that sum during the entire year; still, how far is this information from guiding us to a certain conclusion as to how much may be the future receipts of the colony? The importation customs depend considerably on the size of the army; the tolls and exportation duties depend on the friendliness or hostility of the natives. Every thing, in fact, depends on contingencies, about which conjecture must go to sea without a star or a compass.

The first profit which France derived from the conquest of Algiers was the confiscation of the Dey's treasury; and to this acquisition I can see no fair objection, conceiving, as I do, that her attack on the pirate chief was perfectly justifiable; yet, still it behoved her to use her victory on the principles of civilized nations, and sacredly to respect the faith of treaties. Have the French done this? Certainly not! They have seized on some profits which are forbidden fruits in fair warfare, and they show a mean hankering after other extortions, which they have neither the effrontery to execute, nor the conscientiousness to forego. I say this as a man, and not as an Englishman; for England, although her colonial policy has been generally wiser than that of France, has no right to call herself sinless in Africa—as the hapless Caffres can bear witness: but I have a right to speak on this subject as a citizen of the world.

By the convention made at the surrender of Algiers to the French, the Dey was permitted to depart with all his private property. By the words "*richesses personnelles*," in the second article of the treaty, it was no doubt indicated that he was to leave behind him his state-treasures, which were public property; but it was announced distinctly, that all the inhabitants, civil and military, were to be protected in their property, trade, industry, and religion. Surely, by any honest interpretation of this treaty, the Turks remaining at Algiers came within its protection; but the French had scarcely fixed themselves in the city, when the Governor, General Bourmont, ordered a general arrestation of the Turks—tore them from their wives and families—and, putting them on ship-

board, caused them to be transported out of the country. It was *rumoured* that those Turks were conspiring against the French, but as Sidy Hamdan, in relating this affair, very justly remarks—"Here was a handful of men who a few days before had possessed arms, ammunition, artillery, the castle of the Cassaba, and other forts—they had an army and treasures to support them, and the Beys of the provinces on their side: yet, with all these advantages, they had preferred surrendering to France to continuing a hopeless struggle. Now that the tables were turned—now that they were without arms, ammunition, or a single stronghold—how improbable it is that men with brains in their heads should think of regaining in their weakness what they had given up in their strength!" But there was a *rumour* of a conspiracy brought to General Bourmont by some of the worst scum of the Jews and Mussulmans, who were paid for their espionage—and we all know the skill of spies to forge treason where they cannot find it. In so grave a matter, however, as the banishment of those men, justice demanded proofs and not *rumour*—and of proof or public trial not a shadow was exhibited in their case. In 1832, the French, for the first time, declared, that they had documents of a native conspiracy, which the then Governor General, a most impartial judge to be sure, considered authentic; and by a charitably strained inference it was concluded, that all Turks whatsoever must have been concerned in it. Even granting that conclusion, however, it is clear that those Turks were condemned and punished two years before a tittle of proof was alleged against them.

When the tri-color was substituted for the white flag at Algiers, the natives found no amendment in the colour of French domination. The first decree of General Clausel, dated the 8th of September, puts under sequestration the effects which had belonged to the late Dey—(by these effects is meant immoveable property, for the public treasury had already been secured)—the effects also of the Beys, or provincial governors, as well as those of the departed Turks, and the funds of a corporation, called that of Mecca and Medina. A second decree of the same Governor, dated December 7, 1830, sequesters the houses, magazines, manors*, and establishments of all descriptions whatsoever, the revenues of which are appropriated to the mosques, or which may have any other special appropriations.

The decree, it is obvious, lays its hands at once not only on the immoveable property of the Dey, which was a justifiable seizure, and on that of the Beys, which, for aught that I know, was also excusable, but on the property of the deported Turks, and on that of all corporations—civil or religious—including even charitable institutions—a proceeding of gross iniquity. In September, 1831, a new decree was issued by the then Governor for sequestering the estates of all absent Turks, without hinting at the slightest discrimination between those who might be guilty or innocent. It is no wonder that the Baron Pichon, who appears a uniform advocate of the rights of the natives, should reprobate the above decrees; but I am agreeably surprised to find his opponent, Monsieur Genty de Bussy, making a liberal confession on the same subject, and blaming the decree for making no distinction between the

* I thus generally interpret the word "censives," which means manors entitled to quit-rents.

guiltless and the convicted refugees. Monsieur Genty de Bussy, according to all accounts that I have heard of him, is not particularly troubled with a dyspeptic conscience; but he is too shrewd a man to be an out-and-out sophist in so glaring a case of injustice. He modifies, nevertheless, his censure of the decree by remarking that, in as far as it applied to Turks actually guilty of conspiring against France, it was perfectly lawful, since they were, in a full sense of the word, traitors. But I deny this position of M. Genty de Bussy. "Traitors" means persons who owe allegiance, and have renounced it. If, after the French had taken Algiers, they had treated the Turks with common justice, they would have owed them allegiance; but what allegiance had France a right to claim from men whom she dragged from their homes and gardens and drove into banishment, without a shadow of proof or the show of a trial? The French were the traitors, and not they. It is well known that, for several days after the capture of the city, the Turks were insulted, kicked, and spit upon by the Jews wherever they found them. The poor Turks met in a body in order to petition the French Governor for protection, and they sent him a deputation to prefer their prayer; but, by a sad fatality, they chose for deputies some men who were either the spies of Bourmont, or at least who speculated on being rewarded for discovering new symptoms of Turkish treason; and those wretches, instead of bearing the petition of the Turks, went and told him that the Turks had congregated in order to raise an insurrection. This fact has been repeatedly stated to me by Moors, who were no friends of the Turks, and by impartial foreign consuls. And this was bringing civilization into Africa, to try men by spies, and to condemn them without a hearing!

M. Genty de Bussy, in fact, assumes too much in partially apologizing for the above decree, by alleging that there were guilty as well as innocent Turks among the absentees, whose estates were sequestrated. None of the absent Turks—whether they had been dragged on ship-board to be deported, or had fled from Algiers in a panic, as I believe many of them did—*could* be guilty of treason towards a power which had broken all faith with them, and to which they owed no fealty. Allowing it even to be true, as the French publicly announced, that they had got indubitable documents, in 1832, of many Turks abroad being engaged in plots against the French, and call this treason, if you will—still it is a treason proved a year later than the infamous decree which sequestrated all Turkish estates indiscriminately. Nay, even go farther, and suppose that, in 1832, there was not one untreasonable Algerine Turk among the absentees, still what caused their absence, and what drove them into treason? It was French injustice; and the French, forsooth, are to punish the crime which they have themselves created! I am told, however, by Frenchmen who, without justifying, would palliate this treatment of the Turks, that the decrees of governors are not laws till confirmed by the Home-Government; and that the banished Turks might still, by a proper appeal, get these sequestrations removed—but that they are barbarians, and have no notion of legal appeals! But, verily, this argument is worse than a barefaced mockery of justice. Does any man believe that these Turkish gentlemen, robbed in defiance of laws and faith of their estates, will ever be restored to them?—I do not.

It seems like a retribution of Providence that these beautiful villas, thus wrenched from their owners, have yielded but little profit to the

wrenchers. They are principally occupied by the military, and the French soldiers, wherever they have taken up their habitation, have made the houses uninhabitable to all future tenants by cutting up the wood-work in order to make their fires. Some destruction in this way was unavoidable, but the troops amuse themselves with superfluous tricks of mischief. I was told so, at least, by one of themselves; a *naïve* laughing corporal, who said to me, "After all, we are a sad set of fellows: I found my camarades, *les singes diables*, one day cutting down a tall, noble, palm-tree, and for what purpose do you think?—why, to get at a bird's nest: but they got no living birds, for the nestlings were all killed by the fall."

The sequestrated immoveable property of the Deys, the Beys, and the banished Turks comes all under the title of the "National Domain, or public property;" and it would seem that the French are disposed to give a sweeping extent of signification to that term: for the decrees of some of the governors of Algiers sequester the property of native corporations, civil as well as religious. The idea of sequestering religious funds has struck the French themselves as so impolitic and faithless, that Genty de Bussy has, like a wise man, deprecated the fulfilment of those decrees. But, for my own part, I can see nothing more unjustifiable in the sequestration of funds belonging to civil corporations than of those belonging to corporations that are religious. Algiers capitulated on a promise that the property, the commerce, and the industry of its inhabitants should be protected; and what sort of protection is this, which sequesters the property of even civil corporations? I grant, no doubt, that there is something more glaringly impolitic in alarming the natives about their religious corporations than about their lay ones; but the essential injustice is the same.

You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear of corporations' vested rights and funds, proceeding from legacies for religious and charitable purposes, having been respected from age to age among a people so despotically governed as the Algerines. But there were limits to the despotism even of a Dey of Algiers. It is true that when he took a fancy to a man's head, he generally succeeded in getting it removed from his shoulders; and afterwards he took the same care of the beheaded man's property that the conscientious bird takes of the silver spoon in the story of the "Maid and the Magpie." But the Dey could only be a civil and not a religious robber. The Moors and the Turks in all the Regencies of Barbary, like all true believers in Mahometan countries, had a number of public foundations, both for piety and practical charity, which were enriched, from time to time, both by gifts and legacies. Over these foundations Religion threw its guardian *ægis*, and Deys and Pashas were compelled to hold them in veneration.

The most important of these institutions is that of Mecca and Medina:—"It contributes to the expense of supporting mosques in those sacred cities; it distributes charity to the poor, and it makes advances to Mussulmans," says Genty de Bussy, "who wish to go as pilgrims to Mecca." But it is strange, considering the general clearness and accuracy of that gentleman, to find him, after he has made this statement, referring us to a document which contradicts it, on the subject of pilgrims going to Mecca being assisted by the aforesaid institution.

This document is a series of questions addressed to the Mufti of

Algiers respecting that endowment, together with the answers given to those questions.

One of the questions is, "*Do the Mussulmans of Algiers who go on a pilgrimage receive any assistance from the endowment of Mecca and Medina?*" The answer is, simply, No.

The only way in which I can reconcile this seeming discrepancy, between De Bussy's statement and the document to which he refers, is by supposing that poor Mussulmans accidentally coming to Algiers from the holy cities may have been assisted to return home thither out of the Mecca and Medina fund; in which case, however, those paupers could hardly be called pilgrims from Algiers.

But the most curious fact that meets us in the examination of the Oukils, *i. e.* the stewards of this Mahometan fund, by the French "*Intendant civil*," is, that *Christians* as well as Mussulmans were the objects of its charity.

Question put by the Intendant:—"In distributing the alms of this endowment, do you establish distinctions among the poor, or are the distributions made indiscriminately to all who present themselves?"

Answer:—"Alms are distributed to each according to the misery and destitution of the applicant; and the circumstances of the applicant are inquired into and appreciated by the Oukil."

Another question:—"Are there fixed periods for the distributions, and how are they regulated?"

Answer:—"There are fixed periods for the distribution of alms; namely, the mornings of Monday and Tuesday. The poor are divided into three classes; namely, the men, the women, and the *Christians*—each of the three classes receives separately."

A charitable Algerine in the last century—honour be to his memory!—bequeathed a large sum to be laid out in bread for the Christian slaves on that day of the week when their allowance of food was the scantiest. It was probably to the religious protection of the above endowment that he confided his legacy.

Well, whilst I know your heart is thankful that there are some redeeming traits in the Algerine character, let me not unintentionally lead you to too much indignation at the French, from supposing that they have cut off every stream of charity towards the poorest class of the natives. No:—the Baron Pichon describes the twice-a-week distributions of alms which he had himself seen; and which, I am confident, are still continued, though I have not witnessed them. At these distributions the Oukil sits in public with two assessors: a troop of perhaps two thousand indigents—mostly women carrying or leading infants—desiles before him; and a pittance—would that I could say it was more, of about a sou and a half is doled out to each individual. In the olden time, when a sheep cost but fifteen-pence at Algiers, this sum was, perhaps, not much less than equivalent to the scantiest parish charity in England; but now that prices are raised, it is no wonder that the mendicants look gaunt. M. Pichon certainly means that this charity comes out of the Meccæ endowment, for he says that the surplus, after the beggars have been served, is turned into the public treasury, and no longer goes to the Holy City, in order that the funds originally intended for a religious purpose may not be perverted from their destination and employed in paying for intrigues and insurrections

against the French. With equal justice and humanity the Baron remarks that the enemies of France, who are abroad among the Mussulmans, could, by no stretch of ingenuity, invent means of fomenting native discontents more efficacious than this iniquitous detention-funds appropriated to religion. The French entered Algiers on the faith of the national religion being sacredly protected; but this tribute to Mecca is a vital part of Islamism. It is very well to talk of Mahometan superstition, and if the people of Algiers should choose to become Protestant Mahometans let them get rid, if they will, of the tribute; but the French, without perjuring themselves, cannot interfere with the tribute as it is now established. And be it remarked that, in outraging the religion of a Mussulman, you are not interfering merely with his superstitious dogmas, but with the whole sources of his moral consolations. The Koran is the Mussulman's code of laws and jurisprudence; the compass that guides his actions in this world as well as his hopes towards the next.

It is but fair to say, that although I despair of ever seeing justice done to the expatriated Turks, I have hopes that the sequestration of the corporation-funds will not be universally and permanently sanctioned by the French. Baron Pichon says, "That the sequestration on properties *having special appropriations* is only partial and nominal; that the funds for supporting the mosques of Algiers, for example, have never been taken possession of." So far so good; and though the name of mosques reminds me that one of the largest in the city was demolished by the French, and another converted into a Catholic church (of course without consulting the inhabitants), yet for the former proceeding, violation of the treaty as it was, one can allow something like a palliation in looking at the improvement which it has made upon Algiers. The demolition of the mosque and its adjacent buildings has enlarged the only public market-place in this gloomy city, and opened a view from it towards the sea; it has therefore made the town healthier as well as pleasanter. Moreover, as long as the African Commission continues,* I shall not consider the question of the sequestrations as hopelessly at rest.

But, without denying to M. Genty de Bussy the merit of having generally spoken with truth and candour on this subject, I cannot quite agree with him, that the French Government stands exculpated in the whole affair. "The French Government," he says, "has *never* given its sanction to *all* the decrees of the Generals-in-chief, or to the acts of the intendants at Algiers." This is a vague sort of exculpation. It may be that no one act of the French Government has sanctioned *all* the decrees of the Governors—at once; but in September, 1831, did not the French Minister-of-War send to Algiers an order for the sale of all the onerous domains in Algiers, with the exception of the property appropriated for the mosques of Mecca and Medina? He made no other exception to Clausel's decree of the 7th of December, 1830, which sequestrated the houses, magazines, manors, and to all establishments whatsoever, under what title soever, *having special appropriations*. After this order of the War-minister, it is needless to speak of the French Government never having sanctioned those iniquitous seques-

*A Board appointed to inquire into the state of the African colony, and to give in reports on the subject to Government.

trations; but it is singular to find Mons. Pichon, just after he has admitted the existing sequestration to be in part only nominal, immediately adding, "*Mais le sequestre existe sur les biens de Mèkque et Médina.*" If he means anything by this sequestration, he surely means that it is real, and not nominal.

The truth seems to be, that in this meditated robbery of corporation property at Algiers, the French authorities on the spot have been about as timid as those at home, when they came to the practical point of executing the decrees of 1830 and 1831. Mons. de Bussy himself is amusingly honest on this subject; I cannot but laugh when I find him confessing, "The sequestration in Africa is quite a measure of exception, (*une mesure tout exceptionnelle*)—a measure of public safety, in opposition to law (*étranger au droit*), and which policy alone could make advisable." In other words, the apologist might have said, that, under certain circumstances, *honesty is not the best policy—but policy is the best honesty.*

The Governor's decree of the 10th of June, though made public, and supported by a ministerial decision that came subsequently from Paris, has not received an entire execution. "At no period," he adds, "have the rules of sequestration been rigorously applied, and it is only with a sort of timidity and groping that those who are engaged in this business have gone on."

Now, Frenchmen, if you will be rogues, put a bold face upon the business. Do as we did in England: when we heard of the Caffres being robbed of their cows, and bayoneted by our brave soldiers, our Members of Parliament went down to the House and maintained that the Caffres had been too mercifully used; but you are mealy-mouthed in this affair, and grope about in a game of blind-man's buff at cheatery.

Yet the French have, undoubtedly, done some good at Algiers; and as I have dealt so freely with their delinquencies, it will be but fair, in my next Letter, to describe to you some of their Institutions which promise to foster civilization, and, like the red streaks in the sky after a stormy evening, bespeak a pleasant to-morrow.

LETTER XXI.

Before I mention a few French institutions, which may be considered as the seeds of civilization in Africa, allow me to advert to some speculations which I find in that shrewd writer Genty de Bussy, respecting the advantages which this colony might derive from fostering a religious and commercial intercourse between it and Arabia.

The pilgrimages to Mecca have been in all ages of Islamism a principal bond between Mahometan nations. It is but fair to believe that the promotion of piety was not the only object which the legislator had in view when he enjoined those pilgrimages to the faithful, but that he meant to civilize them by trade as well as to cement them by religion. At all events, in point of fact, commerce sprung up out of this religious institution.

A great many Mahometans used to visit Mecca both from the Regencies of Barbary and more Western Africa, and returned to their homes with a halo of sanctity acquired by their pilgrimage which placed them

distinctly in the highest grade of society. They re-entered their native cities in formal triumph:—grand functionaries and sovereigns themselves were the first to welcome them with honour and to heap them with presents; processions went out to meet them and flowers were strewn before them on their path. Gen^{ty} de Bussy remarks, as if it were a reproach to Christianity, that only a few Christians, and those few merely from curiosity, visit Jerusalem, whilst multitudes of Mahometans flock to Mecca from piety; but this establishes nothing as to the comparative sincerity of believers in the two faiths. Pilgrimage to Jerusalem is no where enjoined in the Gospel of Christ, nor even recommended by him;—he pronounced his kingdom to be not of this world. He came, therefore, to sanctify the earth in a spiritual not a material sense—not like bigots falsely calling themselves his followers—who hold up their hands to consecrate some spot of dirt and clay, or the stones and sticks that are built over it. His mission was to cleanse and consecrate the pure immortal substance of the human soul:—hence, pure Christianity is exalted and philosophical;—it enjoins no reverence to earthly localities or to earthly relics.

With these conceptions of the superiority of Christian over Mahometan faith, I deny not your right to dispute abstractedly the propriety of favouring Mahometan pilgrimages to Mecca. But take the question practically, and let me ask you if there be any probability of bringing these Arabs and Kabyles to be pure, *i. e.*, philosophical Christians? There is none. You might make Methodists and jumpers of some of them, but that would not be making them pure Christians. Were you to suggest that, at all events, we ought to cleanse them of their Mahometan superstition, I should say no; for their Mahometanism, at least, keeps them sober—and until you can make them pure Christians, better make them the best Mahometans you can than leave them irrational and irreligious barbarians. Such is almost the case of many of the Kabyles and Arabs. A sensible Moor of Algiers assured me that, for want of intercourse with more civilized believers, whole native tribes, though believers in the Koran, are only nominal Mahometans, and in practice fierce and immoral savages. Therefore, I say, make the best Mahometans that you can of the Africans; and the best way to civilize them is, to promote pilgrimages to Mecca and the commerce which from thence accrues.

A portion of the Algerine pilgrims to Mecca used to join the caravans that set out from Morocco, and which, traversing the sea of sand from west to east, came at last to encamp under the walls of Cairo. But the Arabs, who are called Fellahs, *i. e.*, those who cultivate the fertile plains inclosed between the ramifications of the grand chain of mountains to the south; as well as the Kabyles, the indomitable masters of the crests of Mount Atlas, and, in fine, the inhabitants of the cities and villages in the northern part of the Regency, when they wish to make the Mecca pilgrimage, come down to the principal ports of the coast, from whence they freight vessels for Alexandria.

Algiers has thus been accustomed to see, every year, several ships depart with pilgrims for the east; and when any distinguished person was of the company, the Dey gave them his own vessels to conduct them.

I argue, that it would be the best policy of the French to remove every obstacle in the way of pilgrimages from hence to Mecca. They

ought to equip ships for conveying the pilgrims to Egypt at stated periods. The expense of their conveyance, M. Genty de Bussy thinks, might be defrayed out of the funds of the Mecca and Medina Institution. I have already quoted the evidence of that writer against himself with regard to those funds having been ever appropriated to the assistance of pilgrims going to the holy shrine from Algiers; but it is of little importance from what source the French might derive the money advanced to pilgrims—for supposing them to be helped only as far as Egypt, the cost would be trifling; and in order to defray the rest of their journey, as well as to procure some articles of merchandise to dispose of in the east, the devout Moslems would be obliged to bring the products of their pastoral industry to the markets of Algiers, and thus to supply the French abundantly with provisions, as well as to purchase their goods imported from Europe.

It would be supreme policy in the French to foster this intercourse between Algiers and Arabia; and to concert means not only for giving the pilgrims a comfortable departure, but an equally comfortable return. Formerly, the pilgrims had covered places for stowing their merchandises at Algiers, as well as fountains of running water for refreshing their beasts. The suburb of Bab-Azoun once contained many of these caravanseries, but since the conquest they have disappeared and been replaced by military barracks and hospitals. It was important, no doubt, that the soldiers should be lodged; but it is equally so that they should be fed, and the best way to feed them is to attract the Arabs to the French markets.

The French Government has been grossly inattentive to this subject. One would not wish them, to be sure, to imitate in all respects our policy with regard to the superstitions of India, in dealing with those of Algiers. It was carrying our complaisance too far to permit the burning of Indian widows. But still it is advisable as general policy to respect the native faith—and to restrain none of its innocuous practices. The only thing I ever heard said in favour of the French among the Moors was, that they thanked them for not allowing proselytizing fanatical preachers of Christianity to come amongst them. If such missionaries were allowed to settle here, their first converts would be the lowest scum of the people, who would embrace Christianity for the sake of getting drunk.

One certain blessing which we have a right to look for from the settlement of the French in Africa, is the importation of medical and surgical art. It is true that the Mahometan doctrine of fatalism is opposed to the healing science, but we have a proof that that opposition is not invincible, in the fact of Bagdad having been at one time the first medical school in the world; and in truth there is no superstition that can entirely eradicate man's instinctive desire to have his death postponed, and his sickness mitigated. It is but fair to confess that the natives in the interior of the Regency have given no sort of encouragement for European doctors to settle amongst them; on the contrary, several who had opened shops at Mascara and elsewhere, after exhibiting rainbows of coloured bottles in their windows, and pounding innumerable stuffs for the Libyan bowels, have been obliged to return for want of patients. It is true, moreover, that the simple habits of the barbarians make them more independent of doctors than the wife-

drinking Europeans are generally apt to be ; for, though Apollo may be the God of physicians, it is Bacchus perhaps who mainly provides them with customers. Nevertheless the natives have several disorders to which they are peculiarly subject, and which no temperance can avoid, or indeed which abstemiousness itself tends to aggravate. Thus, the fevers arising from marshy miasmata, wine has been often found an efficacious medicine. I ought further to remark that almost all the Kabyles and Arabs who have come in contact with the French at Algiers have shown no reluctance to being relieved in a French hospital. They overcome their scruples of fatalism by arguing thus: "It was fated that I should be sick ;—it was fated that I should be carried to the French hospital ;—it was fated that the French doctor should feel my pulse, and make me show my tongue ;—it was fated that his apprentice should bring me drugs that were to pass through my body, and restore me ;—all this was the will of God, or else it could not have happened."

In speaking of disorders at Algiers, I ought rather to call them disorders incidental to the country, than peculiar to it, or inseparably connected with the climate. The climate of the Regency is noxious only in particular parts. I believe Algiers itself to be as healthful as the most of the towns in Europe. The sultriness of summer throughout the whole Regency is mitigated by north winds that come across the Mediterranean, as well as by the south-westers which, traversing the tablelands on the double chain of mount Atlas, refresh the atmosphere with the breath of the Atlantic Ocean.

It is true that in this country, as every where else where there are marshes, there are fevers. The Pontine marshes as well as those around Mantua, and on the plains of Sardinia,—nay, the coasts of Holland and Essex—have but too much febrile celebrity ; and in like manner the evaporation from numerous swampy tracts on the Metidja plain along the river Arratch, in face of the southern and eastern line of the French cantonnments, have been exceedingly fatal to their soldiery. The natives themselves who are enlisted as Zouaves in the French service suffer also from this marsh fever ; but it is remarkable in how small a degree comparatively with the French. Nine out of ten Frenchmen are seized with it, but only one out of four of the natives : the African Zouaves are also more speedily cured of it than Europeans and are less subject to renewed attacks.

But there is nothing incurable in the swampiness of the Metidja. That plain, by a little industry, might be brought once more to deserve the name which it once derived from a young and beautiful princess. By digging channels for its moisture, and by embanking its principal river, it would soon be converted from the head of Medusa to the breath and bloom of Hebe. The same may be said as to the perfect practicability of making Bona itself more healthful. Human industry is God's vicegerent, in *sanitizing*, if I may dare to coin a word, the earth we tread, and the air we breathe. The French intend to drain all the accessible marshes of the Regency—I hope they will neither trifle with this design, nor abandon it ; for humanity at large is interested in their civilizing this part of Africa. Let them remember that there is no glory in merely intending well, for hell itself they say is paved with good intentions.

The Arabs themselves, as I have said, are beginning to open their eyes to the blessings of the healing art. I have before me a list—name and surname, of all the males and females who have received medical treatment from the surgeon-major of the Zouaves in the months of March, April, and May of 1831. The number of patients was 274, of whom 233 were cured, 32 remained in the hospital till a later part of the year, and only 9 were found incurable. This gives one heart and hope as to future civilization. I subjoin a list of the relative number of the diseases, as it forms an interesting document in the natural history of the native population. Of Abscess by Congestion, there were 2 cases; of Mental Alienation, 1; Amaurosis, 1; Aphthæ, 2; Acetis Abdominalis, 3; Bronchitis, 4; Cancerous affection, 3; Carious Bones, 5; Pulmonary Catarrhs, 2; Cataract, 1; Cephalitis, 2; Impeded Circulation in the Limbs, 1; Enteritis, 6; Epilepsy, 1; Cutaneous Eruption, 1; Exostosis, 2; Fevers, 46, Intermittent ones, 12; Quotidian ditto, 2; Putrid ditto, 1; Destructive ditto, 1; Submaxillary Fistula, 1, Boils, 1; Fluxion, 1; the Itch, 2; Gastritis, 6; Gastro-Cephalitis, 1; Gastro-Enteritis, 4; Gastro-Pneumonitis, 1; Inflammation of the Liver, 1, Necrosis, 1, Inflammation of the Mucosa, 6; Ophthalmia, 4; Inflammation of the Ear, 4, Pneumonia, 3; Obstruction of the Spleen, 1; Rheumatic Affections, 15; Sciatica, 1; Scorbutic Affections, 3; Scirrhus, 1, Syphilitic Affections, 7; Scald-Head, 24; Tumours, 2; Ulcers, 11; Uteritis, 1. The surplus of cases consisted of Wounds, Contusions, Fractures and Sores, the result of accidents.

During the months of April and May, 1834, thirty-one Arabs of both sexes, of ages varying from eighteen months to twenty years, have been vaccinated.

Independently of those patients who have been attended to by the surgeon-major of the Zouaves, and independently also of their military hospital, the French have established in Algiers a civil hospital as well as a dispensary. To the civil hospital are admitted French colonists, Jews, and Moslems, without distinction. The number of patients, since the opening of the institution, in August, 1832, down to the first of January, 1834, is stated by Mons. Genty de Buffey at 849. The number of deaths, I am sorry to find, has been very considerable, but the care that is taken of the patients,—who cost the Government on an average little less than two shillings a head per day,—and the good report which the Kabyles and Arabs who have been healed in this asylum will necessarily spread throughout the Regency, must be deservedly beneficial to the French.

Whilst the French were in possession of Coléah, they humanely projected an hospital for the Arabs; and what is equally agreeable to relate, the Marabouts, or saints of the country, showed a strong interest in the project. This is the true way to conquer Africa. Of all apologies, that of the sun and the wind contending which should first make the traveller open his cloak, best illustrates the means of civilization; and how beautiful is the spectacle of charity uniting those whom religion separates!

At Oran and at Bona civil hospitals are already in a state of formation.

It is allowable also to hope that France will diffuse moral as well as

medical knowledge over Algiers. I told you, what I still believe, that the Algerine Moors are a better-educated people than we generally suppose them to be in Europe; that is, that all their children learn to read and write, and many of them to cast up accounts; nay, I have met with Arabs and Kabyles who could write and calculate by figures. By it is not contradicting this fact to add to it that a European child acquires infinitely more by learning to read than a little Mussulman can do under the present native mode of education. The European is taught language by grammar and principles; the African here is taught only the words of the Koran—his master being too ignorant himself to explain even the difference between a noun and a verb. The Algerine pedagogues are not cruel, and they abstain from one odious mode of flagellation which still disgraces some of our schools: but still the rod is the schoolmaster's sceptre in Algiers, though he flourishes it over the shoulders of his pupils, instead of more exceptionable parts. I have been witness to an hour's tuition in an Algerine school. On my entrance I found the schoolmaster and his scholars all prostrated in prayer upon the ground. I retired for some minutes until they had finished their devotions: on re-entering, I found the boys all squatted, and bowing see-saw over their slates, some of them writing Arabic characters, and all of them mumbling words which of course were those of verses of the Koran. For a long time all went on smoothly; but at length I recognized the truth of Juvenal's remark, that the teacher has an arduous task in watching *tot manus puerorum*. The oriental gravity of the pupils began to relax, even to visible cachinnation and audible tittering. It was then that *the schoolmaster went abroad*, and by some well-timed hits he restored them to a state of serious and see-saw mumbling over the Koran.

I repeat to you my belief, that there was no such thing as the Lancasterian system of tuition discovered in Algiers by the French, but schools of mutual instruction have been established, early after the conquest, at Algiers, Oran and Bona. Those schools are open to the native children, both Jewish and Mussulman.

The following is no unpleasant statistic table of public tuition in the Regency, dated the first of July, 1834:—

At Algiers, taking in the village of Delhy-Ibrahim, and at Oran and Bona, there are educated in gratuitous schools, on the mutual-instruction system, 317 pupils, of whom a third are natives; 48 of these are students of the Arabic language. Of private institutions of education (of course not gratuitous), there are two for boys, who send them to the amount of 72; and four for girls, three at Algiers and one at Oran, the pupils of which amount to 169.

It is worth remarking that the Moors show themselves much more backward than the Jews in availing themselves of the means of European instruction that have been thus opened up. This is a pity, no doubt, for the Moors; but it bespeaks also our praise for the Jews, and they will reap the advantage.

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ROSES.

We are blushing roses,
 Bending with our fulness,
 'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds
 Warming the green coolness.
 Whatsoe'er of beauty
 Yearns and yet reposes,
 Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
 Took a shape in roses.
 Hold one of us lightly,—
 See from what a slender
 Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
 And roundness rich and tender :
 Know you not our only
 Rival flow'r—the human ?
 Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
 Joy-abundant woman ?

LILIES.

We are lilies fair,
 The flower of virgin light ;
 Nature held us forth, and said,
 “ Lo ! my thoughts of white.”
 Ever since then, angels
 Hold us in their hands ;
 You may see them where they take
 In pictures their sweet stands.
 Like the garden's angels
 Also do we seem,
 And not the less for being crown'd
 With a golden dream.
 Could you see around us
 The enamour'd air,
 You would see it pale with bliss
 To hold a thing so fair.

VIOLETS.

We are violets blue,
 For our sweetness found
 Careless in the mossy shades,
 Looking on the ground.
 Love's dropp'd eyelids and a kiss,—
 Such our breath and blueness is.
 Lo, the mild shape
 Hidden by Jove's fears,
 Found us first i' the sward, when she
 For hunger stoop'd in tears.
 “ Wheresoe'er her lip she sets,”
 Said Jove, “ be breaths call'd Violets.”

*Songs of the Flowers.***SWEET-BRIAR.**

Wild-rose, Sweet-briar, Eglantine,
 All these pretty names are mine,
 And scent in every leaf is mine,
 And a leaf for all is mine;
 And the scent—Oh, that's divine!
 Happy-sweet, and pungent-fine,
 Pure as dew, and pick'd as wine.

As the rose in gardens dress'd
 Is the lady self-possess'd,
 I'm the lass in simple vest,
 The country lass whose blood's the best.

Were the beams that thread the briar
 In the morn with golden fire
 Scented too, they'd smell like me,
 All Elysian pungency.

POPPIES.

We are slumberous poppies,
 Lords of Lethe downs, "
 Some awake, and some asleep,
 Sleeping in our crowns.
 What perchance our dreams may know,
 Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
 Leaves more bright than rose,
 Who shall tell what brightest thought
 Out of darkest grows?
 Who, through what funereal pain,
 Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
 Into eyes of power,
 Pluto's alway-setting sun,
 And Proserpine's bower:
 There, like bees, the pale souls come
 For our drink, with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also;
 Milky-hearted, we;
 Taste, but with a reverent care;
 Active-patient be.
 Too much gladness brings to gloom
 Those who on the gods presume.

CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

We are the sweet flowers,
 Born of sunny showers,
 (Think, whenc'er you see us, what our beauty saith);
 Utterance, mute and bright,
 Of some unknown delight,
 We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
 All who see us, love us;
 We befit all places;
 Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe, to make our passage clear ;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.
The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through the grass ;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the wither'd clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.
See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how heav'n loves colour ;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green ;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen ;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of the flowers.
Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use ;
Travellers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide ;
Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden truce :
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.
Sagest yet the uses,
Mix'd with our sweet juices,
Whether man, or may-fly, profit of the balm ;
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Ev'n the terror, Poison,
Hath its plea for blooming ;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.
And oh ! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen !
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men !
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.
See those tops, how beauteous !
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine ?

Chorus of the Flowers.

Elfin court 'twould seem ;
 And taught perchance that dream,
 Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights divine.
 To expound such wonder
 Human speech avails not ;
 Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
 Matchless works, and pleasures,
 Every one a marvel, more than thought can say ;
 Then think in what bright show'rs
 We thicken fields and bow'rs,
 And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May :
 Think of the mossy forests
 By the bee-birds haunted,
 And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours ;
 Fruits are born of flowers ;
 Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the spring ;
 The lusty bee knows well
 The news, and comes pell-mell,
 And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome antheming.
 Beneath the very burthen
 Of planet-pressing ocean
 We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus,—missings
 Of Cythera's kissings,
 Have in us been found, and wise men find them still ;
 Drooping grace unfurls
 Still Hyacinthus' curls,
 And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill :
 Thy red lip, Adonis,
 Still is wet with morning ;
 And the step, that bled for thee, the rosy briar adorning.

Oh, true things are fables,
 Fit for sagest fables,
 And the flow'rs are true things, yet no fables they ;
 Fables were not more
 Bright, nor loved of yore,
 Yet they grew not, like the flow'rs, by every old pathway ;
 Grossest hand can test us ;
 Fools may prize us never ;
 Yet we rise, and rise, and rise, marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say that flowers
 Dress not heav'n's own bowers ?
 Who its love, without them, can fancy,—or sweet floor ?
 Who shall even dare
 To say we sprang not there,
 And came not down that Love might bring one piece of heav'n the more ?
 Oh pray believe that angels
 From those blue dominions
 Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

Oui, sans doute, la Philosophie est quelque chose, mais LA DANSE !

THE "New Monthly" has contained, from time to time, much upon the subjects of Poetry, Painting, and Music. Why should not something be said upon a sister art ?

I am afraid—and I sigh while I write—that simplicity, as well as nationality,—that is, all that once was ours,—is fast sliding away from us. I, even I myself I, cannot, it seems, announce my subject in plain English, but must have recourse to a roundabout phrase, and a motto in another tongue, instead of fairly telling my reader that I am going to lead him a dance. Well ! now he knows it, and I hope he will not find me a dull partner. I dare be sworn I am not the first female that has done him the like courtesy, and perhaps made him a saucy one at the end, as his only recompense.

It will not recommend me to his good graces to confess that I have outlived the term of existence allotted to the dances of the three nations, English, Irish, and Scotch, which, though some remembrance of them remains, are, nationally speaking, extinct. The minuet, the country-dance, and the hornpipe—the two last were national—were our own—faded before the French loup, cotillion, and allemande, an early French corruption of the waltz. These were in their turn tripped up by the Scotch and Irish reels, which gave place to the French quadrille ; and the quadrille is now in some danger of being whirled off by the German waltz. Of the galopade I make small account ; for, unless rumour be as false as she is trumpet-tongued, this was merely a lame excuse for a faux-pas from the beginning. But royalty, even when it halts, is no subject for a jest, and the galopade is no joke, as every gentleman not in training and in the best wind would soon experience, were it undertaken with a " romping-loving Miss," who enjoys to be

"Haul'd about in gallantry robust ;"

but, thanks to high civilization, there is, now-a-days, no such person.

If, however, we have to lament over our lost nationality, we have no reason to dread the want of variety, or of supply ; for it is thus that Noverre (the greatest of the two of the name*) encourages true artists

* The two Noverres were both extraordinary men. The younger was brought to England by Garrick, to dance in "The Chinese Festival," a ballet composed by his elder and more celebrated brother, which occasioned a riot, the gutting of the theatre, and wounds, if not death ; for the gentlemen leaped from the boxes into the pit with their drawn swords, John Bull being incensed that a whole troop of Frenchmen should be engaged for his amusement, though the entire *corps de ballet* were Germans, Swiss, and Italians. Garrick, it is known, obtained the presence of the King at its first representation, under the excuse of seeing him act, for the first time, Richard III., in the hope that royalty would repress riot. The play passed peaceably ; but "the people," who had been excited by all the violence of the press, rose at once, and, in the words of Garrick's biographer, "all was noise, tumult, and confusion. His Majesty was amazed at the uproar ; but being told that it was because the people hated the French, he smiled, and withdrew from a scene of confusion."—A. Noverre lived in Garrick's house many years, ran away with a Miss Finch, a relative of the Winchelsea family, from a boarding-school, and became a dancing-master. So constantly was he employed, that he was often constrained to

to search for new materials at what he deems the sources of art—namely, in the habits, customs, and manners of nations. “I advise them,” he says, “to travel, not only in France, but through other countries: they will learn that the *minuet* came to us from Angoulême; that the *bouffée* had its rise in Auvergne;—the mountaineers of that province will give them a dance truly original in character. They will trace the first idea of the *gavot* at Lyons; in Provence, the model of the *tambourine*; in Bearn, the *Busques* will afford them a charming pattern. If they transport themselves to Spain, they will find that the *chaconne* is a native of that region: they may there study the *fandango*, a lovely and voluptuous dance, the structure and merits of which give it a charm they are yet unacquainted with. In Germany they will see an immense diversity of different dances; in Austria, in Bohemia, and in Moravia, contrasts still more varied. Should they direct their course towards Hungary, they may there study the dances of the people, and will meet with a multitude of movements, attitudes, and figures, proceeding from a joyousness at once pure and free. Saxony, Prussia, and Poland will furnish them with new species to imitate; and they will perceive that our ancient *saraband* and our *courante* have come to us direct from Cracovia. Should their talents impel them to visit Russia, that vast empire will afford them new portraiture.”

This was published, it is true, so long ago as 1807, when it appeared “that the world was all before them where to choose;” and although the artist has since made some inquiries, and brought us some of its treasures, there are still vast tracts even of Europe to be explored. We yet know little of many dances beyond the names, the rhythm and the melodies of which have been adopted as themes or embellishments into their works by musical composers.

But our national dances are departed! And does not their departure denote, and curiously mark, a change in manners? For a long course of years, her Majesty’s birthday Queen Charlotte, of virtuous memory, was celebrated by a ball, at which the gallants and the beauties of the Court displayed their graceful forms and dignity of deportment in minuets and country-dances. Sir Christopher Hatton himself won not more upon the virgin Queen and her ladies by his gravity in the pavan, and his agility in the galliard, than did George Prince of Wales upon our Duchesses and Countesses in the dances of his day. But for our English practice of dancing, if we go so far back, we shall find if not a mystical origin, at least a mystical signification, for Sir Thomas Elyot, in his “Governor,” thus typifies the pastime:—“It is diligently to be

dine in his carriage, while passing from pupil to pupil, and could rarely get more than half a night’s sleep.

The elder brother, who, having a Portuguese order, was called in England Sir George Noverre, was a man of the very highest talent. The inscription at the foot of the portrait prefixed to his works is really no exaggeration of his merits:—

“Du feu de son génie il anima la Danse;
Aux beaux jours de la Grèce il sut la rappeler,
Et recouvrant par lui leur antique éloquence
Les Gestes et les Pas apprirent à parler.”

For the manner in which Arteaga, in his “Rivoluzione del Teatro Musicale,” speaks of him, I may refer to one of the former Numbers of the “New Monthly,” that of December, 1833. Noverre was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, released, and pensioned by Buonaparte in his extreme old age.

noted that the company of man and woman in dauncing, they both observing one number and time in the mouving, was not begun without a special consideration as well for the conjunction of those two persons, as for the imitation of sundry vertues which be by them represented. And forasmuch as by the joyning of a man and woman in dauncing may be signified matrimony, I could, in declaring the dignitie and comoditie of that sacrament, make intier volumes, if it were not so commonly knowen to al men, that almost every frier lymytour caryeth it written in his bosome."

Some persons might be so fond as to imagine that the matrons of this our age had embraced the doctrines contained in this passage; but that such a supposition is entirely contradicted by the fact, that it lies as far out of the track of the researches of dowagers of quality, and the patronesses of Almacks, as of the wives of merchants, manufacturers, and shopkeepers; and also but for the fact so perfectly well understood amongst the most "civilized persons," no less than amongst the letters of land and the makers of cloth and calico, that mothers would be the very last persons to encourage balls, were that amusement held in the light of a provocative to matrimony. And, after reading this passage of Sir Thomas, who will doubt the "dignitie and comoditie thereof?" But there is, it must be acknowledged, some difficulty, for elsewhere he says, "In every daunce of a most ancient custome ther daunced together a man and a woman, holding each other by the hand or by the arme, which betokeneth concord, how it behoveth the dauncers, and also the beholders of them, to know al qualities incident to a man, and also al qualities to a woman likewise appertaining." If the dauncers and beholders could now-a-days attain this insight into character, it would have an influence almost miraculous; but this rare perception unhappily is lost to our times.

Sir Thomas makes mention of the braule, the bargenett, the panyons, turgyon, and round; "In every of the said daunces," he observes, "there was a continuitie of mouving the foote and body expressing some pleasaunt or profitable affects, or motions of the mind." To these we may add, from Shakspeare, the cinque-pace and the coranto. The lovers of the Bard will not have forgotten the compliment to Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the "excellent constitution of whose leg," Sir Toby avers, "was formed under the star of a galliard;" nor his recommendation to the Knight, "to go to church" in that measure, and "to come home in a coranto."

All memory of the pavan is now lost, but that it must have been noble its very name declares. Sir John Hawkins says, "The pavan, from pavo, a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance. The method of performing it was anciently by gentlemen, dressed with a cap and sword; by those of the long robe, in their gowns; by princes, in their mantles; and by ladies, in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards. Grassineau says its tablature on the score is given in the *Orchésographie* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavan has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former." If, dear reader, you have travelled out of the sound of Bow-bell, you may have seen a peacock, the bird of Juno, sunning himself in the bright beams of summer. How beautifully-lofty is his air,

how majestic his march, how stately alike in motion or in his pauses! I despair of making it understood by my countrymen, fallen away as they are from their ancient "measures," but an Italian would feel the full force of the derivative; it is embodied in his language, and it is thus that one of the Italian Novelists describes a noble of the fourteenth century:—"Il conte passeggiava in una sala della sua casa già bell' e all' ordine, con una roba di velluto fiorato e un par di calzaretti colla punta più longa che non il piede, curvata all' insu, e tenuta con una catenella d' oro che si alleciava sotto il ginocchio; passeggiava pavoneggiandosi tutto di trovarso così vago."

PAVONEGGIANDOSI!—there is a word, indeed, smooth and high-sounding and yet elate as the neck, and long and trailing as the hundred-eyed train of the glittering favourite of the Queen of Olympus. What a dance must have been the pavan!

To return from this digression. We had an express *minuet de la cour*, and I have heard Noverre relate, that his method of teaching the ladies who were to dance at Court was to attach a tablecloth twelve yards long to their bodices, and thus they were literally *trained* to the performance. The art was, to get rid of the embarrassment by disengaging this troublesome appendage by a jerk of the foot, without disturbing the dignity of the person, or the carriage of the head.

Nor was our minuet deficient in grace and gallantry. The bows with which it commenced and closed, declaratory in action of that "generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience," which Burke has immortalized in description—the passing from side to side, reflecting, as it were, the mutual graces and acknowledgments of the parties; the lofty air with which the hat was placed upon the head, and raised again at the conclusion;—if it be a fact, as I believe all know it to be, that the mind and feelings conform to the exterior expression with which, in exhibitions like this, it is the object to invest the person, I am sure that nothing was ever invented more intensely capable of filling the mind with sensations of the truest dignity, than the deportment the minuet demanded. Try the experiment upon this dance and the galopade:—it is the difference in sentiment between the knight and the horse-boy. I affirm that the nation felt all this—for the minuet had become the test of gracefulness. It was the universal study. All balls began with it, and so much was it the delight of the people, that Noverre danced it, almost every night, for twelve years at Drury-lane.

But much esteemed as was this dancer of minuets in England, his celebrity did not bear him to half the elevation to which a similar exercise of talent exalted the French artist Marcel in his own country. His rise is thus related. In 1780 an opera-ballet was given at Paris, called *The Venetian Festival*. In one of the scenes a minuet was both danced and sung. The principal dancers having miserable voices, it was impossible to make them do both. Marcel, a very moderate artist, possessed a large and well-formed person, a handsome countenance, and sang very agreeably; "an unequivocal proof," says the *naïve* anecdotist, "that he could not dance." To him the managers intrusted the task, although he was nearly unknown. He sang pleasantly, and moved the minuet with a natural elegance, which his figure and carriage lent him, and with the assurance common to mediocrity. The

beauties of the Capital, always apt to run into extremes, pronounced Marcel to be charming, delicious, divine! Marcel had a degree of tact not very common amongst the professors of his art. Even when he became old and gouty, and could not walk down-stairs without tottering, he sustained his dignity by wearing a peruke after the fashion of Louis XIV., by carrying a gold-headed cane, and leaning on two lacqueys for support.

Proud of his accidental reputation, vain by nature, and insolent by success, he indulged towards ladies of high rank a levity of speech the most bold and impertinent. He was tolerated by a sort of conventional understanding, for they were not annoyed by his freedom, but contented themselves with laughing at him, and saying, "He is amusing, and, though rough, is open and honest; besides which, he thoroughly understands his business, and has a degree of talent no one else possesses." Thus authorised, he would say to one duchess, "Madame, you make a curtsy like a housemaid." To another: "You enter a room, ma'am, like a fish-wench. Get rid of that wretched deportment; repeat your salutation; do not forget your nobility, but let it accompany even your least important actions." So perfect a charlatan was he, that he would assume an air of abstraction, lean his head upon his cane, appear to be lost in thought, and then feigning an enthusiasm which his mediocrity could never inspire, he would exclaim, "What things there are in a minute!"

The Courts of Elizabeth and Charlotte were not the only Courts where "dauncing" hath been practised. From Sir Christopher Hatton down to Lord Henry Petty, whose inimitable grace when Chancellor of the Exchequer has been bequeathed to posterity by the pencil of Gilray, statesmen have "trod a measure" as well as carried one; which Touchstone so emphatically pronounces to be part of the accomplishments and duties of a courtier, that it stands upon authority the most ancient and respectable. It should seem that the poetry of motion was not only thought a decorous exercise, but a necessary exhilaration to those undergoing the weightier labours of the law. The Judges themselves, and not very remotely either, "in compliance with ancient custom" danced every year in the hall of Sergeant's Inn, on Candlemas-day. "That nothing may be wanting," says Dugdale, "they have very anciently had dauncings for their recreation and delight, commonly called 'revels,' allowed at certain seasons." And again, "nor were these exercises of dancing merely permitted, but thought very necessary, as it seems, and much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times; for, by an order made 6th Feb., 7 Jac., it appears that the under-barristers were by decimation put out of commons for example sake, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on Candlemas-day preceding, according to the antient order of this society when the Judges were present; with this caution, that, if the like fault were committed afterwards, they should be fined or disbarred." Why has this custom been discontinued? How excellent a "recreation and delight" it would be to the young Templars of our day to see Lord Brougham in a pavan, and Lord Lyndhurst in a galliard, Lord Denman in a barengett, Lord Abinger in a coranto, Justice Park and Justice Patteson dos à dos, and Justice Gascoyne in a pas seul; the whole bench indeed might add another to their circuits in the *grand rond*; while the venerable Ex-Chancellor Eldon,

whose age will excuse him from more active interposition, might find a *locus standi*, sanction the exertion by his superior presence, nod, for the first time in his life, his *undoubting* approbation, and give judgment in the verse of his namesake Sir Walter :—

“Sure never a hall such a Galliard did grace !”

Let us now chassée from the court to the country party, (a change not quite so common as the reverse,) and inquire what is become of the country-dance? Who hath even heard of it of late? Who now recollects its two superlatives, the Cushion Dance, and Sir Roger de Coverley, with one or both of which every Christmas party used to conclude? Who now remembers the figures or the steps? The exchange between the top and the bottom couples—the throwing down the cushion as an excuse for a kiss—the flight and pursuit, and the lively action into which the whole assembly was thrown by these really joyous and mirthful pleasures? Alas! they have joined the dance of Death! And yet it should seem that, the hornpipe excepted, the country-dance was the only one that was truly English. The hornpipe was, and perhaps is, the property of the sailor. If there be any meaning attached to the title of the most popular tune to which it was ever executed, “the College Hornpipe” indicates that it was once among the exercises of an university education; and though since exalted by Parisot and Miss Gayton, whose delightfully simple elegance is scarcely yet forgotten by the older frequenters of the King’s Theatre, it is now only to be seen in the spirited performance of T. P. Cooke upon the stage, at a dancing-master’s ball in the country, or in the cabarets of a sea-port.

And this brings us to almost the only region where the present system has produced manifest improvement—the dancing-master’s ball. I scarcely know whether such public trials of skill and method now exist in the Metropolis, for by a conversion, not to say a perversion, of the philosophy of taste, drill-sergeants and posture-masters, neck-swings, gymnastics, and callisthenics, are substituted very much for that slow but sure and steady system of tuition, which inspired ease and grace of manner and motion, while its immediate objects seemed only steps and figures. The dancing-master’s ball still keeps its place in the provinces. I can well remember when the whole exhibition upon such an occasion was the march called “Leaving in,” (and which still sustains its honoured place,) the minuet, the English country-dance and hornpipe, with the exotic additions of the allemande and cotillon. A *quadrille*, as the fancy dance composed by the master was then called, formed the almost solitary miracle of the night. Our ears were wearied and torn to pieces with the tiresome repetition of the same dull *tunes*, scratched upon two or three fiddles and a base—the eye with the same uniformity of figures—and after the first half hour, the whole worshipping company of relations, from grandmothers down to second cousins, with the tribe attendant of governesses, school-mistresses, teachers, and half-boarders, wished that darkness would cover all, except when their own little darlings were led out to share a similar consummation of good wishes from all the rest of the spectators. Then for dress! Good Lord! what the poor dear boys suffered both in mind and body, from a stiff cloth suit, made like their grandfather’s, and almost as big—a flat triangular mass of black felt, called a cocked hat, without which it was impossible to appear! The laughter that assailed them when these three-cornered trenchers were placed upon their miserable and devoted

heads in the course of the minuet! And then the misses in whalebone boddices—long waists, a blue satin slip, and starched muslin frock—the hair *craped* with hot irons! O the little mawkips! It is impossible to forget them.

The ball of the present time exhibits not only method but variety. The spectator is delighted with a diversity running through countless mazes of step, movement, and grouping, from the fearful trial of the *pas seul*, (for which we have no equivalent term,) to combinations of twenty or more of these mortal sylphs and fairies. Grace and sentiment too are now nationalized among us, (at least among our children,) from the dances of all Europe, from the regions of the genii, and from the beautiful imaginations of mythology. When we look upon the stately minuet, succeeded by the airy gavot, the best days of France appear to rise in courtly guise before us. The modern quadrilles give to our vision a beau idéal of her peasantry enjoying the *fête du jour*—the deep sentimentalism of the German character alternately glides and melts before us in the waltz. But the most delicious, because the most easy, graceful, yet artless display of the “poetry of motion,” appears in the Polish mazurka. It is so light, so buoyant, so floating, so elegant, so exactly *timed*—I mean musically—it expresses the dance of a train of nymphs luxuriously, yet innocently, mingling gaiety with grace; it inspires those deep, yet nameless *feelings* which nature breathes into the soul when we look upon cloudless skies, drink the climate of the voluptuous south, and linger amid its richest, warmest scenery. In short, all that we love to enjoy through the eye, in the landscapes of Claude—through the ear, in the melodies of Mozart. The hornpipe brings us back to the ruder, but not less homefelt, frank and fearless temper of our own brave countrymen, like—

——— “that thrice repeated cry,
In which old Albion’s heart and tongue unite:
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light!”

The music keeps equal pace in the progression. The most beautiful airs from the Italian, Swiss, German, and French composers of modern date fall sweetly on our ears, and give force to the illusion.

I have said that the country-dance was expelled by the Irish and Scotch reels, and by no other dances have so much spirit been infused into our “revels.” Infinitely below the countries where these are native, and where they are second only to the pipes in their force of inspiration, the English yet entered into their practice with energy and enthusiasm, without which, indeed, it is scarcely possible to listen to the sprightly airs, remarkable amongst all other melodies for their marked rhythm that is the very soul of music, or to attempt the variety of *steps* which contribute to their vivacity. They were the dances supremely calculated for the mirthful many; and when we used to see whole lines of reels formed, with groups standing round in ball-rooms or at Vaux-hall more especially, waiting to replace those exhausted but still amused with the joyous exercise, it was impossible not to be struck with their peculiar aptitude to public festivity.

And to what have these given place? To a dance, not, indeed, triste in its own characteristics, or amongst its inventors, but rendered infinitely sombre, and almost melancholy, by the manners of the time at which it is introduced, and the country by which it is adopted. When

the quadrille was first brought amongst us, it was hailed as a novelty superior in active grace and variety to its parent, the cotillon, which was slower and more dignified. The very step chiefly necessary to its execution—its very name (*pas de zéphyr*)—declared its light, airy, and buoyant nature. This, however, was but one of the multitude by which the many-twinkling feet were instructed to dazzle the spectator, and exalt the performers. The *cavalier seul*, while it perplexed the timid, encouraged the active and the graceful; but now grace and agility are contemned. Our beaux and belles conclude, with the philosophic Mr. *Apathy* in the farce, that “the Gods never walked, they always slid;” and that the more *non-chalant* their air of indifference, the more nearly they approach the deities. “Do you call this dancing?” exclaimed the great octogenarian Commoner, while looking upon a set of quadrilles in the ball-room of an eastern county noble. “In my time, such lovely partners would have inspired every young man with a gaiety approaching to ecstacy! Why, these fellows move like sleep-walkers!” And so they did, and so they do. The perfection of fine manners is to be above all feeling, which is, in truth, the simplest of all expedients to reduce the dull and the sensitive to the same level. And it is thus that our manners are demonstrated in our lightest amusements.

But the number of my page warns me to a *finale*. I shall trespass no farther than to mention the strong contrast of opinion which has attended the progress of the waltz, and one other—the latest modern invention of the art. The waltz was first, I believe, brought into general observation (for we were then excluded from the Continent) by the novel of the “Sorrows of Werter,” wherein, if my memory serves me, it is so voluptuously described, that it almost debars a virtuous woman’s joining it.* When it was first produced in the provinces, it was denounced by the newspapers, and declared to be too indecorous for endurance; yet now it is the supremest delight of the ball. I have old-fashioned notions, and I do not like the familiarity of the contact. The hand of a young girl, in whom a keen sense of delicacy ought to be preserved, has no place upon the shoulder of a chance-medley partner in a public assembly; nor, indeed, of a man at all;—it is wholly repugnant to feminine propriety. Nor is it more reconcilable to modesty that a man should unscrupulously embrace the waist of youth and beauty. To confirm this opinion, I saw a young lady of quality exposed to a gross insult from a young nobleman during one of these “spinnings;” nor could she resent, or even complain, without an exposure which would have subjected her ever after to the most mortifying reflections; and this happened in a private room at a nobleman’s house, where a hundred and fifty persons were present. The crowd afforded the opportunity. Such exposures are inevitable; for there is no trust but in the forbearance of the individual—no very safe reliance.

I come now to my last dance, which is none of those I have yet named; neither is it the *balancez*, nor the *grand rond*. It is called after one still older—the cotillon; and this it is. It begins by some six or eight couples waltzing. A chair is suddenly introduced into the

* Any one would deem Lord Byron’s poem of “The Waltz” a sufficient antidote. He has written scarcely anything more coarse, yet scarcely anything more strong. In such a matter, his Lordship has a right to be considered authority. If he felt thus intensely its infamy—for he makes it nothing less, in all its shapes—to what must unhacknied natures be exposed in its practice!

centre, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up and presents each of the other gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retires behind the chair; but when "the right man," as the old saying goes, arrives, she springs up, the time and accent of the music are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected. The rest seize their partners, and the circle is continued. All, in turn, go through the same process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two beaux, who importunately solicit her reluctant regard; till, at length, she gives herself, by an impulse, as it were, to one, and the waltzing is resumed. A gentleman is then seated in the centre chair, hood-winked, and a lady takes the place on each side. In this perplexity of choice the Tantalus of the minute remains; till, by a sudden resolution, he decides for right or left, uncovers his eyes, and waltzes away with the chance-directed partner, followed as before by the rest. The chairs are then placed *dos à dos* triangularly, and three ladies are thus seated; the youths pace round them in a circle; till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each—but to one only is it really given—a ring; and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches made by the elevated arms of the gentlemen, till each seizes his partner, and once more swings round the circle. We have certainly never seen any thing in private society so gay, so full of fantasy, or so charming, as this display of *naïveté*, grace, and playfulness.

I may now curtsy to my partner, for our dance is ended.

SONGS BY L. E. L.

I.

I loved her! and her azure eyes
 Haunted me from sweet sunrise
 To the dewy evening's close,
 Dyeing rosier the rose.

Yet I said, 'tis best to be
 Free—and I again was free.

But I changed—and auburn hair
 Seem'd to float upon the air;
 Till I thought the orange-flower
 Breathed of nothing but her bower.

Yet I said, 'tis best to be
 Free—and I again was free.

Next I loved a Moorish maid,
 And her cheek of moonlit shade;
 Pale and languid, left my sleep
 Not a shade but her's to keep.

Yet I said, 'tis best to be
 Free—and I again was free.

But there came a lovelier one;
 She undid all they had done:
 I loved—I love her—ah, how well!
 Language has no power to tell.

Now the wonder is to me
 How I ever lived while free?

II.

A mouth that is itself a rose,
 And scatters roses too ;
 An eye that borrows from the sky
 Its sunshine and its blue ;
 A laugh, an echo from the song
 The lark at morning sings ;
 A voice—but that has sadder tones,
 And tells of tenderer things ;
 Auburn is her long dark hair
 With a golden shine :
 Must I tell you more to know
 This true love of mine ?
 I might say she is so kind,
 Faithful, fond—but no !
 My sweet maiden's hidden heart
 None but I may know.

III.

I send back thy letters :
 Ah ! would I could send
 The memory that fetters,
 The dreams that must end.
 I send back thy tresses,
 Thy long raven hair ;
 Could I send thy caresses,
 They too should be there.
 But keep thou each token
 I lavished on thee ;
 Ring and chain are unbroken,
 Thou false one to me !
 That my rival,—how bitter
 That word to my heart !
 May read in their glitter
 How faithless thou art.

IV.

As steals the dew along the flower,
 So stole thy smile on me ;
 I cannot tell the day, nor hour
 I first loved thee !
 But now in every scene and clime,
 In change of grief or glee,
 I only measure from the time
 I first loved thee !
 I only think,—when fast and fair
 My good ship cuts the sea,—
 I leave the lovely island where
 I first loved thee !
 The wide world has one only spot
 Where I would wish to be ;
 Where, all the rest of life forgot,
 I first loved thee !

THE THEATRES OF ROME.

" Come now ; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
What revels are in hand ?"

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Scene 1.

THE theatres of Rome deserve that an article should be devoted to them—because they are very numerous, because they differ widely from each other in the cast of their performances as well as in the character of their audiences, and because they are more interesting to the stranger and the observer, than the theatres of any other city in Europe ; for they not only may be taken as an average specimen of the Italian stage, but they display most vividly the character of a remarkable and a historical people, and the influence produced upon that character by a peculiar form of government and unusual institutions. In order not to detain the reader by a preface of general observations, I shall simply give a list of the theatres of Rome, and to each one attach the remarks which they suggested at the time of visiting them. This method will give him a much clearer idea of the Italian stage than could be obtained from a formal essay, or a long dissertation. But when the reader sees the words " Italian stage," he will be disappointed if he expects to find amusing accounts of plots and traits of character, or pointed extracts drawn from the pieces of the day. Scarce any such dramatic performances can be found to exist in Italy, and the meaning of the expression " Italian stage " comprehends a great deal of the opera, a great deal of the ballet—that is, pantomime acting, or the *unwritten* drama—something of Punch and broad caricature, but a small proportion of the legitimate drama. In fact the Italians, though highly imaginative and susceptible of excitement, are not a dramatic people. They have scarcely a comedy which rises above a sketch, and their literature, though older than that of either England, France, or Germany, boasts fewer good tragedies than are possessed by any one of those nations. An Italian, indeed, is touched to the heart by the skilful representation of the workings of the passions ; but he prefers the single expression of one absorbing passion, to the complicated action of a variety of passions. He sympathizes strongly, but the fixedness of his sympathy must not be disturbed by the introduction of any unnecessary episodes. His feelings are more moved by the display of one expressive figure, than by a well-adapted group containing numerous individuals. He is really more thoroughly pleased with an accomplished improvvisatore, than by a tragedy of Alfieri ; and the first seedling of the Greek drama—an interesting monologue—would command his attention as fixedly as " Othello " or " King Lear." Expression and simplicity are the two great objects, to attain which the fine arts in Italy are at present directed. Expression is the first point necessary ; and if simplicity is violated, expression becomes either difficult or unattainable. *Intenerire il cuore* (to melt the heart) is the motto of the Italian artist, whether he be poet, sculptor, painter, or musician. It is this which makes him

prefer the Dying Gladiator to a crowded relievo; the pure, touching melodies of Bellini to the laboured magnificence of German harmony; and it is this taste, I am convinced, and not any deficiency of genius or imagination, which causes him also to prefer the simpler interest of a well-acted opera or ballet to the complications of a tragedy or comedy in five acts, with plot and counterplot, and half-a-dozen passions to furnish the material.

Doubtless this love for complete unity of interest, this passion for the exhibition of concentrated expression, is not the only reason why the drama is comparatively neglected in Italy—because the drama might, in a great measure, be moulded so as to attain this object; and it is upon this principle that Alfieri has written his most successful tragedies. There is another cause, to meet which the drama cannot be adapted, and which is unalterable, because it exists in the peculiar character and constitution of this people, in whom the sensual or physical qualities of human nature are mixed up in much greater proportion, with reference to the intellectual qualities, than they are in the more northern nations. Hence, the opera and the serious ballet, to which music is a necessary appendage and ingredient, are more attractive to the Italians than they are to us of colder climates. For music is sensual, oratory is intellectual; and we prefer oratory, the Italians are devoted to music. The opera addresses itself to the senses and the imagination—the drama addresses itself to the intellect and the imagination: we go to the play; the Italians crowd to the opera.

From what has been said, it will readily be concluded that at Rome, as in other Italian cities, the theatre which claims the highest rank is the Opera-House. This theatre was formerly called the Teatro Tordinone, because it stands in a street the name of which is Strada Tordinone; but its title has since been changed into that of Teatro di Apollo, and is now fixed as such in large letters over the entrance. Unlike other theatres, the price of admission is constantly varying from day to day. For the boxes, you must go to the theatre and make your bargain, and think yourself well off if you only pay one-third more than the proper value. Upon purchasing a box you do not receive tickets, but the key is delivered to you; and at least one of the persons who kept these keys I know to be the most impudent cheat that Italy ever produced. For the pit, the prices are fixed according to the interest of the performances; and the first night of the season, or the first representation of a new opera, is always dearer than those which follow. At Rome, not to be present at the first representation of a new opera is not only a loss of amusement and a disappointment of curiosity, but the omission is considered as a mark of vulgarity, and a stamp of social insignificance, which every one would be most anxious to conceal. In consequence of this passion, of course the prices are always raised on such occasions. It is well worth a stranger's while to make a point of being present, for he sees a full assemblage of the upper and middle classes of Rome; he hears the most amusing criticisms, and catches the most delicate and interesting traits of character. So old and so well-known is the universal rush to the opera on the first evening, that there is a comedy, "*La prima Sera dell' Opera*," by De Rossi, one of the best Italian dramatists, which is expressly written to ridicule this foible of the Romans, and its consequences; and the author, in his pre-

face, states his fears that the point of the satire will be understood in no other city of Italy but in Rome.

Admission to the pit for the first representation, 5 pauls (2s. 1d.); for the second, if very attractive, 4 pauls (1s. 8d.); for the others, 3 pauls (1s. 3d.).

During the Carnival of 1835, Signora Ungher, a German lady, appeared as the prima donna, and was always most enthusiastically applauded by the Romans. The rest of the co-ops were mediocre and bearable, a circumstance which tended to display the great good humour, as well as the delicate ear and nice judgment of a Roman audience. When these middling singers succeeded in their parts, they were sure to receive applause; when they failed they were rarely hissed, but a false note or a ridiculous ornament was received with a universal laugh, as if the singer had uttered a good joke.

The Teatro di Apollo is the only theatre in Rome where the ballet is exhibited, unless we except the imitation of it at the puppet theatres; and as all classes here seem to take a peculiar delight in the performance, I shall venture a few words on the subject.

The Romans, doubtless, value all theatrical amusements more highly, in consequence of the few opportunities they have of enjoying them: their relish is certainly quickened by the short time during which the theatres of Rome are permitted to be open, compared with those of other towns in Italy; but it is amusing to observe what a predilection they have for serious pantomime in particular. All Italians seem to be much pleased with this mode of expressing sentiments and passions, without having recourse to words: the Neapolitans even introduce it into common life, and demonstrate twenty things without having uttered a syllable; but the Romans will sit night after night and see the same tragic pantomime over and over again, without once exhibiting the signs of a tired attention or a flagging imagination. They call them ballets ("balli"), though there is very little dancing; and two of these spectacles were considered a sufficient variety to amuse Rome all the time from Christmas to Lent. They are not witnessed languidly, like an old ballet in any other capital, but every eye is attentive. The principal actors in the dumb show are hailed with the same acclamations as we bestow on a Kean or a Kemble; and the composer of the ballet receives more public marks of respect and approbation than would be gained from us by a successful tragic poet. The gestures used by the actors are generally very graceful and expressive; but there is one very often repeated, which I could not understand, and the meaning of which I could never learn from Italians themselves. It consists in moving the hands very quickly one round the other, in the manner of a child who wishes to box and does not know how.

An Englishman would never think of inventing or using these gestures, or applying them in this manner to scenic representation; and it seems as if *the animal* were more developed in the nature of an Italian than it is in the inhabitant of a northern climate: not that his intellect is duller or his imagination fainter—quite the contrary—but that he is more guided than we are by the impulses and propensities of his physical constitution. In all men there are two distinct sets of qualities—those of the mind and those of the body. In the Italian both sets are equally developed, and in equal force; so that he can with

ease explain himself either by speaking, in words, which are the signs of the intellect; or he can avail himself of the second set of qualities, and express his ideas by gestures, which are the signs of the body; and which, therefore, are used by the inferior animals also, when *they* want to demonstrate *their* feelings. But the northern nations, as the English and Germans, have the mental qualities superior to those of the body, or rather those of the body in subjection to those of the mind, and therefore they make use of the intellectual method of communication alone, neglecting the bodily method—gestures.

We might easily trace an analogical difference of the same kind between the two races of people, in the manner in which they each cultivate the same arts. Painting, in England, has numberless artists who excel in landscape, the more intellectual, or rather less sensual branch of the art—Italy, who excel in the face and figure, the more sensual division. In England, sculpture can scarcely be said to exist, or, if it exist, to mount higher than ornaments and chimney-pieces—Italy has but lately lost her Canova. In music, the Italians have expression, melody, and passion; while the Germans boast chords and counterpoint, and we flourish in canons, catches, fugues, and airs with variations. Our comedies have wit and character, our tragedies are unrivalled in literature: the Italians have scarcely a comedy, and but few tragedies; while their opera is the model for Europe, and their ballets are never deficient in humour, mimicry, and the perfection of pantomime acting.

The second theatre in Rome, the Teatro Valle, which is situated beyond the Pantheon, near the church of S. Eustachio, is also appropriated to music and the opera; though it has also an indifferent company of comedians, who act the most wretched trash between the acts of the opera, just to give the singers a little more breathing time. It is a well-proportioned and a well-sized house, but very dirty and neglected.

As the performances at the Teatro Valle are inferior to those of the Apollo, and the payment less, so the audience is composed of a lower class of persons; but they are more amusing to a stranger, because they are less reserved in their conduct, and give freer vent to the sentiments with which the entertainments have affected them, and are not ashamed to let out their excitability, their good-humour, and their enthusiasm.

I believe that, on this account, there are few audiences in Europe so well calculated as the Roman, particularly the audience of the Valle, to develop and encourage the powers of a young singer, or to correct his faults. And, moreover, in the Roman theatres great forbearance is always shown towards the female performers, whether singers or actresses. If they are indifferent, they are allowed to make their exit from the stage in the midst of a dead silence; if they are absolutely bad, a laugh may be audible, but very seldom anything more. The Teatro di Apollo had a *seconda donna* not very well qualified for her station, and whose vanity and affectation made her defects still more visible: I asked an Italian what was the name of this lady who sang so wretchedly; "*Non saprei*," he answered; "*è una bestia, ma.*" (I don't know; she is a beast, but—she is a woman.)

The Romans have a delicate ear and a correct taste, and are at the same time good-humoured and indulgent. A passage neatly executed,

a musical phrase expressively delivered, are sure to be noticed and approved; while a note out of tune, a trip, or a flourish in bad taste, are just as sure to be laughed at, and perhaps mimicked, though but seldom hissed. The first night of a new opera, particularly if it happen to be unsuccessful, is the best opportunity of witnessing this national peculiarity displayed to its utmost degree. The overture is listened to in breathless silence, and no opinion is expressed, except perhaps by a few plaudits from some friends of the "maestro," as the composer is styled. The greater part of the first act also is watched with silence and attention; but then if it is found that the music goes on in a humdrum, unconnected, or discordant style, the popular indignation bursts out at length in an universal horse-laugh; the singers look astonished and interchange mournful glances with each other, try to go on, and are laughed at again. Perhaps when the primo tenore is chanting some tale of love or misery, a fat gentleman will rise in the pit and tell the same tale, using the same notes and action: perhaps when the lady of the opera closes her aria with what she deems a brilliant cadenza, she will have the satisfaction of hearing it repeated by some old lady of no very high fashion, who is perched aloft in one of the upper boxes. As the night proceeds, the chattering and joking in the pit become more audible, and the voices of the actors less so, till the curtain drops in the midst of good-humoured confusion: the fate of the opera is decided without howling or hissing, spite or ill-nature, and the last notes of it which ever reach the ear fall from the lips of some one of the audience, who hums away the time in passing through a back street on his way to bed.

On the other hand, when an opera is successful, nothing can surpass their delight and enthusiasm. In all cases, the overture and first two or three movements are listened to in silence—neither applauded nor disapproved: as the man of taste gives no opinion of the port after dinner, till he has slowly and fairly tried a glass or two. Then come the plaudits unbounded and overwhelming, like a cataract. "*Viva il maestro!*" (Long live the composer!) "*Viva! Viva!*" The "maestro," who generally is posted in the orchestra, dressed for the occasion in a black coat, white cravat, and his hair smartly brushed up, then comes forward, makes his bow, and sits down again. But not long is he allowed to enjoy the pleasures of repose: the clapping of hands, the waving of handkerchiefs, or a big thundering garland made of greens, thrown at him from the pit, or a shower of sonnets printed on white paper, and let fall from the uppermost boxes, compel him to rise from time to time and pay his grateful acknowledgments. You want to listen to the opera, but you cannot, because some enthusiast just behind you is continually whining into your ear "*Ah, bene! Oh, bello!*" at every passage that is pretty or expressive. When it is all over, a louder noise than ever commences: every one who has had anything to do with the new piece is to be brought forward before the audience. The "maestro" who composed the music, the singers who performed it, the poet who wrote the words, and the artist who painted the scenes, advance from behind the curtain, and march across the stage for the satisfaction of the audience, two, three, four, or even five times; and when they have applauded to their heart's content, and made so much noise that they can make no more, they retire in knots to some café, and while taking

their ice or rosolio, discuss the merits of the late spectacle, as if a successful opera were the *chef d'œuvre* of human intellect.

The Teatro Argentina*, so called from being situated in the Via Argentina, ranks here as the third theatre, though many despisers of the lyrical drama would claim for it the first place in the order of precedence; for it is the only theatre in Rome appropriated to the legitimate drama. Its most usual performances are the best tragedies of the best authors (rather a limited range in Italy); but they occasionally indulge in comedies and farces. The company of actors is excellent: the most insignificant parts are supported with a spirit and cleverness which leave nothing to be desired. But in spite of these attractions, the performances are but indifferently supported, and that chiefly by foreigners, who go there by way of taking an Italian lesson. The throngs of Russians, Germans, and Swedes who visit Italy to educate themselves, and not for pleasure merely, form a large proportion of the audience; which, however, seldom reaches beyond the middle bench of the pit, while the music theatres are overflowing. The want of patronage of course produces a corresponding falling off in the external dignity of the legitimate drama. The Teatro Argentina, though well-sized and well-proportioned, is shabby, dirty, and ill-kept; the scenery and decorations are very inferior, and the dresses are such as would be hissed or laughed at in England. In fact, there is no circumstance which displays the different degree of success obtained by the two rival dramas in a stronger light, than the state in which we see their respective wardrobes. The *attori parlanti*, the "speaking actors," or actors of the legitimate drama, are clad in a collection of tagnag-and-bobtail which would disgrace Bartlemy Fair, with a coat of one century and small clothes of the next, and a wig which belongs to the middle ages. The ladies generally display a total absence of costume, and appear in some calico or stuff of an every-day fashion, which they probably wore on the last Sunday or Festa, and intend to wear on the next. On the other hand, the *attori cantanti*—or opera singers, or actors of the lyrical drama, are sometimes overloaded with gold, jewels, and feathers, and at other times exhibit an accuracy and elegance of costume, which require no less taste and expense to attain. The opera-houses are daubed over with marble, gilding, and looking-glass; while the theatres which confine themselves to Alfieri, Silvio Pellico, De Rossi, and other sterling authors, are dingy, neglected, and can scarcely afford to pay the urchin who sweeps the cobwebs from their boxes and benches.—Admission to the pit of the Teatro Argentina, 2 pauls, or 10*d.* English.

The Teatro Capranica, in the Piazza Capranica, is not a small theatre, and is much neater and brighter than the Argentina, in spite of its silver name; for it is better attended, and can therefore better afford a little outlay of paint and gold-leaf; because it condescends to consult the popular taste, and does not care a rush for legitimacy and the unities. Here you may see the actress of ill-work, a lady who performs

ten different characters within a quarter of an hour: here we have farces broader than broad—melodramas dark, bloody, and mysterious, with translations or hashes of the last new piece which has made a hit in England, France, or Germany. The comedians are not bad, but they throw singing, and in fact music altogether, overboard; for the band which scrapes, and rasps, and trumps between the acts, is as bad as it would be possible to collect in a civilized country. It is difficult to conceive how people with such nice ears as the lowest of the Romans have can submit to such a combination of discords. But the manager trusts to other attractions to fill his house. He orders his scene-painter to make a picture of the most horrible incident in his bloodiest melodrama, or of the most absurd scene in his broadest farce, and these are hung about the market-places and the principal streets, with the same view that a wild-beast man exhibits the portraits of his menagerie. The market before the portico of the Pantheon, being a place of great resort, is often half-tapestried over with these advertisements of rival theatres, which contend with each other, as well as with Punch and the puppet-shows, in the gaudiness of their painted baits for an audience.—The admission to the pit of the Capranica is 1 paul, or 5*d.* English.

In order to give anything like a clear idea of the Teatri Pallacorda and Pace, it will be necessary to premise that there exists in Italy a class of theatres to which there is nothing exactly analogous in England. The “Volks-theater,” or popular theatre of Germany, gives a similar species of entertainment, but we have nothing which corresponds so closely. In our great theatres (Covent Garden, before the present management, for instance), there are the boxes for the gentry and the aristocracy, when they deign to come; the pit for the middle classes and for sober-minded single men, and the miserable, hot, stinking galleries for the populace. Now these galleries are a disgrace to the humanity and benevolence of a civilized people. Instances have been known of persons dying of heat in the galleries of our great theatres. Even the French, good as their theatrical arrangements generally are, have their “Paradis,” which answers to the place occupied by our “Gods.” But the Italians will have nothing to do with such an abomination. They say, “We cannot afford to pay the admission-price to your fine pit and boxes, and so we will have a pit and boxes of our own. We will have a theatre to ourselves, our wives, and our daughters, and the *élite* of the *bourgeoisie* shall occupy the boxes, and we, the gentlemen, will fill the pit, upon the same plan as the Gran Signori at the Tordinone.” Thus the gallery system is altogether rejected, and *pulchi* and *plutæ*, boxes and pit, make the two grand divisions of an Italian theatre.

These popular theatres are all built upon one plan—if that may be called a plan which is only an after-thought and an adaptation. They are all of them evidently constructed within the shell of some large oblong building, which had originally been used for other purposes, but was afterwards gutted and cleared to obtain the requisite space. Sometimes the partitions of two or three dwelling-houses have been removed, the principal walls being left untouched; and even the cellars have been thrown open to give greater altitude. Thus in order to enter the Teatro Pace at Rome, it is necessary to *descend* by several steps from the street; and the pit and the first row of boxes are found to be on the ordinary level of a cellar. At Rome, the circumstance of a building being

half buried is nothing extraordinary, and is often merely a proof of its antiquity, or of its having been raised upon the foundations of an ancient building. Vegetable earth and rubbish have accumulated round some of the Roman ruins to the depth of thirty, or even forty feet. But, in this instance, all the neighbourhood of the Teatro Pace—the Piazza Navona, for example—retains nearly its ancient level; is still, with its neighbour the Pantheon, subject to inundations of the Tiber, and during such an event, the stage, pit, and first row of boxes in the Teatro Pace would be flooded with water. There is besides, at Naples, a still more ludicrous instance of the application of cellars for theatrical exhibitions: on entering the Teatro Penice, at the level of the street, it is necessary to *descend* two flights of stairs in order to arrive at the pit; so that the *third* or uppermost tier of boxes is on a level with the ground floor. I was surprised to find the gilding and ornaments of this subterranean place of amusement much better than its situation would seem to deserve; but, after all, may not the coolness of such a position be a recommendation in a hot climate, instead of a reason for ridicule?

As the theatre is thus merely a lining which has been appended to some formerly-existent building, its proportions and design must not be expected to display much elegance or even convenience. The stage is generally so narrow, that one good hop would carry a man from one side of it to the other: the pit is quite level, not gradually inclined so as to assist the spectators sitting on one bench in looking over the shoulders of those on the bench before them: the boxes, instead of forming a horse-shoe curve or an ellipse, start from the stage at right angles on each side, and are met by a straight row of boxes at right angles also; so that the ground plan of the theatre is an exact parallelogram or oblong, of which one end is the stage, and the other end and the two sides are occupied by boxes. Of course the persons in the two sides can see nothing of the stage or the actors, unless they sit with their heads poked out of their box during the whole performance; but as they can hear the music, and see, and be seen by the persons in the boxes opposite, that is sufficient to content them.

The entertainments given at these popular places of amusement are even more varied than at the theatres frequented by their betters. Some offer an opera upon their diminutive stage, which is always the favourite opera of the day, and generally the same which is being performed at the great theatre of the place. The actors, in that case, are either broken-down singers who are verging towards the end of their course, or very young aspirants who are just stepping on the first staves of the ladder of ambition; the odds and ends and sweepings of other opera-houses fill up any vacancy, and the whole is held together by one or two competent second-rate performers. An opera is thus got through somehow or other, by the omission of all unnecessary scenes, recitatives, and symphonies, and for those who are fond of a laugh or a sneer, there is plenty of opportunity. But the stranger who visits these resorts with a proper tone of mind will find that the smile of ridicule which at first settles on his lip will exchange its expression for that of benevolent pleasure, when he sees a crowded assembly of men and women, few much elevated above the labouring class, attentively and enthusiastically enjoying an operatic entertainment, instead of going about in search for the ambiguous indelicacies of a farce, or the horrors of a melodrama, as

people in their circumstances would do in this country. If the singers are not excellent, they are still sufficiently good to please their audience; and many of the old stagers, though they are worn out and can sing no longer, have yet great taste and a highly-finished musical education, (as they mostly have fallen from higher theatres,) which are not lost either upon an observant audience, or those debutants who form the junior part of the company. Thus the popular theatres are the school of taste, of music, and of acting; and most of the singing wonders, who are afterwards distributed over every province in Europe, have at one time or another appeared, and received instruction on these humble boards. The people who attend, gain refinement, as well as find amusement; they are taught to sympathize with their superiors, for they can draw pleasure at a rivulet of the same fountain with them; and they learn content, for they can partake in the same enjoyments, though less in degree, as their masters and rulers. What a blessing would it be for England could there be similar establishments under proper restrictions, in order, by their means to rescue our inferior classes from the tyranny of gin-shops, demagogues, methodists, and other causes of evil under which at present they pine and labour, without hope of alleviation!

Another object to which the popular theatres are devoted, is the display of local manners, costume, history, and language. Small as Italy is, its people exhibit more variety, in every respect, than perhaps the people of any country of equal size. Each Italian state has its own dialect, as well as its own costume; and these dialects are not like our Yorkshire or Somersetshire slang, loose corruptions, which can claim no separate existence when put in competition with the current language of good society; no—each Italian dialect is to a certain degree fixed, has in most instances, and perhaps in all, a published glossary or dictionary of its terms, and can boast its books and its authors. Nor can they be called vulgar, for their expressions are frequently pleasing and even elegant; and many persons of fashion and education affect a dash of some dialect which happens to suit their fancy. The late King of Sardinia delighted to talk Piedmontese, which, however, is rather a separate language than a dialect; and the Teatro San Carlino, or little San Carlo, at Naples, is said to be occasionally visited by members of the royal family, for the sake of its Neapolitan idioms. The Italian states consider themselves almost as distinct nations, call each other *forestieri*, or “foreigners,” and have each their separate history. Hence the demand for a popular theatre, to illustrate the peculiarities of each.

At Rome, to which I must confine myself, the Teatro Pallacorda undertakes that office. It stands not far from the Borghese Palace, and is a little, dirty, narrow house, built in the usual oblong shape, where, at a very cheap rate, one may see popular performances, hear Roman slang, and occasionally have a specimen of the old Italian comedy of characters, to which Harlequin and Scaramouch are necessary appendages. The price of a pit ticket is 6 bajocchi, or 3*d.* of our money.

The Teatro Pace is a much less remarkable place of amusement than that last mentioned. In design and arrangement it is much the same as the Pallacorda, except that it is a little larger and a little cleaner. But airiness and neatness are qualities which a modern Roman will never put into competition with amusement; and so the dirty Pallacorda was full of spectators, and the clean Pace empty. I find a memorandum,

that the principal actress here had only one eye, and that it gave her considerable trouble to turn her blind side constantly away from the audience. Admission to the pit 8 bajocchi, or 4*d.* English.

To close the list, and complete the subject, I may just mention the two little puppet theatres which are occasionally opened. The Teatro Fiano, in the Corso, is clean, and the exhibitions there are very amusing if one is not too near the stage. The Conquest of Mexico by Pizarro, concluding with a general action in which the puppets fight *con furore*, was admirably executed. The voice of the persons who read the respective parts was admitted by means of a sort of little Venetian blind on each side of the stage. In the ballet which succeeded, pirouettes, leaps, and various intricate steps, were performed with sufficient accuracy and absurdity to be ridiculous. Pit ticket 5 bajocchi (2½*d.*).

There is another and inferior, and I believe anonymous theatre in the Piazza Navona, the leading characteristics of which are sentimental comedy, drums and clarionettes. Admission to the boxes 6 bajocchi (2½*d.*); to the pit, 3 bajocchi (1½*d.*).

D.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS,*

A BALLAD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

KING Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like bears, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beautiful, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same;
She thought, The Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wond'rous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.—

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By God!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

* See the story in St. Foix's History of Paris, who quotes it from Brantome.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

"THERE is nothing in the papers, and nobody in the streets," said Charles Bouverie, as with a disconsolate air he flung down the 'Times,' and turned away from the window. "I may as well write to Audley-place, and say that they must kill their own partridges this year; I can't leave town." Charles went towards the table, but he had no lady-like powers of filling four sheets with nothing, and the letter was soon sealed. Again he was thrown upon his resources; which have always appeared to me the very worst things on which an unfortunate individual can be thrown in the way of amusement. He looked round the room: there was one gentleman asleep—Charles envied him; and another reading the third side of a newspaper,—he was one of those who never omit even an advertisement—the fourth side yet remained, and Charles envied him too. The fact was, that though, of course, it is the most enviable position in the world, that of having nothing to do, yet one requires to be used to it. Now our hero had been accustomed to the very reverse. Left an orphan to the care of three uncles,—the first intended him for a clergyman; saw to his Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and fully impressed upon his nephew's mind the paramount importance of University honours. However, he died; and the second uncle insisted on the senior wrangler taking a place in his counting-house. A will of his own in a young man without a shilling is a superfluity, and Charles took his place on a high stool at a high desk. Just then the third uncle died. He had troubled his head very little about "the only hope of the family" during his life; but after all, the last recollections are often the best, and he recollected his nephew to some purpose. Charles Bouverie was left sole heir to a fine fortune; for the elder Mr. Bouverie died just as he had realized the sum on which he meant to enjoy himself. To the best of our belief, he had seen the pleasure; for the enjoyment of spending money is nothing to that of making it. Charles gave up the lodger as he had given up Euclid; removed to an hotel in the gayer part of town; devoted his mornings to the club instead of the counting-house; and intended to be the happiest of men, in the full indulgence of the *dolce far niente*. Unfortunately, the art of doing nothing requires some learning; and Charles, though he would not have owned the truth on any account, was the least in the world puzzled what to do with himself. London was very empty, and he had as yet but few acquaintance; while he could not help regretting his annual visit at Audley-place. A month of partridges and pheasants is a very real pleasure to a young man country-bred—and forced to spend the other eleven in town.

Our hero approached the window,—that resource of the destitute. There was nothing to be seen, even in St. James's-street! Three hackney-coaches, and two women in pattens passed by; also a man with an umbrella dripping, which he held rather over a brown paper parcel than himself: at last, a bright spot appeared just above the palace, the rain seemed to melt into luminous streaks on the sky, and the rain-drops that had sprinkled all over the panes of glass began to gather into two or three large drops, and to descend slowly along the surface. They

would have done to bet upon, but there was no one to bet with. The pavement began to dry, and Charles decided on a walk. He reached the clubs, and stood there for five minutes deliberating whether he should turn to the right hand or to the left, having no necessity for turning to either; and here we cannot but say that necessity is "an injured angel." He, she, or it—is never but harsh, stern, and un pitying; and "cruel necessity" is the phrase *par distinction* of all parted lovers. Now I hold that necessity merits more amiable adjectives;—what a great deal of trouble is saved thereby. To an undecided person like myself, the inevitable is invaluable. Before Charles had done standing like Hercules in the allegory between Pleasure and Virtue, *alias* the right and left of St. James's-street—a cabriolet drove rapidly up to the door.

"My dear fellow!" said its occupier, "I am in search of you. I want you to go down with me to my aunt's, and stay there till Wednesday. Her house is within three miles of Croydon, so you could be back in town at an hour's notice. Let me take you to your hotel, and thence I shall get you to drive me down."

Charles accepted the offer with the gratitude of a desperate man; it was just what suited him, and he sprang into the cabriolet in the gayest spirits. Horace Langham, the knight who thus had delivered him from the dragon *ennui*, had long been the object of his especial envy. He was a young man about town, good-looking, well dressed, with all the externals of a gentleman, quite unquestionable. The few needful preparations were soon made, and as they settled themselves in the stanhope, Langham said, "I have made you drive us down, for my horse has been overworked lately. My aunt unluckily has a great prejudice against strange servants; but there is a nice little country-inn close by, so yours will do very well."

The conversation was for a time very animated, for Horace knew something about every one who was anybody; and was very well inclined to tell all he knew. Anecdotes though, like other treasures, must come to an end; and Charles took advantage of a pause to ask if Mrs. Langham had any family.

"Only a niece," was the reply.

"Is she pretty?" asked his companion.

"Not if you put it to my conscience," said the other; "but she is likely to be rich: will that do as well?"

Charles coloured, from "a complication of disorders." First he was quite shy enough to be annoyed at its being supposed that he cared whether there were any young ladies in the world or not; and, secondly, he was quite romantic enough to be shocked at the idea of money supplying the want of a pretty face. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Mr. Langham's snatching the reins from his hand, and exclaiming, "Bouverie, we must drive back to town immediately! I have forgotten my aunt's netting silk—she will never forgive me!—old ladies are so cursedly unreasonable. Why did she plague me about her horrid silks? However, if we make haste, we shall yet be in time for dinner.—I wonder why old women are left in the world!"

Without waiting for Charles's reply, he put the horse to its utmost speed, and drove furiously back to town. The drive was now any thing but agreeable: a heavy shower of rain beat directly in their faces, and

Horace's conversation was confined to maledictions on all elderly gentlewomen, and lamentations on his own ill-luck, in having any thing to do with them. The particular shop was reached; the silk was procured, and again they took the road to Croydon.

The rain continued to fall in torrents, and Langham's spirits seemed to have fallen with the barometer. In sullen silence he continued to drive at a furious rate, till Bouverie's sympathies were awakened on behalf of his horse: he was just about "to hint a fault and hesitate dislike," when the clock of a church in the distance struck six.

"It is of no use now," exclaimed the impatient driver, slackening his speed. "We are too late for dinner,—the thing of all others that puts my aunt out; I must lay the blame upon you, she can't say anything to you as a stranger. We must go and dine at that confounded inn."

Wringing wet, they arrived at a disconsolate-looking inn, 'The Swan.' Truly such a sign only could have swung in such weather. A fire was hastily lighted in the best parlour, from whence the smoke drove them; and they took refuge in the kitchen redolent with the smell of recently fried onions, varied with tobacco; for two men sat on one side the fire employed with two pipes. A very tough beefsteak was produced after some delay, badly dressed, for the chimney smoked; this was washed down with some execrable wine,—half cape, half brandy, but called 'sherry.' Charles could far better have endured these minor discomforts than his companion's ill-humour. Controlled towards himself, it broke with double fury on the heads of the landlady and the kitchen-maid. Charles wondered at this in a man whom he had always seen so full of gaiety and good-humour; but Charles had still many things to learn.

Dinner over, time given for "my aunt's afternoon nap not to be disturbed," they set off for the 'Manor-House,' as it was called. The rain was quite over, but the glistening drops on the green sprays of the hawthorn and ash reflected the moonlight, which was now breaking through the masses of dark cloud. A sweet breath came from the late primroses and the early violets in the hedges of the lane through which they had to pass. Had Bouverie been alone he could have loitered on his way; but his companion had long since merged the poetical in the sarcastic,—if the former quality had ever entered into his composition. They soon arrived at the place of their destination, and entered by a picturesque old gate overhung with ivy; a gravel-walk, and a few stone steps, led into the hall. A sedate-looking butler met them there, and said, with a tone and air equally solemn, "Mrs. Langham, my mistress, waited dinner for you one quarter of an hour; the Major's rice was sadly overdone."

"No fault of mine, my good Williams, I assure you," exclaimed Langham, hurrying on to the sitting-room.

It was large, square, and dark; and a voice, that seemed to Charles singularly shrill, came from the upper end,—"Caroline, my dear, you have spilt the water."

He had no time for further observation, when he was led up to a very tall, upright-looking old lady, in a very tall, upright arm-chair, and was presented in turn to Mrs. Langham, her brother, Major Fanshawe, and to Miss Langham.

"Horace," said the old lady, "you kept us waiting dinner a whole quarter of an hour."

"Yes," continued the Major, "and my rice was done to a jelly."

"It was no fault of mine," cried the nephew; "there stands the real culprit. Mr. Bouverie forgot his dressing-case, and we had to drive back for it."

Mrs. Langham's face lost the courteous smile it had summoned up to receive the stranger, and the Major turned aside with a look which said, as plainly as a look could say—and looks speak very plainly sometimes—"What effeminate puppies young men of the present day are!"

Between rage and confusion, Charles could hardly find his way to a seat, where he sat

"In angry wonder, and in silent shame."

There was, however, no occasion for him to talk. Horace led the conversation, and was very amusing; though, unfortunately for Charles, he had already heard both the scandal and the stories during their drive down. He employed his time in taking a survey of the party. Major Fanshawe was a well-preserved, military-looking man; and it gave him at least ten minutes' consideration to decide whether he wore a wig or not. At last he came to the conclusion that it was the most natural-looking wig that he had ever seen. The old lady took up less time: she seemed staid and severe; and he turned to the younger one. She took up even less time; for the urn almost hid her face, and all he could distinguish was a huge quantity of curls. Now, if there was one thing he hated more than another it was a crop. Like most young men who have always some divinity for the time being whereby to judge of "common mortals," he had his standard of perfection, and Giulietta Grisi reigned at this moment his "fancy's queen." Her small classic head put to shame what he somewhat irreverently called, in his own mind, "a mop of hair." Any little interest that might yet have remained was put to flight; when, at length, after many efforts, he hazarded a question—"Do you play?" and the reply was a single, stiff, hard-hearted "No." Now, a young lady without music was, in his eyes, like a flower without perfume. Matters were made still worse when the tea-things were removed, and she drew towards her a large wicker-basket, from whence peeped out flannel, calico, tape, &c. Charles turned away his head, and encountered an encouraging look from the Major, who had drawn nearer towards him. Fanshawe began to talk of the weather; and his auditor was fairly astonished to find how much he had to say about it. He had all but counted the rain-drops; and he was quite aware of every gleam of sunshine that they had had since the morning. He then communicated the important fact that the Manor House fronted due south, and that it was situated on an eminence, which rendered it perfectly dry. "Very necessary for an old house like this. Our house, Sir, is a very old one;—it has the reputation of a ghost. By the bye, that puts me in mind of a very curious—indeed, I may say uncommon—circumstance which happened to me when I was a boy. I was about eight—no, let me see, I was nearly nine. Yes, it was nine; for my birth-day is in February, and the event to which I allude happened in November. Well,—for I am sure you must be impatient for the story

young people always like ghost stories.—I had been in bed some time. My father always insisted on our going soon to rest. You know the old proverb,

‘Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.’—

I had been in bed some time. Perhaps I had gone to sleep a little later than usual; for it was a stormy night, and I never was a sound sleeper. My digestion is not good: I am therefore obliged to be very regular in my hours. Your dressing-case, Sir, did me a great deal of harm to-day;—we waited dinner half an hour, and the rice was overdone. However, I always make great excuses for young people. When I was a youth, I was somewhat of a coxcomb myself; indeed, I think, at any time of life, people should never be indifferent to their appearance. I often tell my sister and niece they are too careless.—But I am keeping your curiosity on the rack all this time. So, to return to my story. I had been asleep some time, when I was suddenly awakened by what appeared to me a violent blow on the chest. I started up in my bed; I could perceive no one, though the rushlight was still burning.—We were always allowed a rushlight.—I jumped up, and ran to my mother’s dressing-room; I heard the clock strike twelve, as I thought, though afterwards it turned out to be only eleven. Still, as you may easily suppose, it added to my alarm; for twelve o’clock is, as you know, a disagreeable time to be thinking of ghosts—it being the hour peculiarly appropriated to their appearance. However, I communicated my alarm in perfect safety, and my bedchamber was carefully searched, without discovering the slightest cause for fear. My father was a little inclined to be angry; but, as my mother justly observed, there were many things for which there was no accounting. You see, my dear young friend,”—the Major’s heart had quite warmed to his patient listener,—“I may well quote Shakspeare’s profound remark, which may have escaped your notice hitherto,—

‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.’

Charles was saved the painful necessity of a reply, by a call on his attention from the other part of the room, and hearing his friend saying, “Oh, Bouverie is a capital treddrille player; he used to play it with his uncle. It is the very game for a small circle in the country.”

Our hero could not deny the fact—for a fact it actually was;—but how it had reached Langham was to him matter of great surprise. Down he sat to the table with Mrs. Langham and the Major, to devote the rest of the evening to spadille, manille, and basto. At ten, the tray came in, with refreshments much lighter than were ever meant to follow a dinner bad as his own had been; but, as the Major observed, “suppers were so bad for the digestion.” At half-past ten, bed-candles were brought in, and “we breakfast punctually at eight” was formally announced by Mrs. Langham.

To bed he went—hungry, weary, but not the least sleepy; and he lay awake, thinking whether it would be possible to return to London the next morning. He was the last to make his appearance; for he had divers misgivings respecting a *tête-à-tête* with Fanshawe, who he saw at once had that worst bump developed that can adorn the head of a bore—viz., long-story-tellativeness.

He entered : Miss Langham's face was again hidden by the urn ; but he had a side view of "that odious crop." Mrs. Langham inquired, with old-fashioned politeness, how he had passed the night ; so did the Major. "Saw no ghosts?" and forthwith recommenced of "a most curious, I may say unaccountable, thing which happened to me when I was a little boy." It was long enough the previous evening ; but at breakfast it was interminable, being ever and anon interrupted by spoonful of egg ;—"An egg is very light ; I always eat one at breakfast ;"—and by slices of toast, accompanied with "Never touch new bread ; but toast is easily digested." A light, however, was thrown on the motive of their visit ; for Horace was evidently *aux petites soins* with Caroline Langham.

After breakfast, all looked towards the windows ; but the rain was pitiless, and the sky was of that sombre and unbroken dulness which bespeaks a whole day's rain, at least. The Major challenged Charles to a game at chess, of which nothing worse need be said, than that it began before ten, and lasted till half-past four ; when, saying that it could be finished the next day, his opponent hurried Charles off with an injunction to try and dress in time for dinner.

He was dressed in ample time, for he had no motive to linger on the pleasant duties of the toilette—the only duties that I know of to which the term pleasant can be applied. The dinner was certainly the very perfection of a plain dinner, and to that Charles chiefly devoted his attention, taking especial care not to divert Miss Langham's attention from Horace's whispers by any indiscreet questions. The evening was again ruled by those three Fates, Spadille, Manille, and Basto—but as they were separating for the night, Charles said to his friend, "Of course the least you can do for me will be to ask me to the wedding?"

Horace laughed, and said, "Well, poor little thing—I suppose I must take pity upon her some day or other. One comfort is, that when she is my wife, she cannot be so very fond of me."

No man likes to hear of the conquest of another, and Charles made no effort to prolong the conversation. The next morning was bright, as if the day were as glad as himself of their coming departure. He also most ingeniously out-manœuvred the Major, by first approaching the window to admire the garden ; next stepping out upon the turf, and then walking off as fast as he could, resolved that he would not be found till two o'clock, when the stanhope was ordered to the door. The day was delightful—the sunshine entered into the spirits, and the soft warm air was freighted with odours from a garden prodigal in sweets.

From the flower-garden he wandered into a little wilderness which communicated with an orchard. Charles paused for a moment to admire the cherry-trees, covered with fruit, whose yellowish green was just beginning to wear a tinge of red on the side next the sun ; when suddenly he espied the Major—gun in hand. He then remembered that he had been vowing vengeance against the sparrows at breakfast. The morning was too lovely to waste on stories of—"When I was a little boy ;" so he darted behind a tree, and prepared to make his escape unseen. Now, whether his stir among the branches disturbed the birds, or whether the Major thought that he had carried his gun quite long enough without discharging it, we know not ; but at that moment he fired. Charles received the shot in his leg, and, stumbling against a tree, struck his

head with such violence, that he fell stunned on the ground. When he recovered his senses he found himself in bed, with a gentleman at his elbow, who allowed no one but himself to speak.

On this part of our narrative we need not dwell—but the unfortunate visitor was confined for a week to his bed. The fever under which he suffered rendered even an attempt to amuse him dangerous; but before the week was over he had learned to think Mrs. Langham the kindest old lady in the world; and that the Major was to be endured, now that he was not allowed to say above five words at a time. He had also discovered that Miss Langham had a low sweet voice, and the light step of a sylph. He was pronounced equal to sitting up for a few hours; it is almost worth while to be an invalid for the sake of that permission.

"We placed you in this room at Caroline's suggestion," said Mrs. Langham; "it is the one which she occupies, and opens into her own little morning room. As she very justly observed, you could then have change, the moment it was needed, without any fatigue."

Accordingly he was wheeled on the sofa into the adjoining apartment, and left for a little while to recover from the exertion, with an assurance that she and her niece would soon be with him. Charles took the opportunity of looking about him; and the survey very much raised Miss Langham in his estimation,—there was so much feminine taste in the arrangement of the various trifles scattered round. There was a pretty and well-furnished bookcase: he read the titles on the backs of several, and perceived both French and Italian authors mingled with the English. A number of engravings hung on the walls, all chosen with reference to their subjects, all of which had a little touch of sentiment. Some fresh flowers, grouped as only those who have an eye for colours can group them, were upon the table, and a basket of choice plants was in the window; a guitar rested on a stand of music; in short, nothing was wanting that Charles deemed essential in a lady's room. He was not left long to his meditations—his hostess and her niece re-appeared, and he was soon engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

Mrs. Langham was called suddenly away; and for a few minutes there was a pause—broken by Charles asking the young lady—"If she had any friends that were musical?"

"No," replied Caroline. "Indeed we have very few neighbours; my aunt has outlived most of her own friends, and is reluctant to make new ones. We see few strangers, excepting an acquaintance whom Horace now and then brings down—or some old companions of my uncle's."

There was something in the familiar appellation "Horace" that jarred on Charles's ear—and there was another pause: after which he could think of nothing better to say, than—

"Mr. Langham is a very gentlemanlike young man!"

"Do you think so," replied his companion coldly.

Charles tried to get a glance at her face, but it was hidden by the curls which fell forward as she bent over her knitting.

"And very witty," continued Bouverie.

"Nay," said Caroline, "there I cannot agree with you. Ridicule is not wit. He is amusing, for he goes a great deal into society, and retails all he there collects—but I never heard him make an original remark in my life."

"He seems, however, a great favourite of yours!" exclaimed the invalid, hastily.

"Ah, well!" returned the young lady; "I do not wish to undervalue your friend—I see you are half affronted—but a favourite of mine my cousin never was, nor never can be. He is far too selfish."

Charles felt a most ungenerous sensation of pleasure, which however he checked, and magnanimously resolved to change the subject.

"I wonder at seeing a guitar," said he, "as you say you have no musical friends?"

"I do not keep my guitar," replied Caroline, laughing, "for my friends—but for myself!"

"But of what use is it to you?" asked the invalid.

"Not of much use, certainly; but a great deal of pleasure!"

"Pleasure!—what pleasure?"

"Oh, you may not be fond of music—but I am."

"Still, as you do not play it—I do not comprehend the good of the instrument!"

"But I do play it!" interrupted Caroline.

"Why!" exclaimed Charles, "you told me, the first evening, that you did not play!"

"Ah, I thought that you meant *tredille*!"

Bouverie almost sprang from the sofa.

"My dear Miss Langham, I am so passionately fond of music; do lay by your knitting and take your guitar!"

"With pleasure, if it will keep you quiet!" So saying, with equal grace and simplicity, she began to sing an Italian *barcarolle*.

The light fell on her face, which was turned towards her listener, who perceived for the first time how very pretty it was. The fact was, that he had never looked at her before. We need pursue the subject no further:—a lady—a guitar—and a wounded cavalier—can have but one denouement—a declaration—and it came in due time; that is, before the week was out.

"You must let me speak to your aunt," said Charles Bouverie, the morning after.

"My dear aunt!" said Caroline, blushing one of those sweet bright blushes which so soon forsake the cheek; "you must not mind a little opposition at first."

"She favours Mr. Langham then?"

"Certainly not;" but colouring still more deeply, "your want of fortune——!"

"My want of fortune!" cried Charles; "why I am all but a millionaire!"

The matter was soon explained. Horace had brought his friend down half as a convenience—half as a foil—and to prevent any possible danger, had represented him as poor: all mistakes were soon cleared up. Settlements and diamonds—blond and *britska* were arranged with all possible despatch; and Mr. and Mrs. Bouverie were soon announced as "the happy pair, gone during the *hoi ey-moon* to Paris." The only regret heard on the subject was one expressed by Horace Langham—"Very provoking a man must not marry his aunt! Now that Caroline is so well provided for, my aunt is a speculation well worth consideration."

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.*

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

SOME of our sinecurists, and all our officials, will sincerely congratulate themselves on being Britons, when they learn what small salaries are paid to public functionaries in the State of Alabama. The governor—the state executive—the arbiter of life and death—has 2000 dollars a year, about the same as a first-rate merchant's clerk. No house allowed, not even a shanty : so he occupies an apartment in a boarding-house at Tuscaloosa, the seat of government. I understand he regrets having given up his practice as a lawyer, and contemplates resuming it, even before his appointment expires. The highest salary paid to a judge is 1750 dollars, and a man of eminence will not accept the office, unless under peculiar circumstances ;— for instance, a lawyer, who had acquired a large fortune, and wished to retire from practice, but could not disengage himself from his clients, applied to the Legislature, got himself appointed to the bench, and so became disqualified for practice.

Mobile Theatre is a new and well-proportioned building, capable of containing 800 or 900 persons, but not yet completely finished, or furnished with scenery. It is much frequented by the men, and is the only relaxation from business of that large majority who do not attend evening service or lectures. I was in the house one evening when there was not a female there, except the actresses ; but there were 300 or 400 men in the parquette and boxes, most of them well-dressed, and some as respectable as any in the city ; but, in general, there are from two or three to a score of ladies in the first tier of boxes. I sat in the parquette which was open to the boxes, furnished with chairs instead of benches ; and, having a considerable slope, it commanded a good view of the stage from every part ; so that I should have been comfortable enough, could I have selected my neighbours. Most of them had their jaws furnished with a tobacco-quid, and I frequently shrunk from pollution : yet not always successfully, as my clothes testified on the following morning. This an American does not mind—neither the spitter nor the spittee : no apology is expected or given ; though it must be admitted that the careless, but accidental, transgressor, if he observes his mal-address, generally smooths it down with his pocket-handkerchief, or the skirt of his coat.

Eating nuts and sucking oranges afforded a pretty general accompaniment to the performance ; for, between the acts, the majority go to the saloon to take a glass :—whether it be that they have not time during the remainder of the day—for nuts cannot be masticated in a hurry, like the scramble called dinner,—or that tobacco, being of an unsocial nature, will not admit of a companion,—or that the general machinery of their senses works the more pleasantly for having all its parts going at once ;—however this may be, the nuts appear almost as gratifying as the stage performance, or even as the quid. One night, being annoyed by two noisy sailors, I left my seat, and removed to the other side of the parquette, when I found a vacant chair aloof from any person. Presently a man brought a chair, and placed himself close by me ; and, to my discomfiture, I perceived at once, by the effluvia, that he was chewing pea-nuts. I had some thoughts of trying another remove, when I became convinced of the hopelessness of an escape from the infliction ; for I saw, in the front row of the opposite box, a trio of young beauties employed in the same manner, who ever and anon turned their heads, and freely shared the nutty fragrance with the envied and highly-favoured swains behind them.

* Continued from Vol. xlv., page 466.

There is not, I believe, in the world another theatre so well supported by so small a population, the white inhabitants probably not amounting to 5000 when the city is most full; yet the theatre draws as numerous audiences, on the whole, as those of Dublin, Liverpool, or Edinburgh. Some of the performers displayed merit, but the majority were very bad, and sadly imperfect in their parts: this was, indeed, unavoidable, from the constant succession of stars, and new pieces, with the same scenery, the same stock actors, and the same music, and pretty nearly the same audience. The performers and musicians are paid from 12 to 20 dollars a week, and their board and lodging costs them 25 or 30 dollars a month.

The chief attraction was a young actress, a Miss Voss, who, with an agreeable face and figure, possessed a good deal of native talent, which much wanted judicious cultivation. In tragic parts she displayed both energy and feeling, notwithstanding a habit of measuring out her words one by one, laying emphasis impartially on each, to the great advantage of the *ifs, buts, ands*, and other small fry. Yet I liked her, particularly in comedy, in which her nature was less trammelled. Her youth, animation, and freedom from pretension rendered her a general favourite. She hardly displayed sufficient grace or elegance in her *Lady Teazle* to satisfy a London audience; but she possesses the ore, it only wants polishing. Unfortunately for native talent, the newspapers here, as well as throughout the Union, only praise; they do not criticise. Whether it be want of judgment, want of time, or unwillingness to hurt the feelings, or most probably a combination of the above causes, they content themselves with passing common-place encomiums, which their memory may supply, without searching their brains, or weighing the sources of their gratification or disappointment.

To be very emphatic is at all times with inferior actors—what bleeding was with Doctor Sangrado—the grand secret of art: but I never heard words made so much of as in this country: such as making one syllable into two,—for example—*e-von, hea-von*—“even, heaven.” A distinguishing feature with the male part of an American audience is their susceptibility with respect to language of a certain description. A *double entendre* is always followed by a general scream: and, in some cases, they discover and acknowledge a second meaning, which probably had escaped the author. This sensitiveness might be mistaken for delicacy, but is, in fact, its reverse; the soil must be rank and fresh for such seeds to take quick root in; they perish at once in the pure and well-cultivated. The Americans are most placable and indulgent auditors; and with respect to omissions, alterations, and disappointments, by manager or performer—all being friends—little apology or explanation is necessary; but should the offender happen to have made personal enemies, they can be unjust, implacable, and tyrannical, and hunt a poor player from the stage.

But this theatre, though not yet two years old, has witnessed tragedies of real life, which, though of little more importance here than scenic representations, would, in some countries which I could name, very probably finish with the gallows. While I was in Mobile two relatives of the name of M'Grew came there to show off in the swaggering and bullying line. They resided in the interior of the State, in the county of Sumpter, where they had distinguished themselves by many ruffianly pranks and barbarous jokes; but being tall and powerful men, none dared to retaliate or to punish. all within their dangerous vicinity bore their insults, or purchased their forbearance. It was stated in a Mobile paper that no person within the sphere of their visits dared to refuse any demands they chose to make, or to repel their intrusion. These two well-grown ruffians entered the theatre one evening in the month of February, and at once attacked, with violent language, the mate of some vessel in the port, with whom they had had a previous dispute. The mate, who was in the stage-box, wished to have the matter postponed till the following day; but one of the savages cut the

matter short by drawing his dirk and plunging it into his body. The wound, though dangerous, did not prove mortal; but the most curious part of the business to an European must be the facility with which they escaped any consequences of the deed. The audience pretty generally expressed their abhorrence; but neither they nor the police had the courage or public spirit to act. Few there are in the United States who, from such motives, will face an armed, powerful, and reckless savage; and no man is so infamous as to be without associates and followers of his own stamp, who will not question his actions, but support them. However, on the following day an investigation took place before the mayor, which, by the evidence and influence of some equivocal characters, ended in the acquittal of the two country innocents: not even a fine had been inflicted, and the parties—his honour the mayor, and other magistrates, witnesses and culprits—adjourned to a public-house to wash down all animosity.*

During the preceding season a similar affair—not an affair of honour—took place between a doctor and a captain in the same theatre. They had had a quarrel some years previously, on which occasion the doctor had, it appeared, cautioned the captain never to show himself in any place where he was; which advice the captain did not follow, for he appeared in the front row of a box, seated between his wife and daughter, though the doctor was actually in the next box with some females of his family. But this could not be permitted, so the Esculapian hero entered the captain's box, and after reproving him for not better attending to his command, he proceeded forthwith to belabour him with a cowhide, holding at the same time a dirk in his left hand. The captain was soon on his legs, with a pistol in his hand, which he was proceeding to use, when he was seized by a friend, who clasped his arms round him, interposing his person between the combatants. While they were struggling to get at each other—the one with a dirk, the other with a pistol—the captain put his arm round the mediator, and shot the doctor, but unfortunately, as many people afterwards had the good taste to observe, not with fatal effect; for his wrist saved his life, at the expense of a fracture, and the ball finally made a flesh-wound in his side. The matter ended here, except that the mayor fined them a small sum each, which was no object; but such seems to be the utmost rigour of the law on such occasions.

While stopping at the Mansion House, which, be it known, is the most expensive and fashionable hotel in the State of Alabama, I had the good fortune to witness one of those duels peculiar to this people. A wealthy merchant of Mobile, of the name of A—, who resided in the Mansion House, and visited in the first society, formerly had some dispute with a Mr. K—, a merchant, or store-keeper, in Montgomery. This latter came to Mobile, as was afterwards supposed, for the purpose of *whipping* Mr. A—, and took up his quarters at the same house. He accordingly demanded an apology for some words, which Mr. A— was willing to give; but there was always something found to be unsatisfactory in the form of it—in short, Mr. K— thirsted for a fight, and took every opportunity of threatening and bullying Mr. A—, who, on several occasions, escaped from him by flying for protection into ladies' apartments. But at length the persecution became too hot to be endured, and Mr. A—, having procured the aid of a fighting friend, they armed themselves with loaded pistols and dirks, and lay in wait for Mr. K— in the ante-room communicating with the dining-room, to do some woeful deed on him as he should come forth from the dinner-table. Of this the gentleman got notice, and accordingly, as he rose from table, he drew his pistol and cocked it, holding it under his skirt. On his entering the ante-room, the two gentlemen who were lying in ambush rushed on him, each presenting his pistol. Mr. K— then exclaiming "One at a

* One of those ruffians has since been taken in the province of Texas, and brought prisoner to Mobile.

time!" retreated into the dining-room, pursued by his antagonists, with pistols still presented, to the great dismay of thirty or forty ladies, and about a hundred gentlemen, who were seated at the table. The ladies screamed, and some of the gentlemen unquestionably ducked their heads; but a general rise ensued, and the parties were disarmed.

However, the "d—d good-natured friends" of both parties decreed that there should be an end to such turmoil, and that they must fight it out at once, with the weapons which nature had given them—fists, teeth, and nails. Accordingly, they adjourned to the street, and, *volens volens*, they stripped and fell to work, to the great delight of the doctors, lawyers, and colonels assembled. The mayor gently remonstrated, but was shoved aside; an alderman ditto, with a box in the face which set his nose bleeding. The city guard, within fifty yards, was of no use, and did not try. Poor A— was knocked under; I saw him myself lying on his back, his head on the curb-stone, against which K— bumped it, holding him by the under-jaw, which he had grasped in his right hand, which of course occupied the man's mouth—a hold by which it is said the jaw can readily be disengaged from the rest of the face. However, while he was twisting, the apparently dying moans of A— caused the highly entertained audience to interfere.

Bills were found by the grand jury against the parties. Mr. K— went home, and so escaped, though still in the same State; but poor A— was fined 800 dollars, which he actually paid for getting disfigured in a fight for which he had never shown any stomach. The other individuals easily got off by the usual convenient flaw in the indictment, as might naturally be expected, where such very respectable gentlemen were concerned. These transactions never were noticed in the newspapers, any more than hundreds beside of a similar description.

In every account of American habits, when they are described by tourists as inferior to those of Europe, and in which exceptions are allowed in favour of a refined few, it would be desirable, if possible, to give the extent of those exceptions. In the present instance, I will endeavour to give the proportion of the gentlemanly population of Mobile who were capable, or incapable, of enjoying the above characteristic fight. I shall estimate the entire number at six or seven hundred, consisting of all the learned professions, merchants, store-keepers, and their clerks, builders, office-holders, and country planters; and I believe I have underrated their numbers. Of the above, I calculate that thirty or forty would be incapable of willingly countenancing such an affray; and those may be subdivided as follows:—Ten or twelve merchants, tolerably well-educated Europeans; about the same number of Americans, from the Northern States, owing to good education, peaceable habits, or aristocratic refinement;—the balance would consist of religious persons, preachers, &c. Among the fighters would be found as wealthy, as learned, and far more popular, members of society.

While in Mobile I had an opportunity of seeing the exhibition of Mr. Catlin. This gentleman was on his return from the far West, beyond the sources of the Missouri and the Mississippi, where he remained during five years, visiting the various tribes of Indians scattered through the large territories extending from those rivers to the Pacific Ocean. His exhibition consisted of a vast number of portraits of individuals of every tribe, of landscapes, of representations of their dwellings, their games, their battles, their hunting and their religious ceremonies. At these last-mentioned rites he is the only white man who was ever allowed to be present, which was owing to the veneration caused by his professional skill. He visited thirty-seven tribes speaking different languages, most of them still uncontaminated by the dregs of civilization. I have never witnessed a more interesting exhibition, and yet I have seen the Louvre with all its glorious plunder. As works of art, Mr. Catlin's productions do not rank high, as he candidly admits, and fully accounts for, from the difficulties of his situation: but they are doubtless faithful pictures; and the energy, the enthusiasm, and the

clearness of his explanations, joined to the novelty of the whole, justly entitles, and will procure for the artist fortune and fame wherever he goes.

I had an opportunity of observing on this occasion, as at many other times, the extraordinary attention paid to the fair sex, so far outstripping even French politeness. It was quite useless for any man to secure a good seat, as he must give it up to the first female that wanted it; I, myself, who did not know a lady in the room, had to remove from bench to bench as the fresh arrivals came, until I was reduced to standing room. I do not mention this by way of boasting of my gallantry; for I candidly confess that, after one or two removes, I would have remained still had I dared. The ladies, too, take all this homage with the most complete nonchalance; and the male victim of politeness has not the satisfaction of receiving so much as a smile or a glance on the occasion. In every situation in which men and women meet in public, the case is the same. In a stage-coach, the humblest female dispossesses whoever occupies the best seat; in a theatre—let but a female appear standing at the entrance to a box, and every man in that box immediately rises, and draws back till she is accommodated; in a church or a steam-boat, it is the same; and in the street, though there should be plenty of room, it is common to see gentlemen step altogether off the footway while females pass. So strangely has custom established the right to this deference, that no man dares now to withhold it; and no lady condescends to acknowledge it, except perhaps to an acquaintance.

All this tends strongly to recal to mind the days of chivalry; accompanied as it is too with a similar warlike demeanour in the men—a quickness to take offence, and to strike; and a formality which admits no jesting with, or about, a female;—but with a deficiency, however, in that high sense of honour which would scorn an advantage, and that grace and refinement which men conspicuous in fearless principles, and courteous knights, entertain; but which it would be preposterous to look for in trading adventurers, and domestic drudges. These manners seem sufficient to account for that hardness of outline, ungentleness, difficulty to please, and independence, generally observable by strangers in the American ladies, which forms a character the very reverse of the softness, facility, desire to please, and grateful acceptance of attentions, of the French ladies. In America, they are looked up to as superiors, and shunned as social companions; in France, they are sought after in society, and treated familiarly as equals. Who has ever seen a Frenchman surrender the seat which he had engaged in a diligence to a female, or his priority of right in a theatre? But he pays her a much higher compliment in considering her worthy of his company and conversation; and at the same time he calls forth the faculty and the desire to please, which should be mutual in both sexes, as the advantages are mutual. He makes no sacrifices—displays no devotion, save in words—and is rewarded by gratified looks, and amiable replies; while the American, who seriously incommodates himself, neither expects, nor generally receives, the slightest acknowledgment or notice in return. It may be said that the latter is the most truly gallant, as he is the most disinterestedly so; but this depends on the meaning of the word; and sure I am, whatever may be the opinion of the American ladies, the dames of France would not exchange with them. Perhaps each thinks her own form of worship the most orthodox, which, as they are at the mercy of their votaries in that respect, is probably the wisest mode of thinking. In spirit and in truth, that is to say in matrimonial engagements, the American females have it hollow in their favour; but that arises from circumstances. Many a French couple pine away their *beau jours* in fruitless expectation of being enabled to wed, whilst in America every man can afford to marry.

With respect to the fulfilment of the more important duties of wife and mother, there is probably not much to choose between them. Happy and unhappy unions are found every where; and if divorces are more frequent

in the United States than elsewhere, it may fairly be ascribed to the greater facility of obtaining them. I have never been able to observe that vices are more rare, or virtues more abundant in proportion to a want of polish, if we except the virtue of bluntness or sincerity, which, while it wounds others, cannot benefit ourselves; and I question whether its opposite vice be not preferable, when it tends to repress an appearance of dislike and ill-will towards others, which saves them from pain, and does ourselves no injury. Not being able to read the heart through the glass of refinement and good breeding, I may possibly sometimes have given the French credit for good wishes and friendly feelings, instead of their marked opposites; but this is a mistake difficult to fall under with the American ladies; and I have been able to read envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, in pretty legible characters, and unquestionably sincere. Among the few thoroughly well-bred, with whose acquaintance I was honoured in the United States, I observed no such malevolent indications; and far be it from me to insinuate that they wear a mask, for which however, if they did, I return them my sincere thanks. Undoubtedly there are in the United States many unpretending friendly and generous females, who, like their husbands, will not be slow to serve one they esteem and have a good opinion of; still it were desirable that they had been endowed with more softness, delicacy, and amiability, which we do not look for in the other sex, but cannot dispense with in theirs.

In Mobile, and generally in the south, burglaries and highway robberies are nearly unknown; and people are careless about locking-up their houses, many of which remain on the latch all night. It requires plate, jewellery, or other valuable and portable goods, to offer sufficient temptation; for men will not risk their characters and liberty for trifles, when wages are high, and employment certain, and when punishment is sometimes inflicted, without waiting on the delay and uncertainty of the law. It was only last summer that a stranger who had been detected thieving, instead of being brought before a magistrate, or rather, I believe, because the evidence was insufficient for his committal, was taken in the open day by a number of citizens to the Orange grove, and there tied up and whipped till the operators and spectators were satisfied.

Here, where murder for revenge is thought so little of, the same crime to perpetrate or conceal a robbery is sure to bring down the whole vengeance of the laws, whether administered in the name of Lynch, or of the state. Not twelve months ago, a young man, named Bayington, a compositor, proposed a walk into the woods to his friend and companion, and then cut him down with a knife or dagger--took his money, about eighty or ninety dollars, and embarked in a steam-boat the same night to proceed to the north. Being immediately suspected, he was pursued and brought back, and, on circumstantial evidence, was found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. Had he been acquitted, it was perfectly well known that his life would have been taken by the people. He remained for some months in gaol, displaying the greatest indifference, denying his guilt, and writing sentimental poetry, which appeared occasionally in the paper on which he had been a compositor. In the month of February last he was brought into the woods, where a temporary gallows had been erected. He was allowed to walk, by his own request, accompanied by his counsel, a clergyman, and some other gentlemen; and without knowing him it would have been impossible to have designated the culprit. Arrived at the tree, he very coolly mounted the platform, accompanied by the clergyman, through whom he requested permission to read an exculpatory address which he had written. Being permitted, he proceeded with an unblanched cheek, and an unfaltering voice, to read a long, laboured, and artful commentary on the evidence on which he had been convicted, which would have been perfectly suited to a lawyer to puzzle and confound a jury, but which tended to remove any doubts of his guilt. The limited time for his execution approaching, he was interrupted by the

sheriff,—obliged to descend from the platform to have his shroud and cap put on—and to be pinioned. Then, for the first time, the colour left his cheek, he ascended the ladder, and cast his eyes around on the guards and the people, as if to see what further delay could be obtained: for his loitering walk, and his long address, were doubtlessly planned for the purpose of delaying the execution till after four o'clock, when it could not legally take place; and hopes of success, it appeared, had never left him. On the sheriff proceeding to put the rope about his neck, he jumped from the platform among the guards, dressed in his winding sheet, exclaiming that it was his duty to save himself if he could, and he would try it. However, the sheriff and his deputy soon seized him, and in despite of his struggles, dragged him up the ladder and put the noose about his neck, he clinging to every thing, and resisting to the utmost. The platform fell, and he appeared suspended, with his hands, which were not sufficiently secured, clasping the rope so as to prevent its closing on his throat; and all their strength was insufficient to remove them. In about a minute as insensibility approached they dropped of themselves, and I beheld, at a few paces' distance, his uncovered face—calm and unruffled like sleep—with the flush of youth and health, in the midst of a violent death.

To describe the scenery through the states of Alabama, Mississippi, and the territory of Florida—the rich prairies and cambreaks—the luxuriant timber and the variety of foliage—the hills, the bluffs, and the rivers—is no part of my plan, and has been rendered needless by the number of descriptions by tourists better qualified for the task. The roads over the hills, or winding round them, are always firm, (though unimproved by art, except in cutting away a few trees,) and generally pretty level, except when a root projects, a rut is worn, or the slope renders one side much higher than the other.—Across the prairies and the valleys, they are deep and sticky in rainy seasons; but in dry weather they are firm, even, and unobjectionable, always excepting occasional passes, filled with trees and bushes.

Montgomery is, as to trade and population, the second city in the state, and rapidly increasing; but being generally settled by an inferior class of adventurers, it is somewhat less civilized, and more lawless, than Mobile; or, as I have been informed, pretty much in the same state that city was half a dozen years ago. A large quantity of cotton is drawn here by horses and oxen, and embarked on board the steam-boats, frequently accompanied by the owners, for Mobile.

The planters, on the sale of their crops, have rarely much money to receive, having already obtained a large portion in advance, in provisions, manufactures, &c., shipped them by their factors; and having drawn bills and notes to purchase additional slaves and grounds; to extend their plantations, and increase their buildings; for every man struggles forward in advance of his increase of capital, interest of money being no object at any rate at which it can be procured. I have known two and a half and three per cent. a month to be given, on notes having two or three names, any of whom were sufficient security as to property; and there is not so much risk as might be supposed from dealing occasionally with scoundrels, for it is their interest to be punctual: there are, however, sometimes insuperable difficulties, and always delays, in case of death occurring. The factors in Mobile charge two and a half per cent. commission for selling cotton; the same for accepting bills, and the same for advancing money till the crop is sold, with interest at eight per cent. per annum.

Wetumpka, within the last two years a wilderness, is now the rival, and threatens shortly to supersede Montgomery as the inland emporium of that part of the state of Alabama, watered by the river of the same name. As usual throughout the United States, the profitable mania of speculation has already raised the prices of the town lots many hundreds per cent., and I have no doubt that they are still far short of their climax. This is the channel through which the greatest and most rapid fortunes are realized,

and for which no qualification is necessary but a moderate sum to begin with, and remaining a few months in the winters of each year, to purchase, to divide, to sell, and, if advisable, to build. Wetumpka is situated twelve miles above Montgomery on the same river, and at the head of its navigation; this circumstance is the source of its rising prosperity.

Cahawba, formerly the capital of the state, is situated much lower down on the same river, and has been for some time on the decline, as the settlements have extended inland. It stands on a bluff or hill washed by the river; and being sixty or seventy feet above low water, it was long considered out of the reach of floods, but during the great inundation of the spring of 1833, the court-house and a part of the town stood in the water. The rise of that flood was about eighty feet; consequently, an immense extent of country, which had been supposed to stand high and dry, was covered. Steam-boats missed the channel of the river during the night, and diverged into the forests, till forced by the trees to bring to, and make fast to one of them, perhaps seventy feet from its roots. A fall as rapid as Munchausen's thaw was all that could be necessary to illustrate and exemplify his celebrated story of fastening his horse by the bridle, during a deep snow, to the cross on the top of a steeple, from which he was left suspended on the snow thawing away. I was much amused about this period at the account a planter gave me of the consequences of the flood to himself. He had recently arrived in the State, and had located himself on the bank of a creek (brook), discharging itself a little lower down into the Alabama, on which he had built himself a mill, without dreaming of the enormous back-water to which he was liable from the river, but which he informed me had stopped his grinding. I asked him if the water had risen high about his mill? "Why," said he in a melancholy tone, "when I came away, I could just see the ridge of the roof."*

Tuscaloosa is considered the capital of the State, being the seat of government, of the legislative assembly, the senate, and of the governor; who, as I have before said, occupies an apartment in a boarding-house. This city is considered on the decline, and solely indebted for its importance to the annual visits of the legislature; and Montgomery, which is far more considerable, and quite as central, is spoken of as likely to deprive it of that advantage. It stands on the Blackwarrior river, which is navigable during the winter, and conveys its produce to Mobile.

Florence is the third town in the State for trade and population; it stands not far from the confines of Tennessee, on the Tennessee river, by which it by a very circuitous channel communicates through the Ohio and Mississippi, with New Orleans. But to give a catalogue of towns springing up in this and the adjoining States, many of which are situated on beautiful and fertile lands, would be useless from its brevity, and the changing uncertainty of their progress, and foreign to the purpose of this sketch. Apalachicola and Pensacola in Florida have the best harbours belonging to the United States on the gulf of Mexico, and will be one day or other important sea-ports. The last mentioned has long been a rendezvous of the American navy, for which it is well qualified. It consists of but a single row of houses fronting the beach. These two obscure villages serve to show of how little importance the noblest harbours can prove without an internal navigation and commerce; and Mobile proves that, with a long course of navigable rivers, leading to and

Mount Pleasant, Ala, June 9, 1835.

* S. H. GARROW, Esq.—Sir:—The mail that was lost in the creek between this and Claiborne, on the 2d inst., we found on the 7th. It had washed down half a mile, was sunk in a very deep hole, quite out of sight. The letters and papers are very much injured; some letters entirely lost—others so much injured that I fear nothing can be made of them (these I have sent for you to do the best you can with). After being wet so long, it was almost impossible to handle them, without their falling to pieces. Some of the packages I did not open; being small I dried them, so that I think they will go safe.

Respectfully,

WM. WALLER, P. M.

from a rich interior, the most difficult and inconvenient asylum for shipping can be put up with.

The inconvenience, privation, and want of comfort to be endured, travelling in a newly settled country, excite the irritable propensities of John Bull, but cause no visible effect on the unsettled and restless Jonathan. However, one might sometimes imagine that the natives themselves have but an humble opinion of their accommodation; for at bed-time, in the south, they will not ask you if you would like to go to bed, but whether you would choose to lie down; thinking probably that it would be presumptuous to give to such a careless turning-in a name conveying an idea of luxury and renovation. One gentleman, a wealthy planter, at whose house I slept one night, had, however, more aspiring notions; for he told me that, as some friends had left them on that morning, I should have their state bed-room. Had he not told me so, I should never have discovered the distinction I had arrived at, but should have fancied myself in a half-finished, half-furnished room, with a mattress stuffed with moss, sheets six feet by four, blanket to match, coverlet a little more extensive, and a few tawdry embellishments.

Let it not be supposed that the American ladies are always as hard and as cold as Pygmalion's statue, for never have I seen any who can be more readily thawed into flesh and blood, or who enter more cordially into the spirit of a frolic when it comes. I went by invitation to a wedding at the house of a man respectable enough, though not pretending to fashion. The ceremony was performed by a Methodist parson with all proper solemnity and decorum, after which the ladies sat round in a formidable circle, no men venturing among them, except the bridegroom, who sat next his bride, and the clergyman. Young men would occasionally hover about the outskirts of the cover, giving a glance or even a word of recognition; but the great body of the men adjourned into another room, where stood a table covered with plates of cakes, and bottles of wine, brandy, and whiskey, and there they made themselves comfortable; hobnobbing and joking, and letting the ladies hear at a distance how hearty they could laugh. During this time the ladies were not neglected, for the happy groomsman, as was his bounden duty, carried round the good things, and regaled them: so it may be conjectured that they began to ferment a little, and that the contents of both rooms had only to be poured together, like Seidlitz mixtures, in order to cause a pretty considerable commotion. At this critical period the parson summoned all to prayer, and down popped every one on their knees on the floor, while an extemporary prayer was delivered, specifying particularly not only the newly-married couple, but the people whose creature comforts we had been just discussing, and other relatives, accompanied, as usual, with a groaning in the spirit, though in a minor key and diminished quantity. After prayer, and brandy and water, excitement had arisen to such a pitch, that two or three young men ventured to crowd into a corner among the lasses, and a mutual good understanding was the immediate consequence. I remained an observer, and soon perceived that questions and commands, and cross-purposes, accompanied by the most willing forfeitures, were in progress, threatening to exhaust the supply of pocket-handkerchiefs, thimbles, and penknives. At length the releasing came by the usual modes made and provided in such extremities, till kiss and come again had paid the penalties for all. Some new recruits joined in, and the games proceeded with increased spirit and rapidity, like machinery which works more freely after the first brush. I had just begun to think that they might as well omit the forfeits and other forms altogether, which had fallen into sad confusion and mismanagement, and to my surprise I perceived that I had dropped exactly into their own mode of thinking, for all ceremony was sent adrift: the gentleman kissed the ladies, and the ladies smacked the gentlemen to their hearts' content; and as I could hardly expect any additional improvement or novelties, for the "force of kissing could no farther go," I took my departure, and went homeward pondering much on what I had seen.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,"—this was a wedding—an occasion of festivity and mirth all the world over, from the white cockades of the postilions at St. George's, Hanover Square, to the homely sprinkling of the Hottentots; however, veracity compels me to admit, that such a form of mirth is sometimes rehearsed on less momentous occasions.

While stopping at the boarding-house of a town recently founded in the forests, and chatting after dinner with two or three young gentlemen of the vicinity, the question arose how we should spend our evening. One of the party proposed that we should all go to his house, and take tea with the girls, adding, as an inducement, that the pretty widow Jones and her sister were there. I demurred on account of the distance and the darkness, which would render it impossible to return that night; and observed, to use an American phrase, that I believed in a good night's rest. "Pshaw!" said one, "we can lie down when we are tired;" so away we went, and I was introduced to the ladies, three or four well-looking republicans. Tea being over, the conversation proceeded: the ladies whispered with their most intimate acquaintances, and talked of the weather with me, till one nudged another, and he nudged me, and I did not know what to think of it, nor was I at all more enlightened when he followed up the shove with—"Now do you begin!"

"Begin what?" cried I.

"Why, kiss Mrs. Jones!"

I declared that I could not think of taking such a liberty. "Why then," quoth another, "here's one that will;" meaning himself, and suiting the action to the word. On this a regular scramble took place—the ladies were a very little coy at first, but that soon wore off, and each claimed her turn: not every day such innocent mirth could be had in these woods, where even a camp-meeting seldom came. There was plenty of brandy and whiskey, but tobacco is as little eschewed on those occasions as garlic is in France. However, I became sleepy, having had little rest the night before; and, while "the fun waxed fast and furious," I stole away and lay down across the bed, to leave the more room; but I had it all to myself, for the rest of the party remained laughing, singing, and romping, during the remainder of the night. At about six o'clock I was called to take some hot coffee. The sun was already high above the horizon, and sent a most searching tell-tale light, and no toilets having been attended to, we were none of us fit to sit for our portraits, so we soon after took compassion on the ladies, and took our departure.

Now I must admit, that though "they order these matters better in France," yet such romping bouts are nothing more than have been witnessed in England, Ireland, and Scotland, within the recollection of men now living, heightened, perhaps, by republican freedom, and the rarity of social enjoyments; and they serve to prove how completely our ideas of propriety and decorum depend on habit and circumstances. In those regions a print or statue of the human form without ample drapery could not be exhibited to a female without insult; and at an exhibition which actually took place of a painting, representing a full-sized female figure which in no part of Europe would be considered indelicate, ladies and gentlemen were admitted at different hours. Dancers too had best be cautious how they pirouette, as at the Italian Opera,—the ladies could not—dare not look at them. Married men and fathers would take them away, while bachelors would laugh and scream like savages. However in this last particular they have improved very much in the large cities—if I may, all such a change improvement—since the first display of the kind took place; and they have hitherto been confined to the large cities. In short, if elegance has its refinements, so has vulgarity—if the one has its fastidiousness, so has the other; while the vices and the virtues of which each have their particular types are pretty equally distributed, as the faint-hearted and the brave are found ranged under the same standard.

What a singular taste the Americans have in baptismal names! How quaint, fanciful, original, poetic! Preserved Fish is a gentleman who deserves to be immortalized for his name alone. Patience and other virtues have their merit, but are getting out of date, the fanciful and poetic being gaining ground—such as Pleasant May, Esq., Pleasant May, junior, Esq., Violet Primrose, Esq., and his daughter Violetta. May is a favourite Christian name for ladies, but no other month, as far as I could learn, had ever arrived at such a distinction. It seems strange that the names of the New Testament, which are the most common in their fatherland, are comparatively rare with them, the names from the Old Testament obtaining a decided preference; and while Matthew, Mark, and Luke are rarely heard of, we meet thousands of Abners, Hiram, Josiahs, Jothams, Joels, and Jonathans.

The Americans equal their English progenitors in their fondness for public dinners, and far out-do them in the number of their toasts. Among the great quantity of trash for filling up their prodigious number of journals, toasts form no inconsiderable portion, occupying whole columns, which are copied, with the author's names, from one extremity of the Union to the other. The president and vice-president of dinners have a certain number of toasts to give, after which, almost every individual volunteers at least one, and as the whole of them would be too many to print, the managers make a selection, which often gives offence: for every man, however obscure, has a passion for seeing his name in print. These evanescent effusions consist of a toast buttered with a suitable sentiment; and though every one aims at originality, or at least giving a new turn to an old toast, yet they are in fact the same things re-hashed daily, and are generally insipid enough. As to drinking a glass of wine to each, that is out of the question, one glass must sometimes serve for half a dozen; though of course any individual may get drunk as soon as he pleases. Speeches must be few and short; equality will not tolerate long ones, except from a very great orator—and greater favourite. The hip, hip, hip, hurrahs! keep rapidly going, the interstices filled in by music and the reports of salient corks; and the whole business is over in less time than would suffice Lord Brougham or Sir Robert for a speech.

One of those *nomen multitudinis*, called Colonel, whom I met with at an hotel in my travels, amused us exceedingly by the following anecdote of himself, which, I regret to say, wants both the dialect and the delivery.

"I had been a tremendous curser, but I determined to reform, (because I got frightened by a dream,) and to join a Methodist Church. Well, I went to the elders of the congregation to tell them that I wished to join them; but it was necessary that I should give them my reasons for the sudden conversion and reformation wrought upon me: so I told them my awful dream. Says I, 'I thought that I was mounting up a ladder, as it were Jacob's ladder, going to Heaven; but at last I got to the top, and found I was still about six feet short of Heaven. Well, I was greatly puzzled, and did not know what to do to get in: so, at last, I hallooed out, and the angel Gabriel came, and looked out of a window. "Good morrow, Colonel," says he.

"'Good morrow, Squire,' says I. 'Maybe you can tell me how I can get to your Squire,' says I.

"'I am sure I can't tell,' says he, 'unless you give a big jump and catch by the window-sill.'

"With that I made a spring, and, by Hell, I got the God-d——st fall.'

"When I had got so far, the preacher told me I was not just right yet, and that I warn't fit for them by a d——d sight."

I also heard another anecdote—a clerical blunder—ascribed to an individual who was named; it is, at least, perfectly harmless, if not worth preserving. A Methodist preacher, after service, gave the following notice:—"Should brother Tomkins arrive in time, there will be preaching here, God willing, to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock—but, at six o'clock in the

evening, there will be preaching any-how." Another volunteer preacher of the same sect, remarkable for a Stentorian voice, and the loudness of his denunciations against sinners, one evening said to his congregation, after stunning them with his thundering eloquence;—"People say that I bawl: let them; God has given me lungs to bawl, and I will bawl."

The Americans are more distinguished by loud speaking, both in the pulpit and at the bar, than by any other quality, from British lawyers and divines. They generally commence moderately enough; but in the heat of the argument, modulation is lost sight of. As the fervour increases, so does the voice, the more brilliant the lightning, the louder the thunder. It is unnecessary to enter a court of law or a church to discover this; you have only to pass through any of the neighbouring streets during divine service, or the sitting of the Courts. It is a pity they do not attend to Hamlet's advice to the players, with which the lawyers at least are well acquainted; for of all writers, living or dead, Shakspeare is there the most read, and the most admired. And they justly, and to their credit, claim as strong an interest in his fame as they allow to English born; for are they not English by descent?

In attending the courts of law in various parts of the United States, I have been particularly struck by the inferiority of the judges to the prominent lawyers. I have closely attended to a trial, at which the young man who was judge seemed to be the most insignificant person employed. When it became necessary to charge the jury, he did not appear inclined to say a word: however he did rouse himself to the use of speech; and with diffidence—a rare quality in the land, and a strange place to meet it—he told them that "if they believed such an evidence, they would find for the plaintiff, if not, for the defendant;" but did not give the least hint which could tend to throw light on the subject;—no recapitulation or commentary on the evidence; no profound remarks or deductions, which might serve as a beacon to the wandering judgment:—in short, any person in court could have charged the jury as well. This judicial inferiority is easily accounted for; he was appointed, as a political partisan of Jackson, to an office which was beneath the acceptance of any eminent lawyer.

Oratory and declamation are very much in request in the United States; and to match their set orations in Europe we must go back to the age of Lewis the Fourteenth. Such long and laboured displays as took place on the celebration of the funeral obsequies of Lafayette, throughout the American republic, would hardly find hearers in England, whoever might be the illustrious dead.

The appointment of judge being temporary, many of the practising lawyers have been judges, to some of whom the office would still be an object; but ex judges are found in almost every station of life.

In the south, and I believe in the west, the duties of attorney and counsel are performed by the same man; and no labour or zeal are withheld in the cause of their clients. Indolence or sloth form no part of the American character; there, every man who is not an office-holder at least expects to work for his hire; and no sympathy is felt for those who put forth half their energies, and expend the other half in complaints. Magistrates are elected annually by the citizens and householders: they are entitled to the dignity of esquire as in England, and are generally called squire; no salary is attached to the office, which, however, is sought after solely for the sake of the fees, the amount of which, depending on the extent of popularity and number of friends, varies very much.

Having alluded in this chapter to the passion for notoriety among the men, it cannot be supposed that ladies have escaped unobserved on that score, in a country where, above all others, they are distinguished as its votaries. They have not yet begun to allow their names to appear as managers of political, social, sporting, or trading associations; but have hitherto sought "the bubble reputation" as presidents, vice-presidents, and secre-

taries. of religious and charitable societies ; whilst the more youthful, who cannot attain to such distinction, appear to great advantage before the moral and marrying young men at the Sunday-schools ; and the more lovely display themselves at the charity-fairs, where beauty is a " tower of strength." When their motives are pure, they are to be admired ; though I still more admire that retiring delicacy which used to be considered the brightest gem of the female character ; where the motives are mixed—that is, obtaining charity and husbands at the same time—I can excuse them too, but not the bad taste of the men in encouraging such displays ; but when actuated solely by ambition for display, or a last desperate effort for matrimony, they are to be pitied, if not despised. They are such as liberal nature made them, in person ; but in mind they are, like their male brethren, the fruits or victims of circumstances ; and, in addition, the victims or the fruits of their arbiter, guide, and destiny, — man. They may well court notoriety, when legislatures establish female colleges, with degrees and diplomas ; and having now added science and learning to charities and missionaries, I see no reason against their proceeding to become inspectors of hospitals.

However, it is difficult to judge of new countries by the rules adapted to old ones ; perhaps this college may tend to remove the evil complained of in their neighbouring state of Indiana, by sending their female teachers to reform or replace those who, it appears by the following report, are no credit to the male sex :—

" *Indiana. — Lamentable and degrading Disclosures.*—We have received a copy of a report addressed to the legislature of Indiana by the trustees of a State seminary, incorporated for the express purpose of qualifying teachers for common schools. From this report it appears there is a deplorable deficiency of teachers in the State. 'The investigations,' says the report, 'of the association formed for the promotion of common education in the State have thrown additional light on this subject. From their inquiries it appears that only about one quarter of the children of suitable age attended school in 1833-4. Only one in six can read ; one in nine write ; and one in a hundred study geography, and one in a hundred and forty-five grammar. The universal complaint was 'We can't get suitable teachers—some are intemperate ; some profane ; some notoriously debauched.' And yet the trustees say, 'We dare not dismiss them, for there are no others to be had.' "

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

*Written on seeing one in Flower near the source of the River Don,
August, 1817.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

WHAT dost thou here, sweet woodbine wild ?
How like a wretch forlorn !
From good by rigid Fate exiled,
From Hope's blest visions torn ;
And, cursed in Nature's genial hour,
Thou dwellest here, wild woodbine-flower !
While verdure frowns ; and from on high,
Through valleys black and bare,
(The realm of cold sterility,
Where thou alone art fair,)
Don, like a pilgrim scorn'd and grey,
Hasteth to richer scenes away.

How like a tyrant in distress,
 Though late, at last betray'd,
 This land appears in loneliness !
 What gloom of light and shade !
 Dark mirror of the darker storm,
 On which the cloud beholds his form !
 Like night in day, how vast and rude
 On all sides frowns the heath !
 This horror,—is it solitude ?
 This silence,—is it death ?
 Yea, here, in sable shroud array'd,
 Nature, a giant corse, is laid.

Is motion life ? There rolls the cloud,
 The ship of sea-like heaven ;
 By hands unseen its canvass bow'd,
 Its gloomy streamers riven.
 If sound is life, in accents stern
 Here ever moans the restless fern :
 The gaunt wind, like a spectre, sails
 Along the foodless sky ;
 And ever here the plover wails
 Hungriely, hungrily ;
 The lean snake starts before my tread,
 The dead brash cranching o'er his head.

And on grey Snealsden's summit lone,
 What gloom-clad terrors dwell !
 It is the tempest's granite throne,
 The thunder's lofty hell !
 Hark ! hark !—Again ?—His glance of ire
 Turneth the barren gloom to fire.
 Now hurtles wild the torrent's force,
 In swift rage, at my side ;
 The bleak crag, lowering o'er his course,
 Scorns sullenly his pride,—
 Time's eldest born ! with naked breast,
 And marble shield, and flinty crest !

And thou, at his eternal feet,
 To make the desert sport,
 Bloom'st all alone, wild woodbine sweet,
 Like modesty at court !
 Here ! and alone !—sad doom, I ween,
 To be of such a realm the queen.
 Far hence thy sister is—the Rose,—
 That virgin-fancied flower ;—
 Nor almond here, nor lilac blows,
 To form th' impassion'd bower.
 Nor may thy beauteous languor rest
 Its pale cheek on the Lily's breast.

Who breathes thy sweets ? Thou bloom'st in vain,
 Where none thy charms may see ;
 For, save some wretch, li'e homeless Cain,
 What guest will visit thee ?
 No leaf but thine is here to bless ;—
 How lonely is thy loveliness !

NINA DALGAROOKI.

"Be wondrous wary of your first comportments. Get a *good name*, and be very tender of it afterwards: for 'tis like a Venice-glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose, take along with you this fable:—It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together (as you are going now): they consulted that, if they lost each other, how they might be retrieved, and meet again. *Fire* said, 'Wherever you see smoke, there you shall find me.' *Water* said, 'Where you see marsh and moorish low ground, there you shall find me.' But *Fame* said, 'Take heed how you lose me: for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again: there's no retrieving of me.'—*Howell's Familiar Letters*, 1634.

THERE WAS not in all St. Petersburg a more admired beauty than the young Countess Nina Dalgarooki. Her mother, who had been an Italian, had bequeathed to her the dark hair and eyes of the south, to which were added her own northern complexion, of the most dazzling fairness and brilliancy. In the gay saloons of her native city, where the ruder as well as the softer sex

"Sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea,"

her beauty was the theme of every tongue: all agreed that it was as faultless as it was rare; and Nina was far from aping the singularity of differing from so general an opinion. She had very early lost her mother; and had therefore been left to the unadulterated spoiling of a doating father, and almost equally fond brother. At the time this history commences she had just attained her seventeenth year. Courtied, flattered, followed, and admired—her father and brother in high favour with the Emperor—there appeared nothing wanting to make her happy; but as well might we expect silken curtains, soft couches, and eider-down pillows to ensure pleasant dreams, as to suppose that all "the appliances and means to boot" of happiness can make us so unless imagination lends one of her Claude glasses, and allows us to view our realities through its medium. No matter how bright the true sun may be, a winter sky, seen through the magic glass, is, to the cheated vision, "brighter, lovelier far." Nina sincerely loved her father; and the first sorrow in her little life had been the intelligence that, in another month, he was to set out to Siberia, on a secret mission. The struggle that arose in her mind was, whether she should accompany him, and

"Waste her sweetness on the desert air;"

or remain behind, pining for the society of a parent she almost idolized. He urged the latter course, as he should be but three months absent, and intended, on his return, taking her to Paris and London; but still the wish to go predominated.

One evening, when her brother Ludislas had left her, after using every argument to induce her to abandon all thoughts of the Siberian journey, her eyes fell upon a large mirror. "Ah!" said she with a sigh, as the glass gave back her most beautiful form, "if one could but take care of one's beauty as one does one's jewels and costly robes, only wearing it on particular and worthy occasions, then, indeed, I should not

mind passing ten years, let alone three months, in Siberia, or any other desolate place. But when one recollects the wear and tear of one's good looks,—when one is *compelled* to wear them every day, especially in such a climate as ours,—it is really distressing to take them, even for a day, where they cannot be appreciated; or expose them, like the consolidated sigh that the Prince in the fairy tale left his mistress, as a pledge of his constancy, to an atmosphere that may dissolve them in a moment. I wonder," continued the fair soliloquist, "whether those alchemists and people really do know enough of the secrets of Nature to discover those wonderful elixirs that they pretend to possess? I'll ask Catherine about that old wizard, or magician, or whatever he is—Paul Zamoiski, I think she calls him." So saying, she rang for her tire-woman, with the intention of holding a cabinet council.

"Catherine," said she, as soon as her summons was obeyed, "you are always telling me such wonderful stories about that Paul Zamoiski, that I feel half-inclined to put his skill to the test, as I have a vague dread of this journey to Siberia. I should like (though I am sure I should not believe a word of it) to hear what he would say about it."

"Oh, Madam!" eagerly replied the delighted abigail, who, in common with her whole tribe, dearly loved an adventure, especially if it was a secret one, "I am *sure* he would not tell you a single thing but what was *true*: for there was a poor girl, Sophia Lindendoff, who went to him to get a charm by which she might know if her lover continued constant; and he gave her a rose—a real red rose—which he said would keep in bloom for *ever and ever*, if her lover should live and love her as long as that; but that the moment he was false, the rose should wither up, and turn into one large, sharp thorn. Well, the rose lasted quite fresh and blooming *for three whole weeks*, including the day she got it, which was the day after her lover went away; and at the end of this time poor Sophia looked at her rose one day, and lo! there was nothing left but the great black, sharp thorn!—Now, Madam, I know a young man who has a friend, who has a cousin, who has a sister who actually saw all this with her own eyes; and what is more, they have all sworn, if they could but catch old Zamoiski, they would throw him into the Neva."

"I think," said Nina, smiling, "that would be a better fate for the false lover than the true prophet. But, Catherine, where is this said Zamoiski to be met with? Would he come to one, if one sent for him?"

"Come to you, Madam!" almost screamed Catherine; "no, not if the Emperor himself—yes, the Emperor perhaps, but certainly nothing less, begging your Ladyship's pardon—could get him out of his den; and even to see people in it he sometimes makes the greatest possible favour."

"Well, but, Catherine, suppose you went to him, and told him that a lady—a great lady—(and here the young beauty haughtily put back her beautiful head)—wants to consult him, and would go to him to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, he *dare* not refuse."

"Why, as for that, Madam," said Catherine, sagaciously, "those people who have dealings with the old gentleman dare do anything, and are so heathenish, that they have (God forgive them!) no more respect for nobility than a Polar bear."

"Well, but Catherine, you can at least go and see, and let me know in the morning."

"To be sure I can so, Madam: but then he lives in such an out-of-the-way place, at the other side of the Neva, and I doubt whether even a drosky could get there; for he is perched up at the top of such a high hill, that it is almost as difficult to get to the top of it as it would be to clamber up the artificial rock that is under the statue of Peter the Great. But I will go directly: all I fear is, that you will never be able to get to such an outlandish place."

The next morning—

"When lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake;"—

Catherine drew the curtains of her fair mistress's bed and announced to her the joyous intelligence that that mysterious being, Paul Zamoiski, had vouchsafed her an audience at the appointed hour. Long and *soignée* was her toilette that morning, as though she determined to improve, as much as possible, that beauty in whose behalf she was about so strangely to intercede. I have often remarked that, when one is well acquainted with a foreign language, one piques oneself upon reading and being able to read works in it, which are far beyond the patience, capacity, or comprehension of the natives of the country in which they were written. Now as Nina had, like most of her compatriots, a wonderful facility in acquiring languages and was perfectly well-versed in English, we can only suppose some of our Parliamentary debates had most unaccountably reached her. And, in order to be *plus Anglois que les Anglois*—she had actually read Mr. Hume's speeches: and from them had formed an idea of establishing a *Beauty Savings' Bank*, if she could get any magician good-natured enough to furnish her with sufficient security; she was quite willing to invest *her capital* in it—which, even the prince of sorcerers himself could not refuse to acknowledge, was a very *handsome one*.

There is no knowing how much more time the young countess might have passed in contemplating a person which nature had left her no room to embellish, had she not been informed that Prince Kieseroff was in the saloon. Now the Prince de Kieseroff had almost as great a *renommée* for beauty as herself, and was in fact the *Cupidon déchaîné* of the North. He had been among the first and most devoted of her adorers,—and in her "heart of hearts" she loved him well:—but, as the Chevalier d'Eon justly observes, "*La coquetterie n'est qu'un talent aimable de cacher ou de faire paraître son amour,—dont la nature a douée toutes les femmes; et certes un amant fidèle a un droit légitime à tous les talens de sa maîtresse.*" So thought Nina too, and therefore determined he should serve an apprenticeship to her caprices, before she would allow him the enviable privilege of enduring them for life. Nor was she much in the wrong;—a woman's smiles, to be valued by the other sex (who are all more or less barbarians), should be like the days of a Russian summer—bright, but few. After she thought she had kept him waiting a reasonably unreasonable time, she at length condescended to walk languidly into his presence, wrapping a *Czarina Polonoise* closely about her, and, applying a *flacon* of *bouquet des soupirs d'Amour* to her nose, instead of answering his inquiries about her

health which he made in a voice of the most tender solicitude, she declared that she had not slept the whole night, she was in such ecstasies at the idea of leaving St. Petersburg.

"No wonder, when it is for so charming a place as Siberia!" interrupted the prince; not a little piqued at the *arctic* coldness of her manner.

"And why not? I am sure there is no one, or thing, sufficiently agreeable for one to regret here."

"I am quite of your opinion," said her lover, (who was now leading on the forlorn hope of his own dignity); "and for that reason I am off to Paris in a fortnight. Have you any commands?"

Nina, in her turn somewhat foiled by her own weapons, began to thaw into downright kindness; which, truth compels us to own, made his highness so presumptuous that he soon began to encroach upon it by expressing a degree of gratitude, which she hastened to assure him he had not *the least occasion for*; till again having ventured to issue *bulletins* about his loss of appetite and want of sleep—she looked as pale and as anxious, as if the whole College of Physicians had signed them. When (oh! the arrogance of those pensioners on a lady's pity—a humanely-treated lover) he assured her that he *had* slept the preceding night, and actually had the temerity to quote Voltaire's lines to the Queen of Prussia:—

"Toujours un peu de vérité
Se mêle au plus grossière mensonge,
Cette nuit dans l'erreur d'un songe
Au rang des rois j'étois monté,
Je vous aimais, Elmire, et j'osai vous le dire;
Les Dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté,
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire!"

Once more the storm lowered upon her brow—her lip curled, and she assured the poor prince that, if there was one thing in the world that she detested more than another, it was French poetry—which, in her opinion, was only fit to be quoted to opera-dancers and French women when labouring under their ninety-fifth love-affair in their forty-fifth year. Thus, imitating Hecla—alternate fire and ice—she whiled away the morning; till at length the prince took his unwilling departure—suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between the heaven of his hopes and the earth of his disappointments.

Unused to all contradiction, Nina looked twenty times a minute reproachfully at the *pendule*, whose slow hands seemed as if they would never reach the appointed hour that she was to put the skill of Paul Zambiski to the test. At length it did arrive, and this spoiled child of nature, and of fortune, sallied out in the darkness of the night, to encounter such cold and sleet—that, had she met them on any other terms than her own pleasure, she certainly would have pronounced them to be her death-warrants. When she at length reached the wizard's wild and almost unapproachable habitation, her courage had nearly forsaken her; especially when Catherine had expended a quarter of an hour in knocking with a stone upon the massive and thickly nailed door, without any other sound being returned to her application than the echo of her own blows, and at last, when the heavy portal slowly creaked upon its hinges, it was not opened by hands, but by a cord from within, like that sometimes used in convents. After they had

traversed a long court they came to an old broken archway, at one side of which they were met by an old woman, whose Gorgon visage was created by a high black Polish cap, which served as a sort of spire to the temple of ugliness beneath. She pointed to a sort of porter's-lodge, into which she pushed Catherine, and then conducting the more than ever terrified Nina a few yards farther into another court, she stopped at a flight of old broken stone steps, and bidding Nina wait below, she hobbled up them till she came to a low turret-door, where she rang a hollow and melancholy sounding bell, which was for some minutes unanswered, during which time poor Nina remained shivering below, half-dead with cold and terror: at length the hag re-appeared and beckoned her to follow. No sooner had they reached the before-mentioned door than the old Cerberus thrust the young and haughty countess in, as unceremoniously as she had done her attendant into the porter's-lodge. For two or three seconds she found herself in a narrow and totally dark passage:—"Good heavens!" thought she, "does that old wretch mean to bury me alive?" but ere she had time for any more reflections, a door opened at the end of the passage into a long and brilliantly lit room, or rather gallery, with a vaulted ceiling and high painted windows which commenced about six feet from the ground, so that, without the assistance of a ladder, it would have been impossible to have seen out of them. About the room was a chaos of telescopes, mathematical instruments, globes, celestial and terrestrial;—here stood what might be the empty sarcophagus of a Cæsar, or an Alexander;—while here (as the quaint old Sir Thomas Brown hath it), "the Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes, or time, had spared—were ready to be converted by Avarice into physic, and Mizraim and Pharaoh awaited their turn to be sold as balsams!" and, in every direction, crucified bats and *spiritualized* scorpions abounded. At the upper end of the room was a large arched iron grating, behind which, on a black marble couch, reclined a full-length figure of *Death*—his crown and sceptre made of the most costly jewels, which contrasted fearfully with the iron plainness of the rest of the skeleton. Above this grating was a sort of verandahed balcony, supported by six red Egyptian marble pillars, the capitals of which were shaped like a palm-tree; in this gallery prowled, in separate divisions, a pet-tiger, a lynx, a wolf, and two vultures, which ever and anon uttered the most horrible yells. A sort of thick vapour pervaded the room, and, out of the cold and frozen air of the night, its heated atmosphere was so overpowering that Nina nearly fainted. The tenant of this strange apartment now advanced to meet her. He was habited in a most orthodox long black gown, but, in other respects, was a very different looking personage from what she had expected to see,—being very slight and very tall—his figure having all the muscle and elasticity of youth; his face, as far as the features and outline went, might have been called handsome, but the stony rigidity, paleness, and immobility of it, had a Medusa-like effect on the beholder, and conveyed the supernatural and antithetical idea that it was impossible he ever could have been *young*, and equally impossible he ever could become old. In short, he looked a sort of human statue that had been chiselled at once into an unprogressive and unagery manhood. Finding that Nina did not, or rather could not address him, he accosted her in a hollow, but very sweet and low voice,—inquiring upon

what she wished to consult him? When his fair visiter began to rally, she was determined to eschew all half-measures; therefore, forcing a slight laugh, she replied, "that having heard much of his skill, a strange notion had got into her head—that she should like to discover if there was any means by which she might economize her beauty—only putting it on at will; so that for every day she dispensed with it in youth, she might be able to keep it till the most advanced age, should it please her so to do?"

Zamoiski heard her patiently to the end, and then with an ejaculation between a groan and a paw, walked to a table and began turning over a huge folio of Kepler's "*Mysterium Cosmographicum*;" and consumed some minutes in studying its fanciful analogies between the orbits of the planets, and the regular solids of geometry. He next inquired the day and hour of her birth; which having ascertained, he drew forth some tablets, upon which he began making sundry calculations.

"Humph!—The Sun lies well, being in a sextile position with Mars, and Saturn is Lord of the Seventh House. So far the native is lucky—humph!—but, as *Peletarius* observes touching the cutting of the equator in two, 'Who can possibly see a living likeness in a mirror which is put out of shape so many ways?' 'This strange fancy leaves the zodiac without signs.—' *Minimeque convenit, zodiaco suos polos esse inutiles in eo negotio quod zodiaco maxime proprium est.*"

"Lady," said he, closing the volumes before him, "in the natural course of things your beauty would have lasted well to your fifty-first year, which I take it is as long as any reasonable woman could or should desire. And it seemeth unto me a strange and foolish fancy to wish to prolong it beyond!"

"You do not quite understand me," said Nina. "It is not that I wish to continue handsome at so advanced an age, so much as, by saving my beauty in Siberia or any other desert, I might be able to display a double portion at Paris, London, or any place where civilized human beings congregate, just as persons, by retrenching for a few years, are enabled to make a doubly magnificent expenditure at the end of them."

"I fully comprehend your meaning, Lady; still I think it a folly, and one that you will repent of."

"Be it folly or be it not, is it one that you can gratify?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"I should think so," replied Zamoiski, with a sort of pitying contempt for her sceptical query.

"Well then, pray use no further delay, as I must be at home before another hour."

Without further parley the man of mystery turned to a shelf, and taking down a small crucible, threw into it several powders; he then dropped into them different elixirs, which he carefully blent together till a light-blue flame began slowly and flickeringly to issue from the crucible. "I warn you," said he, "that it will be rather a painful operation—for, in order to concentrate your beauty into a sort of essence, or rather æther, I shall be obliged to disembarass you for a few seconds of all your gravity, for which reason, before you lean your head over this crucible, I will attach little plummets of lead to your hands and feet. Now, bend your head down, and inhale the vapour out of the crucible."

Nina did as he desired; but the more of the vapour she inhaled the more her gravity deserted her, till she became so buoyant and light that even the plummets could scarcely keep her on the earth.

"Good heavens!" cried she, raising her head out of the crucible for a moment, "if in order to preserve my beauty I cannot retain my gravity, what on earth will become of me when I get to Paris and London, where I shall meet with so many ridiculous people?"

"Patience!" said the Necromancer. "You must expect to feel as nothing for a few minutes while I am taking away all your beauty in order to concentrate it."

"Well, then," said Nina, "even by your own showing, beauty is the only thing that gives a woman any weight in this naughty world, and yet you tell me that I shall repent my prudence in trying to preserve it?"

"I tell you this," replied Zamoiski, "and time will convince you of it. But silence for a few seconds, and then I will release you!"

The young Countess did as she was desired, and was not a little delighted when her companion pronounced the spell complete, and that she was now at liberty to raise her head.

"Pray," said she eagerly, "let me see how I look?"

Zamoiski handed her a small mirror. She uttered a faint shriek when she beheld her plain and haggard looking face—her features were precisely the same, but the colour, the expression, the "life of life," had left them. She had the appearance of extreme ill-health; and the most imaginative person could not have discovered the slightest vestige of beauty in her so lately exquisitely lovely face.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "how frightful I look! I do not think I shall gain much by my bargain; for before I can get accustomed to so hideous a phantom, I shall, in self-defence, be compelled to be as extravagant as ever, and wear my beauty every day. So pray now have the charity to show me how I am to re-possession myself of it?"

Zamoiski then took out of a drawer a small tube, and a little golden flacon, in the form of a split eagle. On the head of one eagle was a stopper of a little sapphire crown, on that of the other a small diamond one; then placing one end of the tube in the crucible, he applied the other alternately to the aperture in the two eagle's heads. After doing this till the flame in the crucible had totally expired, he turned to Nina, and presented to her the little *flacon*, saying—

"When you wish to appear as beautiful as you by nature are, you have only to take out the sapphire crown on this eagle's head, and by smelling once to the flask you will instantly become so. But should you wish to be more beautiful than even Nature chose you should, then you may smell it twice, and the effect will be produced—and you may even increase it to four times when you want to be very superlatively lovely. On the other hand, when you wish to put by all your attractions, you have only to pursue precisely the same course with the diamond-crested eagle."

Nina, with the mirror still in her hand, eagerly seized the magic gift, and lost no time in proving its effect in restoring her beauty, which it instantly did upon a single trial.

"Oh dear, how delighted I am to see myself again!" she laughingly exclaimed; "and by contrast I really *do* look exceedingly well; but I

should like to see if I cannot look still better?" So saying she impatiently applied the sapphire-crested bird three successive times to her nose—and then quite forgetting the presence of the worker of all these wonders—she launched out into ecstasies at her own super-humane beauty. At length a trial of the diamond crest reduced her to reason, and turning to the still marble-looking figure before her—

"A thousand, thousand thanks!"

Zamoiski interrupted her by coldly saying—

"There is no need of half that number, Lady; and I foresee, though you cannot, that the time will come when you will have lost all your gratitude, nay, and even wish me to take back my gift. I will bestow another upon you—take this ring!" he continued, placing on her finger one in the form of a mermaid, with emerald hair, diamond eyes, and an opal studded tail; "and whenever you grow tired with the strange boon you have asked, you have only to hang this ring over the neck of the diamond-crested eagle, and I will come to you from the farthest parts of the earth and dissolve the spell!"

Nina departed all gratitude, assuring him that "she was convinced she should never give him such unwarrantable trouble as to come so far on her account;" and then putting on just as much beauty (and no more) than she had entered Zamoiski's mysterious abode with, she ran nimbly down the steep old-broken turret steps that she had so falteringly ascended some two hours before.

Poor Catherine was half-dead with cold, fear, and curiosity, which latter her fair mistress had not the slightest idea of satisfying by any true statement of what had taken place between her and the renowned Zamoiski; she therefore confined her communications to telling her that he had assured her the journey to Siberia upon the whole would turn out very prosperously, but that her health would suffer much in the onset.

"Bless me, Madam," said the incredulous Catherine, as pettishly as she dared, "is that all? Why he kept you such a time that I thought he had undertaken to escort you to Siberia himself!"

The month soon rolled away that preceded Count Dalgarooki's journey to Siberia. The day before their departure Nina determined to try the effect of a little ugliness upon her lover; for, as she most justly argued, hitherto he had had no merit in loving one so beautiful, and above all so admired. Accordingly, the morning they were to set out, he came at an early hour to wish her good-bye; and put her into her carriage. She was sitting alone on the sofa when he entered, with her handkerchief to her eyes—for her courage began to fail her at the idea of putting his love to such a test—he advanced, took her hand, that hung listlessly by her side, and covered it with kisses, without her making the slightest attempt to withdraw it.

"Nina!—dear, dearest Nina! will you not give me *one* look? When in another hour you will be torn from me for so long, so interminable a time as three miserable—miserable months!"

Slowly Nina turned towards him—and still more slowly she withdrew her handkerchief from before her eyes.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Prince, throwing himself at her feet, and clasping her knees; "how ill!—how altered you look! You are not fit to take this dreadful journey!—Dearest, dearest Nina! you must not think of it, unless you want to kill me on the spot!"

"And do you really love me enough," asked Nina, with a faint smile, "to be so very miserable at the idea of my being ill?"

"Do I love you enough? Oh! Nina, do you doubt it?"

The little coquette was so moved at the reality of his devotion, and at this proof that it was herself—and not her beauty that he loved—that she was on the point of betraying to him her secret in order to remove all his fears for her health; but prudence whispered her that he had not been sufficiently tormented, as for a celebrated beauty to look ill *once* was no great trial to a lover's constancy; she therefore contented herself with assuring him that she was by no means ill, and only felt a little exhausted from want of sleep. Then, in order to set his heart at rest, she applied once to the sapphire-crested eagle of the little *Jacon*, and said—

"You see I am better already; such a skilful physician is kindness!"

"Your colour has certainly returned, and you look like yourself again; but still, dearest, I cannot bear the thought of this horrid journey,—though Ladislav has promised to write me constant accounts of you till we meet in Paris!"

As all lovers' partings and meetings are exactly the same, and are proverbially stupid—save to the parties concerned—the reader may be spared the rest of the sighs, tears, vows and protestations, that took place on this occasion. Nor indeed would the above short sample have been intruded on him but for Rochefoucauld's assertion—"Qu'il y a toujours quelque chose dans les malheurs des autres qui ne nous déplaissent pas."

The day after the Dalgarookis left St. Petersburg, Prince Kieseroff quitted it for Paris. Frequent were the letters he got from Count Ladislav, but they contained such dreadful accounts of his sister's ill looks and altered appearance, that while the Prince's vanity was flattered at thinking he was the cause of them, his affection was wounded, and himself made uneasy and wretched; but three months even for a lover do not last for ever—at length they expired! and in two months more he would see his adored—his beautiful Nina at Paris!

At length the happy morning arrived, when his valet awoke him at a most unusually early hour (for even lovers, the most devoted, must sleep sometimes) to put into his hands a billet from Ladislav Dalgarooki, dated "Hotel de Bristol Place, Vendôme!" and telling him they had all arrived late the night before. Early as the Prince presented himself at the Place Vendôme, still earlier had Herbault and Madame Minette been with Nina; and, independent of her lover, she could not pay the cap of the former, or the *peignoir* of the latter, so had a compliment as to wear her Siberian face with them; so that the enamoured Prince had the delight and triumph of finding her more beautiful than ever. That day they were all to dine *en petite comité*, at the Princess de B——'s. Nina had no idea of wasting her beauty on Blues and Boreds, and, therefore, only put on half her natural attractions. Silly girl, she was wrong; for, though dull in themselves, the saloons of the Princess were the dark mint that gave the stamp of currency to all the beauty and talent of Paris; consequently, one *Proneur* pronounced himself greatly disappointed with the new Russian beauty, while another boldly averred that he had had letters that had told him she was greatly changed within the last few months. All this was wormwood to Prince Kieseroff, who indignantly replied, that seeing a person just off a long

and fatiguing journey, was not a fair way to judge of their appearance. That day week there was to be a great ball at the ——— Embassy. Madame D'A **** had not been idle in boasting of Nina's wonderful beauty; but in the meanwhile a strong party of Parisian disaffecteds had arisen, from the fiat of the oracles of the Hotel de B—— having gone forth to depreciate this Rothschild of loveliness. When the night of nights arrived, Nina did not fail to make four applications to the sapphire-crested eagle; and whatever might have been the expectations of her lover, herself, and Madame D'A ****, they were more than realized. Never, never, in the annals of *débuts* was such a sensation produced! The Dukes D'O—— and R—— became precipitately in love with her, and were above the meanness of concealment: so from being the greatest possible friends they became the greatest possible enemies. Nina did not encourage, but was equally far from discouraging either of them. But things had not come to a crisis—till one night at a court mob, the Duc de R——, with whom she had danced two quadrilles, asked her to dance a mazurka. She declined, saying she was engaged.

"A qui?" inquired the Duc.

"A un Russe," answered Nina, hesitatingly.

The mazurka began, and the Duc D'O—— came to claim his partner. No sooner was it over than the rivalled R—— accosted her with a quivering lip, and eye of fire, saying—

"Je croyois que c'était avec un Russe que Madame La Comtesse devoit danser?"

"Eh bien oui," replied Nina, laughing. "C'étoit une Ruse de guerre."

"Madame est trop flatteuse," said the Duc, bowing profoundly, and immediately after he strode haughtily away.

The next morning the news arrived from the Bois de Boulogne that the Duc de R—— had been mortally wounded in a duel by the Duc D'O——. Added to the reproaches of her own conscience, Nina had to endure those of her justly irritated lover, and on many accounts Paris was becoming disagreeable to her; for instead of the unbounded admiration of her beauty which she had expected, she found it was undervalued from being pronounced so *journalière*, while her wit, which she had never pretended to, was extolled to the skies! The men called her a heartless coquette—the women declared they could not discover that exceeding beauty in her—for they had often met her at the *Soirées* of some of the dowagers in the Faubourg St. Germain, and she had looked downright ugly (these were no doubt on the evenings when she was *Hume-ing* her good looks). Still she was much talked of, and who is there can be so, without being much abused?

Poor Nina! she soon found out that mediocrity is the grand secret of the world's toleration—nay, more, of its applause; especially in a woman it is the title of the Ephesian Diana, claiming the worship of all men—it is the *Ασυλος* on the old Greek coins, ensuring its possessor against the attacks of the two otherwise belligerent powers—Envy and Contempt; only be girded with it, and one may exclaim, with the wise King James, in his heavy armour, "Now, nobody can hurt me, and I can hurt nobody!"

Her father, who in his life had never said "No" to a request of hers, yielded without delay to her proposal of leaving Paris for London.

Prince Kieseroff liked the English, and therefore Nina felt predisposed to do the same; besides, London was a truly enlightened place, as there were journals which were exclusively devoted to recording the goings and comings, and the sayings and doings, of great people, and which seemed to be instituted for the express purpose of praising the beauty of some ladies, and saying nothing about that of others; besides, there was a generosity and a gratitude about the English that no other nation could lay claim to, for, if a woman were a beauty at fifteen, she was sure, in grateful remembrance of the past, to be still called the beautiful Mrs. this, or the beautiful Lady that, at fifty. The first night Nina appeared at Almack's she was arrayed in all the quadrupled loveliness of the sapphire crest; still, no reputation for beauty having gone before her, she was scarcely noticed, for the English, in a ball-room, vastly resemble themselves in the Vatican, never being able to discover beauties till they are pointed out to them, by some one whose word is law in such matters. So Nina, to her great surprise, heard much of the lovely Lady Emily —, and the beautiful Miss B——s, and half a score more; but nought heard she of herself; the sort of reputation that *had* gone before her was of a nature to do her anything but good in English society—it was a *renommée* for great cleverness and wit. Now, what Englishman is there who does not shudder at every clever word that issues from a woman's mouth, however ruby her lips, however pearly her teeth? Still would he fancy them like the dragon's teeth, about to turn into armed men and destroy him, should she be guilty of blotting with one word of sense the chartered folly of her sex.

Long and wearisome was the time Nina passed in London without even hearing she was thought pretty; and had it not been for the involuntary admiration she excited as she drove along the streets, she might have fancied she had made a mistake, and applied to the diamond-crested eagle instead of the sapphire one; and she was almost beginning to wish herself back in Siberia, when one night she went to a *fête*, at — House, armed *cap-à-pie* with all her beauty. The host, who at her *début* in London had been out of town, now for the first time beheld what he conceived to be (and what really was) the most beautiful person that could be imagined. He communicated his opinion to his guests, and she had not been an hour in the room before she perceived persons actually getting upon chairs and benches to see her; and the words "Lovely!" "Angelic!" "Divine!" "Perfect!" met her ear on all sides, and people who had seen her a hundred times before looking quite as well, seemed now for the first time to have found their eyes to see her beauty, and their tongues to proclaim it.

The next day every paper and party rang with the praises of the beautiful, the graceful, the charming, the amiable, the fascinating young Countess Nina Dalgareeki! Artists begged hard for pictures and busts—musicians, that they might be allowed to dedicate songs and quadrilles to her—poets wrote sonnets to her and upon her—and Lord Johns and Lord Harrys requested that they might only be permitted to hope!—and, oh! climax of English renown, the winner of the St. Leger was actually rechristened after her! Lady J—— made tableaux for her, and old Lady C—— gained a whole season's reprieve from desertion; and the D—l by getting her to one of her Miss and muffin parties. As for Prince Kieseroff, he was in the seventh heaven, for Nina, his

dear, his beautiful Nina, "the admired of all admirers," had promised to marry him at the end of the season.

One day, after a very late ball, Nina, who had made a Park engagement with Lady —, was so overcome with fatigue that she fell asleep on the sofa; at the end of two hours the groom of the chambers awoke her, by announcing that Lady — had called for her. She started up, and rang for her bonnet. While she was waiting for it, she recollected that she had had no beauty on when she went to sleep, and put her hand into her bosom to search for her *flacon*, but, lo! it was gone; the little Venetian chain to which it was always attached was not to be found either. She looked everywhere—searched the sofa, the cushions, everything—but in vain! She was in despair, and sent down word she was too unwell to go out that morning; but her friend was not so easily put off, and, coming up, insisted that the air was the thing of all others that would do her good. Poor Nina, persuaded much against her will, at length accompanied her. To her great astonishment she had just as great a bevy of prancing steeds round the carriage as usual, and quite as many, if not more, compliments on her beauty than ever; the next day, too, the "Morning Post" announced "that the young Countess Dalgarooki had graced the Park yesterday, looking more lovely than ever, and was as usual the cynosure of wondering eyes." "Why the people must be mad, or blind," said Nina, as she impatiently pushed the paper from her.

Week after week passed away without the *flacon* being found; ball succeeded ball; Nina begged hard to stay away from them, but her father insisted that every one had been so civil, she absolutely must go. At length, on the plea of ill-health (which her looks too well confirmed) she got a reprieve; still, nothing was talked of but her great, her exceeding beauty; and the papers, while they deplored her bad health, expressed endless wonder that it had not in the least impaired her extreme loveliness!—while every really beautiful and blooming girl that came out was reprobated for their presumption, if they dared but in the slightest degree to dress their hair like the beautiful Russian.

Meanwhile, Nina herself became seriously unhappy. "Poor dear, dear Kieseroff," said she, "what a reward for all his devotion and generosity, to marry such a fright—and all through my own foolish vanity, too! How he would despise me if he knew it!—but he shall know it—for I will not add deceit to my other faults, especially towards him. Zamoiski was right. I do indeed repent my foolish compact; and, alas! by losing the *flacon* it is not in my power to avail myself of his promise to take back his gift."

In the midst of this reverie, Prince Kieseroff was announced. Nina, who had been crying, did not wish to add to the distress her haggard looks always occasioned him, by letting him see any traces of grief, withdrew into the adjoining room. A book of hers lay open upon the table. Seeing some verses in her hand-writing, he read the following lines:—

Once a bloom was on the hours,
And my spirit, like a bee,
Flew through sunshine to the flower
That young hope raised up for me;
And sweet thoughts memory hived
Deep within her honeyed store—

So the soul of spring survived,
 After spring's sweet life was o'er !
 Now the foam is on the wave,
 And the sear is on the leaf ;
 And to-day but digs the grave
 That entombs to-morrow's grief :
 While the leaden sands that roll
 Through time's dim and rayless glass,
 Cast a shadow o'er the soul,
 Leave a furrow as they pass !
 And the disenchanted world
 Seems like an eastern tomb,
 Where death's banner is unfurled
 'Mid dull pomp, and pride, and gloom.
 And love ! the Sybarite feels
 How his crumpled rose-leaf galls,
 When fear's canker through it steals,
 And grief's dew too quickly falls.
 But if warring fate can show
 All the nothingness of life,
 'Tis no vain and fruitless woe
 That springs up from out this strife ;
 But a boon most pure and bright,
 As when storms have swept around,
 In the chaos of the night,
 Costly gems at morn are found *.
 So what matter how this clay,
 With its sorrow and its sin,
 Falls in ruins fast away,
 If but heaven's light breaks in
 Upon the sad and darkened soul,
 And swift wings it like a dove
 For its far, eternal goal
 Of pure joyous life and love !

" Dear Nina," said he, when he had finished them, " she is evidently unhappy, and yet will not confide in me, or shorten the time which would give me a right to know and to share her every sorrow."

When Nina returned, the Prince had not long to plead to be made acquainted with her source of disquietude.

" Ah ! Kieseroff, I have long wished—long intended—but long dreaded to tell you all ; but the fear that you would despise me, and the conviction that I could not marry you has prevented me."

" Good heavens, Nina ! what do you, what can you mean ? For God's sake explain yourself !" exclaimed her agitated lover, who now looked as death-like as herself.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered from the panic his manner infected her with, in a trembling voice and with downcast eyes, she acquainted him with the whole transaction between her and Zamoiski.

" Is that all !" cried the Prince, ecstatically ; " I breathe again ; it was indeed foolish—nay worse, mine own love, it was avaricious and covetous in the extreme of you who possessed such matchless beauty to want more ; and I have a great mind, in order to punish you, to leave you just as you are : but as that would be punishing myself too, I will even be generous, and give you back your *Jacon*, which I found one day

* The opal is said to be produced by and found after a thunder-storm.

after you had gone out, on the floor, by this very sofa, and have kept it ever since."

Nina joyfully seized it, and instantly placed the mermaid ring round the diamond-crested eagle's neck. She had no sooner done so than a servant entered, and presenting her with a card, said—

"The person who gave me this would speak with your ladyship."

Nina looked at the name on the card, which was no other than *Paul Zamoiski*.

"Show him in instantly," said the young Countess.

On entering, he bowed slightly to the Prince, and then turning to Nina, said—

"Lady, I am come to take back the gift that I foresaw you would so soon be weary of, and I hope it has at least had the good effect of convincing you that 'Whatever is best;' and that there is one thing which gives a woman a greater weight in the world than even beauty—*reputation!*"

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CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT DRIBBLE HALL.

"I shall expect you to remain from the 24th (arriving at or before 4, as I dine at that hour *precisely*, liking a long evening in the country) 'till the morning of the 26th." I quote from the chandler-like letter of invitation which I received from Ephraim Dribble, Esquire, to pass the Christmas with him at Dribble-Hall. For the 'Squire's Elegant Epistle *at length*, such readers as would refresh their memory by a reperusal of it are referred—to adopt the 'Squire's own phraseology—to my last, dated 1st *ult*°.

Punctuality at a start on a journey is all but an impossibility. In hazarding this assertion I do not intend to cast the slightest reproach either on his Majesty's mails, or the "Wonders," "Darts," "Arrows," "Swallows," and "Eagles," which are continually shooting and flying to all parts of the kingdom,—or on the respective drivers thereof: *they* are always awfully exact to their time: the assertion applies only to the traveller. Do you doubt it? Take your stand at the White-Horse-Cellar in Piccadilly. The clock strikes four. Simultaneously with the last beat of the hour, the Bath "Regulator," for instance—(and this one instance will serve as well as the hundred which are of daily occurrence)—the Bath "Regulator," which has waited there its appointed time, dashes off. Within the next minute, a hackney-coach drives furiously up at the rate of three miles an hour, the horses puffing, blowing, stumbling and steaming, and the coachman, poor fellow! nearly exhausted by the labour of flogging them. Out steps a stoutish gentleman buttoned up in a great coat, with a scarlet worsted netting tied round his neck, and a cloak hanging across his arm—for though the month be July, and the weather fine, a prudent English traveller will, nevertheless be on the look out for squalls. Not finding the coach there, as he had expected to do, he congratulates himself on his having arrived in excellent time. In reply to his inquiry how long it will be before the Bath "Regulator" comes up, he is told that it has been gone nearly a minute; but that if he will run as fast as he can, and the coach should encounter any accidental stoppages on its way, there is some

chance of his overtaking it at Kensington. As there is no time to be lost, the hack is, of course, out of the question; so off he runs. But (you will say) there were three other passengers in the coach when it arrived at Piccadilly, and thence infer that they had been punctual. No; they had not. One had booked his place at the Saracen's Head, Aldgate, and would have lost it altogether if (thanks to the stoppages which sometimes occur even in the city) he had not been enabled to come up with it on Ludgate-Hill, whilst the other two, whose appointed starting-place was the Bolt-in-Tun in Fleet-street, had been in the desperate predicament of being nearly five minutes behind time, and were only saved by the providential event of the Bath "Regulator" being hemmed in by two coal-waggon, the Fulham errand-cart, the Lord Mayor's coach and a brewer's dray, just under Temple-bar, where they found it.

If, at a start on a journey to be made in a public conveyance, which, we are aware, possesses, in common with time and tide, the accommodating attribute of waiting for no one, punctuality be all but impossible; its approximation to an impossibility is certainly not diminished when the journey is to be performed in a private carriage, with post-horses at one's own command. As, under the most favourable conditions of the weather and the roads, it is a four-hours' drive to Dribble-Hall, Worthington (who had volunteered the use of his commodious travelling-chariot for the excursion) requested that, on the morning of the twenty-fourth, I would be in-readiness at ten o'clock precisely; at which hour, he, accompanied by Heartall, would call for me. "Thus," said Worthington, "we may do the thing easily, and have a spare hour, or so, to rest and dress when we arrive at the Hall." "Now remember," (and this he uttered with all the earnestness of a Belvidera,) "remember ten! The 'Squire will want his dinner at four: and he will be sadly put out of the way if we should keep him waiting for it."

The morning of the twenty-fourth of December was what, in London, is called a rather fine-ish December morning, for there was neither hail, rain, sleet nor snow: there was merely a slight fog, scarcely more than sufficient to prevent one's seeing across from one side of the street to the other. Worthington, being one of the most punctual of men, was no more than twenty minutes behind the time which he himself had appointed to call for Heartall: the fortunate consequence of this delay was, that he found Heartall so nearly ready to accompany him, that he was kept shivering in his carriage at Heartall's door for hardly more than a quarter of an hour. As for myself, by the time they were with me I had just finished my breakfast and the reading of my newspaper (by lamp-light), so that I had nothing in the world to do but dress; and this ceremony I accomplished with so much expedition that as the clock struck eleven, which, after all, was only sixty minutes past ten (the hour appointed) we were fairly on our journey.

"I wish," exclaimed Worthington, "we had not lost this hour! We shall not get down to the Hall much before four. However, we will tip the post-boys well, and endeavour to make up for lost time."

Our road lay eastward. "O for a curse to kill!" exclaims some merciless tragedy-hero. Were there a curse of power to shatter into fragments and disperse a villanous compound of bricks and mortar, there were not at this moment existing an atom of that vile, worthless, wicked and most unwarrantable Wych-street. You arrive at a city feast just too late for the turtle: you had encountered a stoppage in Wych-street.

—How was it, when you intended to set off by the Rotterdam steamer the other day, you did not reach the Tower-wharf till twenty minutes after its departure?—Your coach had been blocked up in Wych-street. —Hearing reports unfavourable to your banker's solidity, you jump into your cab and drive down to Lombard-street for the purpose of drawing out your balance. On your arrival, you are told that these worthy people had stopped payment about half an hour before! Your curses are showered upon Wych-street, wherein you had been jammed for nearly twice as long. Every hour in the day it is the object of the heart-born execrations of the numberless unfortunates who are caught in it. But, alas! it is proof against every mode and form of anathema. Yet, owing to some strange infatuation, coachmen (public and private), cabmen, post-boys, drivers of all denominations, every mother's son of them *will* lead you into that abominable and fatal ravine. So did it chance with us. We had proceeded half-way down it when we were met by a moving mountain in the shape of a broad-wheeled waggon drawn by eight horses. To pass each other was impossible; so nothing remained but for one of us to back out of the street. The waggon could not, so we must. But, for a long time, neither could we. Behind us was a cart laden with iron bars, behind that were three hackney-coaches, and behind those, carts, cabs, and hand-trucks, all jumbled together in inextricable confusion. In what manner we escaped from it I know not; but, in order to avoid a recurrence of the calamity, we ordered the post-boy to turn off into Holborn. "What we lose in distance we shall save in time," said Heartall.—"It will be full four when we get down to the Hall," sighed Worthington.

As we advanced into the city the fog became more and more dense; so, notwithstanding that all the shops were brilliantly illuminated, our progress was not rapid. It was somewhat retarded also by another circumstance. It happened to be cattle-day—so called as being one of those agreeable days on which thousands of sheep and bullocks are driven from Smithfield along the most crowded streets of the metropolis. London is the only city in Europe which can show so pretty a sight. Elsewhere, the animals suffer their melancholy doom in the suburbs, or at a distance from the town; and their remains are afterwards brought into it in carts, or trucks, or on men's shoulders, or by some other such clumsy contrivance: but in London they are made to carry their own briskets, ribs, rounds, and steaks, their necks, shoulders, legs, saddles, and haunches, directly to that part of the capital where it is intended they should be consumed. Now it is clear that by such means much human labour, as well as considerable expenditure for artificial carriage—in contradistinction to the natural mode of self-carriage here adopted—is spared: and these inestimable advantages are gained at no greater cost than that of spreading confusion and dismay over half the town; of an old woman or two frightened into fits; a few useless children smashed; and occasionally a man gored and tossed by an over-driven ox—this last, however, tending greatly to the amusement of the spectators.

Coupled with the state of the atmosphere, this being, as I have said, cattle-day, our progress was but slow. Scarcely were we clear of one drove of bullocks when we found ourselves in the midst of another. Then, the howling and barking of the dogs, the yells and shouts of the drovers, the roaring of the cattle, and their pretty innocent gambols!

frisking and leaping about us, and occasionally thrusting their horns in at the carriage-windows—for as a precautionary measure (though one not tending to our personal comfort) we had been obliged to put down the glasses in order to save them from destruction. Well; at twelve o'clock we reached the Royal Exchange, at which time (according to the arrangements made by Worthington) we ought to have been fourteen miles farther on our road. This extorted another sigh from Worthington. "Ah! our getting down to the Hall by four o'clock is almost hopeless," exclaimed he.

As we cleared the city the fog gradually dispersed, and soon the sun shone out brilliantly. We now dashed on at a rapid rate—changed horses—on again—till, at about three o'clock, we arrived at Quig's Corner, the last stage on the road to Dribble Hall. But we had still fourteen miles to travel, the last five of which, besides, were along a narrow lane, *not* macadamized. However, by dint of bribing and flogging, we might hope to be at our journey's end not very much behind the appointed time. Worthington's benevolent countenance brightened at the prospect. "For," said he, "I don't like to put any one out of his way, least of all the 'Squire; for it is a thing he can't bear, poor fellow!" As we had not taken any refreshment since breakfast, we regaled ourselves, whilst the horses were putting-to, with some satisfactory, but clumsy-looking sandwiches, and a glass of excellent home-brewed ale. And, then, forward again.

The post-boy, to do him justice, seemed resolved to earn his promised reward of an additional half-crown, honestly; for though the road was not of the best, he carried us over the first nine miles in fifty-five minutes. It was four o'clock as we turned into the narrow lane leading to the Hall, between which and ourselves lay, what the post-boy denounced as "five bitter bad miles." It was dark, too, and rather foggy, and the cold was intense. By this last circumstance, however, we were not much affected, the carriage being close and comfortable, and we well wrapped up in our cloaks.

"Worthington," said I, (recollecting the 'Squire's "I dine at that hour *precisely*,") "I fear we shall make your friend wait a little for his dinner to-day."

"Wait!" exclaimed Worthington. He sighed, but made no further reply.

We had proceeded slowly and with some difficulty along the first mile of the lane, when the fog, which had been gradually increasing, enveloped us like fifty thousand Witney blankets. Suddenly the carriage made a dead halt. Worthington, in his eagerness to learn the cause of it, in letting down one of the front glasses shivered it to pieces. The post-boy announced to us the pleasing fact that it was impossible for him to proceed a step farther, for that he could not see his horses' ears. What was to be done? Having contemplated merely a daylight journey the carriage-lamps had not been prepared.

"Then are we to pass our Christmas-eve in this pleasant place?" inquired Heartall. "I don't see how we are to get out of it, Sir," replied the post-boy. "I can't go on, and it's too narrow to turn handily, for there's a ditch six feet deep which ought to be somewhere about here, though I can't say, to a nicety, where."

This reply rendered Heartall's question less extravagant than it had at first appeared.

"Then there is nothing for us to do," said I, "but wait patiently for a few minutes: in that time the fog may clear away."

"What, Sir!" exclaimed the post-boy; "*this* fog clear away! Lord bless you, Sir, there's no chance of that; I know *this* fog of old: when he comes on in the sly, sneaking, slow way as he has done this afternoon, he doesn't clear away again in a hurry."

"Then seriously," said Worthington, "what is to be done?"

"Why, Sir, if we could get a light, we might contrive to——"

He was interrupted by a "Halloo, there!" which came struggling through the dense fog with a moist kind of sound.

Heartall, who will sometimes perpetrate a pun under the most untoward circumstances, joyfully exclaimed, "I have some trust in that *hoil* for helping us through this fog."

The sound proceeded from an invisible cottage which happened to be within ten feet of us. We replied to the salutation and made known our unfortunate condition. Presently a lantern was seen at the carriage door, and behind the lantern was the hazy, ill-defined, phantasmagoric figure of a man. We told him whither we were going, and offered him a good reward for his guidance. This he peremptorily refused, as, his wife being very ill, not all the money in Squire Dribble's pocket (he said) should induce him to leave his home. As to the lantern, that was heartily at our service. We gave him a crown for the loan of it; and parted, mutually satisfied with the bargain—we, in our helpless condition, thinking that we had by much the best of it.

But here a new difficulty arose. The post-boy declared that the light would be of no manner of use to him unless it were carried at his horses' heads. We desired him to dismount, lead his horses, and carry it. This, he said, was impossible: for that his saddle-horse, owing to some infirmity of mind or temper, would either kick or rear, or stand still, or back—in short, that he would do anything but advance unless he felt his rider on his back.

"Pleasant, again!" said Heartall. "Then, do you mean that one of us must get out and carry it?"

"If you please, Gentlemen," was the consoling reply.

Here occurred a pause. No one seemed inclined to volunteer for the service. Worthington, indeed, having but lately recovered from a severe attack of gout, and being by many years the senior of the party, could not fairly be expected to undertake it; so that the performance of the agreeable duty lay between Heartall and me.

"Ahem!—I think," said Heartall, "that after being cooped up for so many hours in a close carriage, there is nothing more delightful than getting out and stretching one's legs."

"I think so too," replied I: yet neither of us manifested the slightest inclination to put our opinion to a practical test.

"Suppose you and I take it by turns?" continued Heartall.

"Suppose we do," said I; "and suppose, moreover, you take the first turn."

Heartall burst into a good-humoured laugh, which could no more be misunderstood than resisted. So, on a bitter cold night in December, in a dense fog, I was compelled to quit the carriage and (lantern in hand) pick my way as best I might, along a barbarous cart-road only ankle deep in mud—except where it happened to be knee-deep. As I put forth no pretensions to be considered a Lander, a Franklin, or a Denham, on occasions like this, I will confess that I was by no means

sorry when, after I had acted the pleasant part of guide for nearly an hour, the light in the lantern was suddenly extinguished, and I was enabled to resume my seat in the carriage. Yet even this was not the extreme of comfort; for, in consequence of the destruction of the front glass, I found my two companions themselves, who had not quitted their snug corners, shivering with cold and half choked by the fog. Fortunately the loss of our light was now a matter of but little importance, as the night had become sufficiently clear to allow the postboy to make his way, though slowly, without it.

"How *very* odd!" exclaimed Worthington, as I re-entered the carriage; "Heartall and I were just saying we thought it almost time that one of us should turn out and relieve you."

"Indeed!—I have been thinking exactly the same thing for the last half-hour," replied I, somewhat drily.

"Come!" said Heartall, in a tone of consolation, "we are near the end of our journey. This is an unpromising beginning of our Christmas-eve, I own; but we shall soon be in a good warm house, with a comfortable dinner to welcome our arrival; and the 'Squire will make us drown the remembrance of these our mishaps and miseries in a bumper of his choicest!—Won't he, Worthington?"

"I—I hope so," hesitatingly, replied the latter.

"Those are all good things in their way," said I; "but what I shall most delight in will be a change of dress."

At about half-past six we entered the 'Squire's domain, and were presently driven up to the door of the hall. The door was already opened and there stood to receive us—not the 'Squire, nor any one of his family, but the 'Squire's man—Sam, who was dressed in his best livery waistcoat and smalls, and a *fustian jacket*!

"Hope you're well, Sir," said Sam, addressing Worthington, who was the only one of the party he had ever seen. And, without waiting for a reply, he continued, "Master says, Sir, hadn't you better tell the post-boy, at once, to be here with the horses to take you away again, at eleven o'clock, the day after to-morrow? as there won't be anybody he can spare to go to Quig's Corner to order them."

"A hospitable commencement!" thought I. Though, certainly, the 'Squire, according to the strict conditions of his invitation, was perfectly justified in it.

The order being given accordingly, we were ushered into the dining-room.

With folded arms and outstretched legs, in a large, easy, red morocco chair, in the warm corner of the fireplace, reclined the 'Squire. He did not rise to receive us, but welcomed us with—"Well, how d'ye do? Come sit down, without ceremony—a miserable night, eh? Sitting here in my snug corner I didn't envy you your ride, that I can tell you. Come, sit down. Just the party I told you you'd meet. Mrs. D., my dear, Mr. Heartall and his friend; my cousin, Mr. Ebenezer Dribble; and my wife's brother and sister, Mr. John Flanks and Miss Susan Flanks. Worthington, I needn't introduce you: you know everybody and everybody knows you. Well, I'm glad you're come at last, for it is more than half-past six, and I was beginning to want my tea."

"Tea!" exclaimed Heartall; "why, Sir, *we* have not dined!"

"Whose fault is that, then?" said the 'Squire: "I'm sure it is not mine. I told you, most particularly, in my letter, that I should dine

at four, precisely—I'm certain I did. Here, Ebenezer, take this key and open the middle door of the under part of the little bookcase in my private room, and in the right-hand corner of the left-hand top drawer you'll find a book in a parchment cover, lettered on the outside 'Copy-of-Letter Book.' Bring it to me, and lock the door again. I'll show you copies of my letters to you all, and you'll see I'm right."

"My dear Dribble," said Worthington, "you may spare Mr. Ebenezer that trouble. The fault is neither yours nor ours; but some impediments in the City, together with the fog——"

"Well," said Dribble, "all I desire is that you should be satisfied it is no fault of mine that you have lost your dinner. But did you take *nothing* by the way?"

"O, yes," said Worthington, "we took a sandwich."

"Well, then," rejoined the 'Squire, "you won't starve." This he uttered with a chuckle of delight, as if at the consequent escape of his larder. "However" (he continued) "we'll do the best for you, under the circumstances: instead of supping at ten we'll order supper to be served at a quarter before."

"To speak the truth, Mr. Dribble," said Heartall, "I am exceedingly hungry, and, I believe, so are my travelling companions: we have had a very uncomfortable ride, and ——"

"O—in that case," replied Dribble, "perhaps you'd like something to eat. Well—I'll order tea, for I can't wait any longer for my tea; and Sam shall bring up a slice or two of something cold for you to take with *your* tea. Or—if you would prefer a glass of *ale* with it, say so. Here, Sam; here is the key of the ale-barrel; draw about—let me see—one, two, three of them—aye, draw about two pints, and bring me the key of the barrel again."

"I never drink ale, Sir," said Heartall.

"Nor do I, Sir," said I.

"O—don't you?" said the 'Squire. "Why, then, *if* you prefer *wine* you *can* have it; only I think you had better not spoil your supper. It is fair to tell you we have a hot roast turkey for supper. I'm very fond of a hot roast turkey for my supper—in fact, I always have one for my supper on Christmas eve."

"Hadn't we better order tea in the drawing-room," said Mrs. Dribble, "and leave the gentlemen to take their dinner quietly in this?"

"Nonsense, Mrs. D.!" angrily exclaimed the 'Squire. "It is no dinner, but a mere snack. Besides, where is the use of lighting a fire in the drawing-room at this time o'night? Pray, Madam, don't interfere with my orders." Then addressing himself to us, he continued: "Perhaps you would like a little hot water up stairs whilst they are putting your *snack* on a *tray*?"

"The *snack* on the *tray*" was particularly emphasized:—no doubt, with the humane intention of saving us from the mortification of any disappointment which our own wild expectations of a more profuse collation might, otherwise, have occasioned.

We readily accepted the offer of the hot water, and Sam was ordered to conduct us to our rooms.

"Stop!" cried our host, as Sam was preparing to marshal us the way; "stop! there is no fire in any of *your* rooms; but as I always like to have a fire in *my own* dressing-room in such horrid weather as this, perhaps you might find it more comfortable to go there."

Admiring this delicate attention on the part of our *considerate* host, we accepted the offer "as amended." As we were about to move forward, Sam nodded and winked at his master, at the same time twitching the sleeve of his fustian jacket. The 'Squire put a key into his hand, accompanying it with an injunction that he would carefully lock the door, and bring him the key again. On entering the dressing-room this mystery was explained by Sam's unlocking one of his master's wardrobes, and taking from it his own dress livery-coat, which the former always kept under lock and key, and which, upon this occasion, he had forgotten to leave out.

After as comfortable a *toilette* as the time would admit of, we re-descended to the dining-room—our expectations of a merry Christmas not much enlarged by the manner and circumstances of our reception.

The family were taking their tea; and on a table in a corner of the room we found a very inefficient substitute for what ought to have been our dinner; for the 'Squire's directions had been rigidly followed. The repast consisted of nothing more than a few slices of cold boiled veal served on a tray, and (as we had declined his ale) the remains—somewhat less than half—of a bottle of Sherry. Worthington's "I hope so," which struck me at the time as being of a very suspicious character, was now shown to deserve the worst we might have thought of it. To despatch such a provision, where the duty of so doing was to be divided amongst three hungry travellers, did not require a very long time; and the moment 'Squire Dribble saw that the last drop was drained from the decanter, he did *not* ask whether it would be agreeable to us to take any more, but desired Sam to "take *all* those things away and bring a card-table."

As of the eight persons who formed the party, three were visitors, it will naturally be supposed that the 'Squire consulted their pleasure as to what game they would prefer, what stakes they chose to play for, or, whether they chose to play at all. But the 'Squire was not accustomed to consult any one's pleasure but his own.

"Come," said he, as he opened the card box, and began to divide the counters into dozens; "come, we'll have a game of three-card loo: twelve fish for a penny, put in three to begin, and limit the loo to three-pence."

"But, perhaps," said Mrs. Dribble, "those gentlemen may not like cards."

"I did not ask for your 'perhaps,' Madam," angrily replied the 'Squire; "I dare say they do. What is Christmas-eve without a round game? Come." And, taking his seat at the table, he dealt the cards round in eight divisions.

Of all imaginable bores, the being compelled to hum-drum for paltry stakes at a speculative game, with people who are intent upon its formalities, and whose spirits are elated, or their ill-temper provoked by their three-farthing gains or losses—of all imaginable bores, this I pronounce to be the bore most capable of boring one's very head off. The only expedient for rendering such a mode of destroying time endurable, is that which is usually adopted by the generality of elderly ladies at all games under all circumstances, and, by them, politely termed "making mistakes"—that is to say—but I say it in a whisper—cheating. The 'Squire, however, being a rigid disciplinarian at cards, would not allow this. On the occasion of some trifling infraction of a rule which I had

perpetrated, he gave Nizzy the key of one of the bookcases, and sent him to fetch "Hoyle." [Nizzy, by-the-by, is the familiar appellation of Ebenezer, a poor and humble cousin of the 'Squire's.] Then, the 'Squire, who took upon himself the office of collector and paymaster, would count the fish over and over again if, instead of eighty or ninety in the pool, as there ought to have been, he found a deficiency of one—strictly examining each person at table as to how many he or she had put in; then he would call a fresh deal, upon the occurrence of any trifling error; then if one happened to say, "I'll not play this hand," and, in the same breath, retracted and said "I will," he would tell him he had said "no" first and must not. If he won a halfpenny he would chuckle and scream with delight; if he lost a farthing he would grumble and swear, scratch his head and dash the cards upon the table. Well; for nearly two mortal hours were we condemned to this execrable occupation; till Dribble, having won three-and-twopence (the whole sum that had been lost all round the table), declared it time to leave off.

At about ten o'clock supper was served; this consisted of a hot roast turkey and a dish of sausages. 'Squire Dribble, who officiated as carver, first cut off the liver wing and a slice or two of the breast, which he put upon a plate and kept at his side. This was clearly intended, and the result proved it, for no less important a personage than 'Squire Dribble himself. He then gave the gizzard to Sam, saying, "Let the cook devil this for me." Having, with praiseworthy consideration, provided for himself, he politely inquired of his guests what *they* would choose. His own family were not subjected to that perplexing question—the 'Squire, probably, being well acquainted with their tastes. He had helped every body at table except poor Cousin Nizzy, and there remained nothing of the turkey but one leg and the dismantled carcass. Nizzy looked wistfully at the leg. "Nizzy," said Dribble, in a tone of exemplary kindness, "you admired the boiled veal to-day. Go, Sam, and fetch the veal for Mr. Ebenezer. And, here; let the cook put by this leg for my breakfast in the morning. There is nothing I like so much for my breakfast as a broiled leg of a turkey." After *no* dinner this was but a scanty supper; and the 'Squire who, I have no doubt, observed a sly look indicating thus much, which Heartall cast at me, liberally ordered some cheese to be toasted and an egg or two to be poached. He also insisted upon our tasting his ale—his very best; and there being no wine on table, nor any, indeed, being offered us, we did so. Suddenly his heart expanded, and he exclaimed, "Come! this is Christmas eve; so if any Gentleman would like wine, let him say so: *but we never take it at supper.* Come! What do you say? There is plenty in the cellar, and of all sorts; *and I shan't mind the trouble of going down for it.*" To such an invitation no reply could well be given; and silence, according to Dribble's interpretation, giving dissent, he continued:—"You agree with me, I perceive: something warm and comfortable is the thing. Sam, as soon as you have removed these things, bring the spirits and plenty of hot water."

The 'Squire "brewed" (as he expressed it) for every one at table, never allowing the bottles to pass from before him.

"Mr. D.," said our hostess, "you have not given any thing to Niz."

"Well, Madam," fiercely replied the 'Squire, "I suppose he has got a tongue in his head, and can ask for it if he wants it."

"I—I don't care about anything, thank you, Sir," meekly interposed the poor Cousin.

"Come! it is Christmas-eve, so you *must* have something. Here." And here the 'Squire sent a tumbler of hot water, with a little gin in it, to his well-beloved Cousin.

From this moment till the clock struck eleven we were entertained by the 'Squire's talking *at* his lady, about "interfering," and "people troubling their heads," and "who was Master in the house," and other such agreeable topics: the situation of us, the guests, not being made the more agreeable by their effects on the party for whose edification they were intended. Mrs. Dribble (who, by the way, was somewhat her husband's senior, and whom he had espoused for a few thousands which had been bequeathed to her by her former husband), Mrs. Dribble, with tears in her eyes, presently left the room. At a quarter past eleven the 'Squire ordered bed-room candles; at the same time informing us that he was sleepy, as he had sat up a quarter of an hour beyond his usual time, for the pleasure of our Company. "Good night, and a merry Christmas," said the 'Squire as we retired. "A merry Christmas!" After so much of it as we had experienced, there was something positively awful in the sound.

To bed. The room allotted me was commodious. It was prettily decorated, too; though, perhaps, in one respect, with stricter regard to elegance than comfort: for, although the water was freezing in the ewer, the grate was filled with party-coloured shavings, having rosettes, cut in paper, tastefully stuck here and there amongst them. I felt shiveringly that a fire would have been an ornament more in keeping with the season; but, as it is impossible for the 'Squire himself to sleep in more than one room at a time, it would have been preposterous to expect that he should have provided so expensive a luxury in any one where he did not, and where, consequently, it could in no manner contribute to his own enjoyment. Owing partly to the cold, partly to my own thoughts which involuntarily dwelt on the pleasant morrow before us, it was far in the night before I could sleep.

Next morning,—Christmas-day morn!—I was disturbed by the 'Squire who knocked loudly at my door. I just ventured my nose from under the bed-clothes and, so intense was the cold, I felt as if it had been caught in a vice.

"Not stirring yet, Sir!" cried the 'Squire. "Why, Sir, it is almost nine; I have been up this hour and want my breakfast; I always breakfast at nine."

"Then, pray," Sir, said I, with an unaffected yawn, "pray, get your breakfast and don't wait for me. This is much earlier than my usual hour of rising. Besides, I have not slept well, and there is nothing peculiarly inviting in the weather. I will take some breakfast two or three hours hence."

"*Pray* get up, my dear Sir, and come down stairs, or the rolls will be cold; and I can't bear cold rolls. Now *do* get up: I hate—that's to say, Mrs. D. hates to see breakfast about all day long, and" (continued my kind-hearted, considerate host) "you would find it very uncomfortable to take breakfast in your own room, *without a fire*—for it is a bitter cold morning. I'll tell Sam to bring you some hot water."

Away he went; and, not long after, came Sam with the hot water—Sam informing me that his master (polite creature!) had instructed him to say that he could not be so rude as to sit down to breakfast till I came—*nor could the ladies*. This hint was, of course, decisive: so, greatly

to my dissatisfaction, I rose; and having dressed with as much speed as the discomforts of my position would allow, with a blue nose, shrivelled cheek, and shivering from head to foot, I descended to the breakfast-parlour.

Scarcely had I time to salute the assembled party when I was thus addressed by the 'Squire:—

"A late riser, eh, Sir? We have nearly finished breakfast, but no fault of mine. You know I called you in time, and I told you I wanted my breakfast. You must be earlier, to-morrow, though, as you'll start at eleven. But, come, my dear Sir; what do you take? I'm afraid I can't recommend the tea, but I'll put a little fresh into the pot if you wish it. However, here is plenty of coffee and" [putting his fingers to the coffee biggin] "it's nice and warm still. The eggs are all gone, but you can have one boiled on purpose for you if you like—or, what say you to a slice of the cold veal? I believe you found it excellent yesterday? I should have made my breakfast of it if I had not had my broiled wing of the turkey. I had just finished eating it as Mr. Worthington and Mr. Heartall came down; for they were rather late-ish like yourself."

Freezing as I was, this was no time for the exercise of an over-strained delicacy, which would have inflicted upon me cold veal and cool coffee; so I requested to have some hot tea and an egg.

"Then bring me the tea-caddy again, Sam," said 'Squire Dribble, somewhat peevishly; "and here, take the key and get an egg out of the cupboard—or two—and let them be boiled. Be sure you lock the cupboard again, and bring me the key. And, Sam—come back. Put a ticket into the basket for the two eggs you take out, or I may make a mistake in my egg-account." The 'Squire made some fresh tea, and, in due time, poured it out for me: for 'Squire Dribble gallantly relieved his lady from the performance of all the onerous and unfeminine duties of the breakfast-table—such as making and pouring out the tea, serving the coffee and cream, distributing the eggs, and doling out the portions of whatever else there might happen to be—by taking them upon himself.

When Sam returned with the eggs, he brought along with him the newspaper, which had just arrived. "Give that to me," said Dribble, who had not quite finished his breakfast. So, taking it from the hands of the servant, he, without offering it to any one else, put it beneath him, and sat hatching it till he himself had leisure to read it. "It is an odd fancy of mine," said the 'Squire; "but I would not give a farthing for my newspaper unless I see the first of it." This was a reason sufficient to reconcile the most fastidious to the proceeding.

For our morning's amusements we had the choice of admiring Mrs. Dribble's proficiency in the art of netting purses; of looking at Miss Flanks, who sat silently looking at the fire; of listening to her brother and Nizzy, who were scraping duets on two bad fiddles; of walking out in the snow, along with the 'Squire, to look at the grounds; or of accompanying him to the farm-yard to see him feed his pigs, count his chickens, and gather in the eggs. The 'Squire pressed us hard for the two latter, saying that it was by no means agreeable to be obliged to walk out alone when he had invited company from town to enliven his Christmas. This, however, Heartall and I resolutely declined; but Worthington, who was fearful of putting his pet bear entirely out of humour, acceded to it. Left to ourselves, we went into the library: there was no fire in it, and all the book-cases were locked up. There

was a billiard-table in the house ; " But," said Sam, who had informed us of that promising fact, " there's no fire in the room ; the balls, cues, and maces are all locked up, and the 'Squire has got the key." We were driven to our wits' end for amusement ; and when, after twenty other inquiries, Heartall said, " And pray, Sam, where —— ?" Sam, somewhat petulantly, replied, " Lord bless you, Sir ! that's locked up, too : the 'Squire locks up every thing here."

The morning slowly wore away ; and at length we retired, to our cold rooms to dress for dinner. From thence we came down into the drawing-room, which was still colder ; for the apartment was spacious and lofty, with French windows opening on the lawn ; and the fire had but that moment been lighted. " It is useless to have much fire till one wants it," said the 'Squire ; " as dinner will soon be ready, we shan't be here long ; and when we return here in the evening, it will be cozy and comfortable." We had stood shivering here for half an hour when dinner was announced.

The dinner consisted of soup and *bouilli*, beef-steaks, a beef-steak pie, a boiled round of beef, and a fine sirloin of beef, roasted. The 'Squire accounted for this extraordinary bill of fare by explaining to us that *he* was extremely fond of beef : that by purchasing the quantity, he had got it a bargain ; and that, one way or other—by coaxing and cutting and contriving—his Christmas dinner would serve his family nearly through the week. The wines, for the little there was of them, were good ; and one bottle especially, which the 'Squire kept at his side, and of which he sent each of us, his visitors, one glass, was excellent.

The cloth had not been long removed, when Dribble, having finished his own bottle (and the rest of the decanters being nearly emptied), fell fast asleep—or pretended to do so. After some time he started up, and apologized for his rudeness in keeping us so long *waiting for coffee*.

This evening passed away in nearly the same lively style as the preceding : the principal variation being the substitution of *vingt-un* for loo. When the clock struck ten, the 'Squire, with ineffable hospitality, said—" If either of you gentlemen would like supper, pray say so—I don't want any myself." Supper being declined, " Well, then, as you must be up early in the morning to start," continued the 'Squire, " suppose we go to bed. I feel uncommonly sleepy."

" At 11 A.M. of the 26th," the precise time which the 'Squire, in his letter of invitation, had fixed for our departure, the carriage was announced ; and within five minutes of this blessed moment we had passed the boundaries of the 'Squire's domain. For some time we rode on in silence. Worthington, who, evidently, was conscious that his pet bear had not " danced to the genteelst of tunes," at length ventured (though more in the tone of a timid question than of a bold assertion) to say—

" We have—ahem !—we have passed a *tolerably* pleasant Christmas—on the whole."

Heartall, unable to resist this, burst into a hearty laugh ; and quoting the old song, exclaimed—" Why, considering that—' Christmas comes but once a year.' "

" And that would be exactly once too often," said I, " if one were to be kidnapped, as I have been, and inveigled down to share in its customary festivities at Dribble Hall."

THE NYMPHS OF ANTIQUITY AND OF THE POETS.

THE nymphs of antiquity are the gentler powers of the earth, and therefore figured under the shape of beautiful females. A large or violent river had a god to it:—the nymph is ever gentle and sweet. The word signifies a marriageable female. It is traced to a word signifying moisture; and all the nymphs, as a body, are said to have derived their origin from Neptune, or water—the first principle of all things.

Every fountain, every wood, many a single tree, had a nymph to it. An ancient could not stir out of doors, if he was religious, without being conscious that he was surrounded with things supernatural; and thus his religion, though full of beautiful forms, was a different thing to him from what it is to us. The nymph was lovely and beneficent; she took care of her brook or her grove for the agriculturist, and he humbly assisted her in his turn and presented her with flowers: and yet a sight of her was supposed to occasion a particular species of madness, thence called Nympholepsy. A living writer,* who has a young heart, has founded a pastoral drama upon it. We are informed, by a native of the Ionian Isles,† that to this day a peasant there cannot be persuaded to venture out of his cottage at noon-day during the month of July, on account of the fairies whom he calls Aneraides, *i. e.* Nereides. The truth is, that in this instance as in that of the modern fairies, he who thought he beheld anything supernatural, was in a fair way of being delirious beforehand.

It was otherwise with the great or the “initiated.”—Poets talked of seeing the nymphs and the gods too without any harm, not excepting Bacchus, the most awful vision of them all;‡ and multitudes of heroes were descended and received favours from enamoured Dryads and Naiads. The old poets have a favourite phrase to denote these condescending amours.§ The use of the fiction was obvious; nor was it confined to the maternal side of ancient heraldry. There is a story of a girl, who, having been honoured with the attentions of the river Scamander, observed him one day standing in a crowd at a public festival; upon which the divinity was taken up and carried before the magistrate.

We shall give a list of the principal nymphs and their names; partly, because the genuine reader, who does not happen to be learned, will be glad of it, and partly on account of the beauty of the nomenclature. These were the Nereids, or nymphs of the sea, daughters of Nereus; Oreads, or nymphs of the mountains; Naiads, or nymphs of the streams; Dryads, or nymphs of the woods; and Hamadryads, or nymphs of trees by themselves; nymphs who were born and died each with her particular tree.

Those were the principal;—but we also hear of the Limnads or Lim-

* See Amarynthus, or the Nympholept, by Mr. Horace Smith.

† Ugo Foscolo, in his criticism in the Quarterly Review upon the “*Narrative and Romantic Poems of the Italians*,” p. 514.

‡ *Cospetto di Bacco* (Face of Bacchus) is still an oath among the Italians.

§ In the Homeric account of Venus’s amours with Anchises, the goddess enjoins the hero, in case he is asked questions about their child, to say that a nymph was his mother; but on no account was he to dare to say it was Venus.

niads, nymphs of the lakes; Potameïdes, or nymphs of the rivers; Ephydriads, or nymphs of the fountains; Napææ, nymphs of the woody glens and meadows; and Mèliæ, nymphs of the honey-making.

But these specific appellations, we suppose, were given at will. There are furthermore the Bacchantes, or nymphs of Bacchus; the Hesperides, or daughters of Hesperus,

“Who sing about the Golden Tree;”

the nymphs who waited upon the deities in general; the celestial Syrens, who sat upon the spheres; and, some reckon among them, the Graces and the Muses.

Aristophanes, in one of his plays, has introduced a chorus of clouds; and, though the singers appear to be the clouds themselves and not deities conducting them, it seems remarkable that an incarnation of those fair and benignant travellers through heaven escaped the fertile imagination of the Greeks.

All these nymphs passed a happy and graceful life of mingled duty and pleasure, and evinced their benignity to mankind after their respective fashions:—the Nereids in assisting men at sea, and allaying the billows; the Oreads in assisting hunters; the Naiads or Dryads in taking care of the streams and woods; and so on of the rest. They danced and bathed, and made love and played among the trees, and sat tying up their hair by the waters. As they were kind, they expected kindness, and were grateful for it. If their worshippers represented them as severe in their resentments, it was in punishment of what was thought impious; and there is always some inconsistency in those personifications of the natural reaction of error.

Such was the life led by the nymphs of old, and such is the one they lead still, even in quarters where they would not be expected; so native are they to the regions of poetry, that they will divide them with other mythologies rather than remove. It is as well to keep the latter distinct, though our old poets, in the interior of their philosophy, would have had much to say for uniting them. At all events, there they are all together in the pages of Spenser, as we shall presently see. Even Milton contrived not to let them go; and Camoens, like a right sailor, finds them in every port.

We proceed to the different classes separately, and to touch upon what the poets have said of them. And, in the first place, as personal matters are as important to these as to other ladies, and the sea-nymphs got Neptune to send a whale against Queen Cassiopeia for pretending to be their equal in beauty, it is to be observed, as a caution to men at sea, that nobody must speak ill of green hair—such being the tresses of the Nereides. For our part, who are great readers of the poets, we make no scruple to say that we can fancy green mossy locks well enough, provided there is a sweet face under them. The painters have seldom ventured upon these anomalies; but the poets, whose especial business it is to have an universal sympathy, can fancy the sea-nymphs with their verdant locks and even in the midst of their faint-smelling and storm-echoing bowers, and love them no less. Good offices and a robust power of enjoyment make the Nereid beautiful. She grapples with the waves and flings aside her hair from her soused cheeks: and the poet is willing to be a Triton for her sake. The most beautiful figure ever made by the nymphs as a body, is by these very sisters, in the

Prômetheus of Æschylus, where they come to console the stern demi-god in his sufferings. But as the scene is rather characteristic of them as cordial and pious females, than creatures of their particular class, it is here (with great unwillingness) omitted. A late admirable writer thought his contemporaries defective in imagination for not making the nymphs partake thoroughly of the nature of the element they lived in. He would have had a Dryad, for instance, as rugged and fantastic in her aspect as an old oak-tree, and divested of all human beauty. The ancients did not go so far as this. Beauty, in a human shape, was a *sine quâ non* with those cultivators of physical grace, in their most supernatural fancies; and the world have approved their taste, and retained the charming population with which they filled the woods and waters: but the poet, whenever he chooses, can still know how to make a "difference discreet." The Nereids lived in grottos on the sea-shore, as well as in bowers under water. They were fond of feeding the Halcyon; and sported and revelled, says the old poet, like so many joyous fish about the chariot of the sea-god. We are to suppose them diving underneath it from one another, and careering about it as it ran; splashing each other and their lovers with the sunny waters. Ben Jonson has painted them and their father in a jovial line;—

—"old Nereus and his fifty girls."

Homer, Hesiod, and Spenser have given lists of their names. The list of the English poet seems the best, because he has added descriptive epithets;—but these were unnecessary in the Greek, the names themselves being descriptions. This reconciles us to the dry look of the lists in the Greek poet, and explains the apparent arbitrariness of those in the English one; though even if the epithets of the latter had not been translations, or taken from other epithets bestowed upon them by his authorities, they would have had a good effect. They give a distinction to the individuals,—a character, as they pass by to their faces and bearing.

"Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweet Eudorè, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galenè glad;
White-handed Eunice, proud Dynamene,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithæe, kind Eulimone,
Light-footo Cymothoe, and sweet Melitè;
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white," &c.

Among the rest are "milk-white Galatea, large Lisianassa, stout Autonoë,—

And, seeming still to smile, Glauconome;
Fresh Alimeda, deckt with garland Greene;
Hyponoe, with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedea, like the chrystal shewne;
Liagore, much praised for wise behests;
And Psamathe for her broad snowy breasts."

The intellectual and moral epithets do not seem so natural as the material ones. The old fathers of the sea are the philosophers of those "watery shades*," The nymphs are the dancing billows.

* "The God of the sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades."—*Hyperion*, Book II.

In the hymn to Venus, above quoted, which is attributed to Homer, the mountain Hamadryads are represented as contending with the gods for the prize of dancing :—

“ Nymphs that haunt the height
Of hills, and breasts have of most deep receipt.”

Chapman's Translation.

The favorite Greek beauty (deep-bosom'd) of which our reverend old poet here contrives to express so profound a sense by unloosening the compound epithet, was not in the way of their dancing, any more than the bosoms of the gypsies.

“ The light Sileni mix in love with these,
And, of all spies the prince, Argicides.”

Their lives have the same date with those

“ Of odorous fir-trees and high-foreheaded oaks ;”

but their decease is gently managed ; unless, indeed, we are to fancy them partaking gradually of the decay ; which is not likely, for the ancients never tell us of decrepid nymphs.

“ The fair trees still before the fair nymphs die ;
The bole about them grows corrupt and dry :”

and not till the boughs are fallen, do the lingering tenants

“ Leave the lovely light.”

One of the speakers in Plutarch's essay on the “ Cessation of Oracles,” has undertaken to compute the life of a nymph ; which, by a process that would have been more satisfactory to Sir Kenelm Digby than to an oak-insurance office, he reckons at 9720 years. It is to be considered, however, as we have just noticed, that they looked young to the last. Spenser is the only poet that has ventured to speak of an “ old nymph.” He says that Proteus had one to keep his bower clean.

“ There was his wonne ; ne living wight was secne,
Save one old nymph, hight Panope, to keepe it cleane.”

This is one of the liberties which he takes sometimes, especially when his rhyme is burnt out, and he seems between sleep and waking. His Panope is very different from Milton's :—

“ The air was calin, and on the level brinc
Slock Panope with all her sisters play'd.”

But these vagaries of Spenser do not hinder him from being a poet as elegant as he is great. There is to be found in them even a germ of the old epic impartiality. Indeed none but a great poet, with a child-like simplicity, could venture upon them. We smile, but retain our respect ; and are prepared to resume all our admiration for the next thing he utters.

In the Homeric hymn to Pan, for instance, the mountain-nymphs are described beautifully, as joining in with their songs, when they hear the pipe of the sylvan god. Yet we see them to most advantage in the works of the great painters, and of Spenser himself, of whose *cabinet pictures* an account has been formerly given in this Magazine. Poussin or Raphael never painted a set of nymphs more distinctly than our poet has done in his description of a bath of Diana,—a match for Titian's. The natural action of Diana, gathering her drapery against her bosom, seems copied from some painting or piece of sculpture—

Soone her garments loose
 Upgath'ring, in her bosom she compriz'd,
 Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose,
Whiles all her nymphes did like a garland her enclose.

And the enclosure of her by her nymphs is from Ovid: but not the beautiful simile of the garland, nor the relish with which every word comes from the poet's pencil. We cannot pass by a couplet in the Latin poet, without noticing it:—

Fons sonat a dextra, tenui perlucidus unda,
 Margine gramineo patulos incinctus hiatus.

Metam. Lib. III., v. 161.

which has been well turned by Sandys:—

A bubbling spring, with streams as clear as glass
 Ran chiding by, inlaid with matted grass.

In Ovid are the names of some of these Oreads. They are remarkable for their fairy-like appearance in English, and for being all derived from moisture; which would lead us to suppose that the idea of nymphs dancing on the mountains was suggested by the leaping of springs and torrents. The names are Crocale, Nephelē, Phialē, Hyalē, Pæcas, and Rhanis; that is to say, Pebble, Cloud, Phial, Glassy, Dew-drop, and Rain. Pebble is no exception. The philosophy that derived everything from water, was not likely to think sand and gravel the farthest off from their original. There is reason to suppose that the ancients took all clear-looking stones for a petrification of water. When we are told indeed, that "this element is found in the driest of solid bodies, whatever be their description," and that, "a piece of hartshorn kept for forty years, and thereby become as hard and dry as metal (so that if struck against a flint it would give sparks of fire), upon being distilled, was found to yield an eighth part of its weight in water," we begin to think that, in this, as in so many other instances, the ancient philosophers anticipated the discoveries of the moderns, and that experiment only establishes the profundity of their guesses. It is probable that Akenside has something to this purpose in his hymn to the Naiads; but, as we have not the poem by us, and have as cold a recollection of it as of a morning in November, or one of old Patope's washing-days, we return to our sunnier haunt. According to the ancients, the Oreads invented honey; the nymph Melissa, who discovered it, giving her name to the bee. And they are said to have been the first suggestors of the impropriety of eating flesh, making use of this new and sweet argument of honey, to turn mankind from those evil courses of the table.

The prettiest story told of the Naiads is their pulling Hylas into the water; and Theocritus has related it in the most beautiful manner. The Argonauts, he tells us, had landed on the shores of the Propontis to sup. They busied themselves with their preparations; and Hylas was dispatched to fetch water for Alcides and Telamon, who were table-companions. The blooming boy accordingly took his way with his jug. See the passage in the thirteenth Idyl, v. 39, beginning

Τῆχ' αἰ δὲ χερσὶν ἔνευσεν.

The English reader must be content with a version:—

And straight he was aware
 Of water in a hollow place, low down,
 Where the thick sward shone with blue celandine,
 And bright green maiden-hair, still dry in dew,

And parsley rich. And at that hour it chanced
The nymphs unseen were dancing in the fount,—
The sleepless nymphs, revered of housing men ;—
Winning Eunice ; Malis, apple-cheek'd ;
And, like a night-bedewed rose, Nychæa.

Down stepp'd the boy, in haste to give his urn
Its fill, and push'd it in the fount ; when lo !
Fair hands were on him—fair, and very fast ;
For all the gentle souls that haunted there
Were wrapt in love's sweet gathering tow'rd the boy ;
And so he dropp'd within the darksome well,—
Dropp'd like a star, that, on a summer eve,
Slides in ethereal beauty to the sea.

These nymphs, however, are rather the Ephydriads than the Naiads ; that is to say, nymphs of the fountain or well-spring, and not of the river. Shakspeare has painted the faces of the Naiads in a very pleasing manner :—

“ You nymphs call'd Naiads of the wandering brooks,
With your sedge crowns, and ever harmless looks :”

but these were English Naiads, always gliding calmly through the meadows.

The Greek and Italian Naiads were equally benignant at heart, but, having torrents and dry summers to think of, their look was now and then a little more troubled. Virgil's epithet, “ the white Naiad,” eminently belongs to this order of nymphs, the silver body of whose stream is seen glistening in the landscape ; and he has made a pretty contrast of colour in the flowers he has given her to pluck.

“ Tibi candida Nais
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens.”

The white Naiad

Pale violets plucks for thee, and tops of poppies.

The Nymph Arethusa was originally an Oread, whom Diana changed into a stream to help her to fly from the river god Alpheus. Alpheus, nothing hindered, turned the course of his river to pursue her. The nymph prayed again, and was conveyed under ground, but the god was still after her. She was hurried even under the sea, but he still pursued ; when she rose again in the island of Sicily for breath, there he was beside her. We are left to suppose that his pertinacity prevailed ; for whatever present was bestowed upon his waters in Arcady is said to have made its appearance in the Sicilian fountain. Among all the names to be found in poetry, perhaps there is not a more beautiful one than this of Arethusa ; and it turns well into English.

Hear Milton, who, speaking of Alpheus, says that he

“ Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse.”

The modern Sicilian name is Retusa, which, pronounced in the soft manner of the Italians, and with something of *z* in the *s*, (as we read the other,) is not destitute of the beauty of the original.*

We were admiring, at this part of our article, that the ancients, among the less philosophical comparisons of their mythology, had not chosen sometimes to mingle the two species of Naiads and Dryads, considering

* In Italy, among its strange union of things ancient and modern, we saw one day upon a mantel-piece the card of a *Marquis de Retuse*. This was the designation, Frenchified, of the district in Sicily including the ancient fountain. He was the Marquis of Arethusa !

that trees have so much to do with moisture, and with the origin of streams. Our attention was drawn at the same moment to a passage in Ovid; where he speaks of the Nymph Syrinx, a Naiad, as being "among the Hamadryads of Arcady." Perhaps he only meant to say, that she lived among them, as a Naiad, for the reason just mentioned, might be supposed to do; but the turn of the words and custom of the language both seem in favour of the other supposition. Sandys, however, clearly takes the passage in the former sense. Ovid says,—“On the cold mountains of Arcady, and among the Arcadian Hamadryads, *there was a Naiad*,” and according to his translator, she only lived amongst them. “Then thus the god,” (Mercury who is singing and telling stories to Argus to get him to sleep)—

“Then thus the god his charmed ears inclines:
Amongst the Hamadryad Nonacrinæ,
On cold Arcadian hills, for beauty famed,
A Nais dwelt.” *

The Dryads and Hamadryads are often confounded with one another; nor is the difference between them, when it is made, always justly discerned. Menage tells of somebody, who, on being asked by a lady what the difference was between a Dryad and Hamadryad, said, the same as between an Archbishop and a Bishop. If every solitary tree had its Hamadryad, the woodman could not have approached it without impiety. The truth is that, that as old trees of this kind became sanctified, either by the mere desire of keeping them alive, or by some votive circumstances attached to them as objects of religion, they were gifted with the care of a nymph. She was, in consequence, to die when they did; and the sacrilegious peasant, while he was heaving his axe at the old trunk, would have to strike at the fair limbs which it enclosed.

A story has come down to us in Apollonius of the vengeance that overtook criminals of this sort, and of dreadful denouncements against their posterity; which, however, were not inexpiable by a little worship and sacrifice. But the gratitude of the nymph, when her tree was preserved from destruction, and the preserver turned out otherwise not insensible, was boundless. Charon of Lampsacus, an old commentator upon the writer just mentioned, tells us that, when Arcas the son of Calisto was hunting, he met a nymph in the woods, who requested his aid for an old oak tree on the banks of a river, which the river was undermining. He rescued it from its threatened fate, and out of gratitude the nymph bore him two children. In another story related by the same author, the hero was not so lucky. This person, whose name was Rhæcus, was applied to on a similar account; and having evinced a like humanity, showed a due taste in the first instance, when requested to ask his reward. The nymph promised to meet him; adding, that she would send a bee to let him know the time. The bee came accordingly, but Rhæcus, who was occupied with a game of dice, was impatient at being interrupted, and hurt the wings of the little messenger in brushing him away. The nymph, offended at this proof of the superficial nature of his feelings, not only would have nothing to say to him, but deprived him of the use of his limbs.†

* “*Tam dens, Arcadis gelidis in montinis,*” inquit,
“*Inter Hamadryades celeberrima Nonacrinæ*
Nais una fuit.”

† We are obliged, as the historian of these our fictitious truths, to relate

It remains only to speak of the Bacchantes, the Hesperides, and certain solitary nymphs who lived apart, and held a state like goddesses. The rest are not sufficiently identified with the class, or are too little distinguished from the former varieties, to need particular mention.

The Bacchantes, or Nymphs of Bacchus, are of a very different character from their sisters. They are equally remarkable for the turbulence of their movements, and the rigidness of their chastity; though as to the latter, "Juvenal," says an Italian Mythology, "is of another opinion;"* and Licophron gives the title of Bacchantes to dissolute women. How the followers of the god of wine came to be thought so austere we know not. The delicacy of the moral, if it existed, has escaped us. If it were meant to insinuate that a drunken female repelled everything amatory by the force of disgust, no case could be clearer: but ancient mythology abounds with the loves of wood-gods for these ladies, who on the other hand struggled plentifully to resist them. According to the authority just mentioned, Nonnus, a Greek author of the fifth century, who wrote a poem on Bacchus as big as a tun, represents them as so jealous of their virgin honour, that they went to bed with a live serpent round their waists, to guard against surprise. The perplexity in this matter originated, perhaps, in the chastity that was expected from the ordained priestesses of Bacchus, who are often confounded with his nymphs. But so little had the nature of the latter to do with chastity, that those who undertook to represent them, gave rise to the greatest scandal that ever took place in the heathen world, and such as the Romans were obliged to suppress by a regular state interference.

The Hesperides, so called because they were the grand-daughters (Milton says the daughters) of Hesperus, and otherwise Atlantides, or daughters of Atlas, were three nymphs, who were commissioned, in company with a dragon, to guard the tree from which Juno produced the golden apples that she gave to Jupiter on her marriage-day. The nymphs sang, and the dragon never slept; and so in the melancholy beauty of that charm the tree ever stood secure, and the apples "hung amiable." It was one of the labours of Hercules to undo this custody, and carry away the apples. The nymphs could only weep, while he killed the dragon. Various interpretations have been given to this story. Some say the apples meant sheep, from a word which signifies both; and that the sheep were called golden, because they were beautiful; the common metaphorical sense of that epithet among the ancients. Others discover in it an allegory on one of the signs of the Zodiac, on the sin of Avarice, the discovery of a gold mine, &c.; but we shall be forgetting the spirit of our subject for the letter. Milton, in his *Comus*, has touched upon the gardens of Hesperus, but not in his happiest manner. There is something in it too finical and perfumed. We have quoted the best line when making out our list of the nymphs. Lucan makes you feel the massiveness of the golden boughs, and has touched beautifully on the rest:

them in all their circumstances; otherwise the lady might have stopped short of giving Rhœus a pabey. It is a remarkable instance of the natural dullness of Natalis Comes, (for which Scaliger gives him a knock,) that, in relating this story of Rhœus and the Nymph, he leaves off with her sending him the bee.

* *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*. Art., "Baccanti."

Fuit aurea silva,
 Divitiis graves et fulvo germine rami;
 Virgineusque chorus, nitidi custodia luci,
 Et nunquam somno damnatus lumina serpens.*

A golden grove it was, in a rich glade,
 Heavy with fruit that struck a burnish'd shade;
 A virgin choir the sacred treasure kept,
 And a sad serpent's eyes, that never slept.

Mention of the Hesperides is made in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius, where the voyagers come upon the golden garden after Hercules had rifled it. The nymphs are observed lamenting over the slain dragon, but vanish at sight of the intruders. The latter, however, Orpheus being their spokesman, venture to implore them for water; and the nymphs, with the usual good nature of their race, indulge the petition. They become visible, each in a tree, and tell them that the dreadful stranger, who had been there, had stamped in a rage of thirst on the ground, and struck up a fountain.

For accounts of the manners and conversation of nymphs, the curious reader may consult the sixth book of Spenser, Drayton's "*Muses' Elysium*," the "*Arcadia*" of Sannazaro, Cinto Giraldis's sylvan drama, entitled "*Egle*," and the "*Endymion*" of Keats; to which may be added the bas-relief of ancient sculpture, and the works of the great painters. *Egle* (*brightness*) is a celebrated name in nymphology; so is *Galatea* (*milky*) and *Onone* (*winy*). *Cydippe* (*Proud horse*) seems rather the name of a lady-centaur; but the Greeks were singularly fond of names compounded from horses. *Best-horse*, and *Golden-horse*, and *Haste-horse* were among their philosophers (Aristippus, Chrysippus, and Speusippus); and *Horse-mistress* and *Horse-tamer* among their ladies (Hipparchia and Hippodamia). Of solitary nymphs, or rather such as lived apart, sometimes in state like goddesses, with nymphs of their own, the most celebrated are Circe, Calypso, and Egeria. The most beautiful mention of Egeria (*the Watchful*?) is in Milton's Latin poems, at least to the best of our recollection.—See his lines addressed to Salsilli, a Roman poet, on his sickness. We regret we have not time to indulge ourselves in attempting a version of the passage. Circe (*the Encircler*) is clearly the original of the modern enchantress.

"Pale, wan,
 And tyrannizing was the lady's look,"

says Keats, describing her. (How beautiful!) Calypso (the *Secret*, or *Lying-hid*) though no magician, was a nobler enchantress after her fashion, as we see in Homer. Boccaccio, speaking of Circe, Calisto, and Clymene, says, that nymphs of their distinguished class were no other than young ladies, delicately brought up, and living in retirement,—"*thalamorum colentes umbras*,"—cultivators of their boudoirs. Impressions, he says, of every sort, were easily made on creatures of this tender sort, as on things allied to the element of water; whereas, rustic women, labouring out of doors, and exposed to the sun, became "*hispid*" and case-hardened, and therefore deservedly lost the name of nymphs †.

* Quoted by Warton in his Notes to Milton.

† Sunt præterea, &c.—*Genealogia Deorum*, lib. vii. cap. 14.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

England in 1835. By Frederick Von Raumer, Professor of History at the University of Berlin, Author of the History of the Hohenstaufen, of the History of Europe, &c. &c. &c.

Few books are calculated to make a stronger impression on the public mind than the one before us, and seldom do we meet with one so deserving of a careful and impartial perusal. There is, and ought to be, a laudable curiosity in every Englishman on the subject of an enlightened foreigner's opinion upon his country, and his statements of the reception he met with during his sojourn amongst us; in order that he may, so far as he is able, redeem our national faults, increase the sum of our national merits, and exercise upon the praise, or blame, before him that full examination which may lead to a just judgment.

It appears that the Baron Von Raumer, whom we apprehend to be as amiable as he is learned, (which is saying a great deal,) has been for many years deeply interested in this country, in consequence of that intimate knowledge of its history which his researches have given him with reference to ours and every other country of Europe. To this he has added an acquaintance with our literature, laws, and politics; our party squabbles and our habitual complainings, together with all those better elements in our social composition which have hitherto preserved us in compact, and may hereafter increase our happiness and confirm our glory.

The Baron himself is the most liberal of all Conservatives and the most considerate of all Reformers. He would not strike from the "Corinthian capital" of polished society one chiselled leaflet, or injure one indentation on the Gothic pinnacles which time has consecrated, save where humanity, and we may add Christianity, demands the sacrifice. Considering his own king to be the greatest and most successful of all reformers, and concluding that reform in the hands of royalty is a rare virtue, some persons may consider that he applauds the King of Prussia too often and too highly: but we are not of this opinion. His book is written for the Prussians, and, however thankful we may be to Mrs. Austin for her excellent translation of it, we still see that the author had an undoubted right to give his own sovereign and his own people the first consideration in compiling it.

By the same rule many will say there is more of political discussion than they desire in a book of travels; and readers in the country will certainly object to the elaborate accounts of musical entertainments which Von Raumer never fails to give, but it ought to be remembered that politics were inevitably the principal object of his attention when not engaged at the State-paper Office and the British Museum,—for where could he escape them in 1835?—and that music which is "the food of love" to other men, is necessary food to the soul of every German.

Whatever might be his predilections, it is certain he has left nothing untouched. His first *entrée* to "Life in London" was at a rout at Devonshire-House, where his admiration of the beauty of our ladies was warmly excited; but we think somewhat unluckily, as he appears never to have seen beauty anywhere else. We are inclined to think few men could take a summer-day's journey through Regent-street and Oxford-street, stroll in the Temple Gardens, or take a turn in Somerset-House, and say "it is all barren."

But he has higher praise for our countrywomen than this, and the more valuable, in that so many travellers (from France, at least) have denied it. He gives them the praise of dressing well, and of being not in the least reserved, but full of kindness and attention; well informed on most subjects, and possessing the power of agreeable conversation on all. Neither our theatres, nor the performers in them, by any means satisfy, much less delight the travellers; he admires Shakspeare, but by no means our repre-

and Edinburgh is extolled not only for the fine localities of its situation, but for those architectural improvements in which London is deemed deficient. Glasgow also obtains due praise; and everywhere the hospitality, active kindness, and agreeable manners of the persons to whom he is introduced are dilated upon. It is evident that, in the eyes of this no less honest than learned German, we are not looked upon as the cold, reserved, and selfish race it has been the pleasure of our Continental neighbours to depict us. Of our faults in law and custom, he speaks freely but candidly; of our commercial greatness, mechanical improvements, persevering industry, and well-applied wealth, he gives most admirable and encouraging accounts; but so far as he touches upon our progress in the fine arts and the public buildings, his language is rather condemnatory than discriminating. It is rather remarkable that he does not mention the bridges, save London, Southwark, and the iron one at Hammersmith; and when we remember how many and how superb are the noble edifices that now "span the Thames," we cannot help considering this omission as a great oversight. Ten such bridges as we boast in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity are as much unrivalled by any other capital in that particular, as the extension, wealth, and commerce, to which he frequently adverts. The view from London Bridge he terms unequalled.

M. Von Raumer is a member of the Protestant church, and never does he in the slightest degree shrink from the open avowal of Christianity, and that form of it to which he is attached; nevertheless he is extremely liberal towards the Catholics, and appears fully persuaded that if the Irish Church received due consideration and kindly treatment, the happiest effects might follow. We apprehend it requires a much longer residence with that ill-directed people, and a greater intimacy with their character than it was possible for the writer to obtain, to know how to manage a question so difficult. Ignorance and violence go hand in hand, and when a blind priesthood are the leaders of a blind people, no wonder both fall into a ditch *from* which it is difficult to extricate them, and *in* which it is impossible to purify them; and it is not too much to say that nine out of ten priests are utterly unqualified for their duties. Surely, if beneficence could soften the evils which oppress the Irish; if kindness could awaken industry and encourage exertion; if praise could stimulate, and reward excite them, all ought to be exerted, both publicly and privately, in order to ameliorate their lot, and raise them to the rank of human beings. Were this effected, we may expect far more; since, both physically and mentally, where shall we find a people of equal capabilities?

But "shadows, clouds, and darkness," rest on the island which ought to be "a gem of the ocean, a pearl of the sea;" and for some time to come Ireland must remain a land of wishes, rather than hopes, of many anxieties and few expectations.

We must conclude this very imperfect notice of a work entitled to a much fuller examination, (and one, in fact, beyond our plan to embrace,) with a hearty recommendation of its contents; and, although we would rather not have been told, that our great sculptor Chantrey was inferior to German artists—that St. Paul's was a puritanized prosaic imitation of St. Peter's—that our celebrated landscape-painter is too much a *nebulist*—and that beauty is an "aristocratic privilege in England," we yet sincerely thank him for a most valuable work, and for praise judiciously given on many material points. For the rest we are of course inclined to say, like the Archbishop to Gil Blas, "Adieu, my friend—I wish you a better judgment."

A Twelvemonth's Campaign with Zumalacarregrui. 2 Vols.

This book is anything but political. The writer is, of course, a partisan of Don Carlos; but he writes less in a spirit of party than can be easily believed possible. ~~It is~~ another rare and striking merit—he keeps *himself* in the

background, makes light of his own exploits, and is more free from the vice of egotism than any one with whom we have ever made acquaintance, who describes events in which he himself acted a prominent part. Captain Henningsen is, we have no doubt, a brave soldier; and he could not have spent a year with Zumalacarregui without sharing in many hair-breadth scapes, and performing many daring actions; yet both are hinted at rather than described. At the present moment, the work comes very opportunely. We have been grievously deceived in England as to the real state and true positions of the rival combatants in Spain—combatants we suppose we must call them; but the conduct of both has been more like that of tigers than of men. Captain Henningsen clearly shows that while both are butchers, the butchery was retaliation and therefore partially redeemed on the part of Don Carlos. The Russian Mina was indeed the first to shoot, coolly and deliberately, an aged woman—and the “Liberal” is therefore execrated in Europe; but almost from the commencement of the struggle, prisoners were looked upon as encumbrances, and put to death in cold blood. The whole system of warfare in the Basque provinces has been, indeed, disgraceful to humanity. The hired band of Englishmen who are now aiding the Queen have produced little effect upon the atrocious nature of the contest:—the most horrible of all the acts have been perpetrated since their services were purchased, and since a treaty to prevent butchery was signed by both parties. The opinion of Captain Henningsen is, that, in the end Don Carlos must triumph—although the time may be yet distant; and that until he does so, the rest of Europe will be continually shocked, by recording similar atrocities to those which have been so frequently perpetrated. The most interesting parts of the work are those which relate to Zumalacarregui—a man of singular energy, of large mind, and of daring character; one, indeed, wonderfully suited to the circumstances of his time and country. Had he lived, a direct interference on the part of England would have been as unavailable as the indirect interference, which has been like the mountain that brought forth a mouse. To us it matters, after all, very little who succeeds in ruling Spain—whether the bigot Carlos or the abandoned Queen hold a debased people in subjection. Those who deserve freedom will soon be free. If Spaniards like Carlos better than Christina, let them have him and welcome: we should consider a single drop of good English blood too large a price to pay for the Crown that is to be won by either. Whether as a succinct and satisfactory statement of the progress of the struggle from infancy to comparative manhood, or as an interesting account of “battles, sieges, fortunes,” the book of Captain Henningsen will be read with avidity, and deserve most careful consideration.

A Tour round Ireland in 1835. By John Barrow, Esq.

It is always a subject of sincere regret to us when an intelligent and amiable traveller passes either rapidly or carelessly through any country, particularly through one where his judgment and opinion would be of intrinsic value. Mr. Barrow's kind disposition and good temper make him always a most pleasing companion; there is a mingling of observation and reflection in all he writes, which is rather uncommon in the records of modern travellers, who are more prone to *see* than to *think*. And we have no hesitation in declaring that a longer residence, and a more enlarged volume, would have added greatly to our stock of information as to the real state of Ireland.

In his preface, Mr. Barrow says that “the object of his visit was to see as much of the oft-proclaimed physical beauties—the surpassing verdure of surface and fertility of the soil—the lakes and mountains—the cultivated and embellished landscapes of ‘The Emerald Isle,’ as a limited period would afford the means of doing; at the same time, to take a passing glance at the general and external appearance and condition of the great mass of the population.”

This "passing glance" at the Irish population has led Mr. Barrow to the conclusion which every sensible traveller must arrive at; and although he has not expressed that conclusion in *words*, the *feeling* pervades every sentence—namely, *that the sufferings of Ireland are as much to be attributed to mismanagement as to poverty*—one destroys the mind, and the other the body of the inhabitants of this beautiful land; and if, by any chance, an escape is managed from Charybdis, the unfortunate is sacrificed on Scylla.

Mr. Barrow was much pleased with the favourable appearance of the people in the neighbourhood of Belfast, where he describes them as "cheerful, well-behaved, well-clothed;" though, in the next Chapter, we find a "disturbance" recorded, which he marks as "*unusual*";—unusual in the district, not the country, certainly; as it was a disturbance between Orangemen and the United Party, touching a green arch and an Orange arch erected by the opposite factions. After our traveller had passed his *third* Chapter, we suspect he learned better than to call a "*disturbance*" "*unusual*."

Mr. Barrow does not, like many, disclaim political bias at the commencement of his book, and then plunge knee-deep into politics; he confesses that he has, as every man ought to have, his own political opinions,—but he curbs them, and keeps them within bounds, with an earnestness and propriety which many of the tourists in *both* countries would do well to imitate! To those who have never visited Ireland this volume will be full of interest; but those who know the *locale* of the sea-side counties will complain, that Mr. Barrow has not done them justice: for instance, when he arrived at Waterford, instead of cutting across the *inland* portion of the country to Wexford, if his object was to make a sea-side tour, he should have gone down the Waterford river to Duncannon, for a place of considerable note in Irish history—visited Strongbow's famous encampment at Baginbun—observed what good the resident gentry have effected in the pretty sea-side villages of Feathard and Bannow—crossed the well-cultivated baronies of Forth and Bargy—seen the magnificent view from the Mountain of Forth—and visited the school and improvements which reflect so much honour on the proprietor of Johnstown Castle. Mr. Barrow's generous nature would have rejoiced at the good really done upon that splendid estate—the immensity of capital expended—the hundreds employed—the many educated—Catholic and Protestant children reading from the same books, studying and playing together! We regret Mr. Barrow did not make this additional tour, because, having done so ourselves, we can testify as to the advantages *all* communities, whether religious or political, must derive from the system so perseveringly pursued upon the domain we have alluded to. The Catholic children in the school we have mentioned go home at three o'clock, and the Bible (that stumbling-block to the *Romans*!) is read at four. We wish such an arrangement was made at all the mixed schools throughout the kingdom; and we wish Mr. Barrow had here witnessed its beneficial effects. His book cannot fail to be generally read, and the more publicity given to such exertions the better:—we all know that ten will follow an example, when perhaps only three would listen to a precept.

The chapter on Connamara—the wild and lawless district over which Colonel Martin of humane memory ruled so many years—is novel and amusing; and, indeed, the brevity of the volume is the only fault, after all our pains-taking for the purpose, that we can really find.

We had forgotten almost to notice some very spirited etchings by Mr. M'Clise, which add to the value of the volume. They are, like everything he does, replete with life and vigour—caricatured most certainly, and yet most truly. If that same caricaturing goes on improving as it has done lately, we would recommend forthwith that it establish a R. A. of its own, and then, most certainly, either Mr. M'Clise or Mr. H. B. would be elected President! Alas! the whole community has an "inkling" that way,

either with pen, pencil, or tongue; then why not give it "a local habitation and a name?" Leaving this, however, for the consideration of those whom it may concern, we conclude with a sincere wish that Mr. Barrow may soon again make another journey.

Rogers's Life of John Howe, M. A.

At all times, and under any circumstances, the life of a divine so generally known and so extensively popular as John Howe might be expected to excite an interest in proportion to the almost universal diffusion of his writings. Personally connected, during one of the most important periods of British history, with many of those whose names are indelibly fixed in our recollection as the great leaders in the series of political convulsions and momentous changes which so remarkably distinguished his times, and himself no mean guide of popular opinion, through a long course of years distinguished for a general prevalence of originality of thought, and speculation on subjects connected with the weightiest interests of man, it will at once be perceived that his life was not likely to be one of a monotonous and undiversified character; but when it is also known that under every change of fortune, and in every capacity in which he was engaged, the Christian character so beautifully portrayed in the Living Temple was strictly and uninterruptedly maintained by its author; that the same unblemished integrity and earnest devotedness, the same heavenly-mindedness and spirit of peace, were displayed in all the actions of Howe through the vicissitudes of prosperous as well as of adverse fortune, through good report as well as evil, it would be difficult to mention a character more worthy, as well from its intrinsic excellence as from the varied circumstances by which its moral and intellectual worth was developed, of forming the careful study of all who are aware that one of the best means of promoting personal religion is to contemplate its effects upon the walk and conversation of others. The devotion of Howe was free from the conventional absurdities by which much even of the genuine piety of his time was disfigured; his charity was of far too catholic a nature to be weakened by the petty distinctions of sect or party; and his intellectual greatness too familiarly connected with the contemplation of things above, to descend to the style of impure and acrimonious insult with which the controversial writings of his day abounded, and of which the pages of his contemporary Milton himself afford so many revolting examples. Thus much for the natural advantages which such a subject as the life of Howe presents. The present volume derives an increased value from two additional circumstances. As one of these, we must consider the very seasonable juncture at which it makes its appearance. If any thing could be likely to diffuse a more general spirit of charity among Christians of all denominations, such a result might be expected from the circulation of the memoirs of an individual, who in so remarkable a degree united an unshaken devotion to principles adopted upon unbiassed conviction to a tone of conciliation and tenderness for the opinions of others, as rare as they are meritorious. At a time when the feelings of men have been excited to an unusual degree of bitterness by mutual recrimination, and when the old contest, decided by the sword in a less civilized age, has supplied the gulf of an almost equal enmity to the pens of writers of both parties, it is like the sudden transition from darkness to light, to turn to such a model of calm and equable benevolence, of patience under oppression and moderation in success, and to the contemplation of a disposition which seems to have been intended to illustrate the apostolic definition of the first of Christian graces to the letter. The second recommendation which will tend materially to raise the life of Howe in the estimation of its readers is the circumstance of its having fallen into the hands of an author so well qualified to do it justice, and who, in the arrangement of his materials and the originality and power of his remarks, has left little for the most fastidious to desire. Mr. Rogers's name is not unknown to the public, and it is

therefore less necessary to dwell on capabilities which have been often successfully manifested. As a biographer, he is distinguished by a style at once forcible and elegant, often rising to eloquence, and never destitute of the impress of a strong and well-cultivated mind. He is possessed moreover of a singular aptitude at illustration, inferior only to the sterling sense and sound discrimination by which it is accompanied. As specimens particularly indicative of his talents, we would instance the introductory and closing chapters of his work, the latter of which contains a masterly analysis of the mind and character of Howe, and a dissertation upon his works in general, which we must consider one of the ablest pieces of criticism it has been our good fortune to encounter. We regret that our limits do not allow of our dwelling more particularly on Mr. Rogers's observations with respect to the Act of Uniformity, and one or two topics of equal importance, which are treated with his usual candour and philosophic acuteness; but the space to which we are confined will not allow of our bearing a more extended testimony to the merits of a work, from which the divine may derive both instruction and encouragement in his labours, the man of letters the satisfaction of contemplating a mind of no ordinary power skilfully exhibited with its various capacities and endowments, and pious readers of all classes the benefit of an example, to which, whether as instancing soundness of faith, consistency of practice, or an application of the highest abilities to the worthiest purpose, he may again and again recur with feelings of increased delight and satisfaction.

Lowenstein, King of the Forests. A Tale. By Jane Roberts. 2 vols.

The great charm of this work is its simplicity. The fair writer, in presenting us with a new Utopia, has led us through the quietudes of sylvan scenery, where we can meditate and philosophize, like the recluse of Ardennes, on the tumultuous follies of the bustling world beyond. But though delighting only in the sweet and touching portraiture of unambitious men, avoiding greatness, and content with being good, the work affords some proofs of the powers to delineate temperaments of a more stirring and aspiring nature. The yearning after the turmoils and struggles of active life, manifested by the youth who has been transplanted to the forests, and the recollections of a scene of beautiful tranquility which prompts the return of him who has been conveyed in childhood from the peaceful seclusion of his early home, are well imagined and described. There is, apparently, an unwillingness on the part of the author to quit the green labyrinth which she has so poetically described; or we think she would have given a third volume, in which the contrasting dispositions of the two heirs might have been brought into action. However, as it is, those who are either weary of, or have no taste for the over-wrought excitement which has been the sin of many modern works, will enjoy an hour of pleasant calm in the perusal of these agreeable volumes.

Rhymes from Italy.

The Polish Struggle. By M. C. Kennedy.

Songs of the Alhambra. By Miss Smith.

Antonio Foscarini, an Historical Drama.

The Kingstonian Poems.

When we have said that much humour and shrewdness of observation, and a lively power of satire, generally qualified by good nature, will be found by the readers of "Rhymes from Italy" to accompany verses of a somewhat rambling, yet generally amusing character, we shall have extended our criticism to about as great a length as the subject demands. Mr. Kennedy's "Polish Struggle" is an indignant invective against the Autocrat of all the Russias, and an eloquent eulogy on the patriotism of Poland during the last contest with its gigantic oppressor. The language of highly-excited feeling will always be poetical, and Mr. Kennedy seems to have bent his

whole heart and soul to his task. His versification is generally energetic, and his power of vehement declamation and forcible appeal to the feelings of his readers very considerable. The poems of Miss Smith are of a very different character, and are distinguished for feminine grace and delicacy. Her "*Songs of the Alhambra*" we consider inferior to the other pieces contained in the volume. There is not sufficient local character about the former, but the latter are replete with a gentle yet deep feeling, which few will be unable to appreciate.

The author of "*Antonio Foscanni*" has succeeded in producing an interesting drama. The plot is founded on an incident in the history of Venice, and several scenes are marked by much pathos. Perhaps on the whole the action is too rapid, and the effects of the dialogues rather greater than might be expected from their brevity.

The author of the "*Kingstonian Poems*" has utterly mistaken his vocation. We would advise him, with all convenient haste, to relinquish studies for which he is palpably unfit, and to desist from wasting his time upon verse which is as near an approximation to doggerel as any reasonable person could desire to see. What indeed could be expected from a collection of poems of which the author boasts of completing some ninety in fifteen days? The appearance of such books is an insult to the good sense of the public.

Flora Metropolitana.

The advantages, both to mind and body, attendant upon the study of Botany are too generally appreciated to render any remarks upon its utility necessary in noticing a work which has for its object the diffusion of information of much practical use to the students of that fascinating science. Its contents are the results of numerous excursions made by the author and his friends to different spots within thirty miles of the metropolis, and contain various distinct localities of most of the plants to be found in Surrey and Kent, with some parts of Essex and Hertfordshire. Furnished with this guide, the botanist will at once discover what he is likely to meet with in any determined route, and will often be agreeably surprised at finding plants within his reach, with the existence of which, in the neighbourhood he may be investigating, he was previously unacquainted. Indeed the scientific reader, we imagine, will not fail to be surprised at the number of species which a comparatively limited space is thus found to afford; and he will probably be spared, by Mr. Cooper's labours, many a long walk for specimens frequently obtainable at his own threshold. We can bear personal testimony to the accuracy with which the *Flora* of several interesting spots has been compiled, and in a second edition we hope the author will be supplied with that of many more, which, for the want of a sufficiently extensive co-operation, he has been compelled to omit. We should be glad, moreover, if Mr. Cooper, in an enlarged form of his work, would give the old names of several species, the modern appellations of which are unknown to many botanists of the Linnæan school. We can give our best recommendation to his volume, as almost indispensable to the library of the man of practical science. A list of land and fresh-water shells to be found in the vicinity of the metropolis is appended to the work.

The Works of William Cowper; with a Life of the Author. By Robert Southey, LL.D. &c. Vol. III.

This volume finishes the life of Cowper; it is one of the most interesting and instructive biographies in the language; the style in which it is written is clear and comprehensive, and purely "English" as the compositions of the amiable and excellent poet always are. We have already observed that Dr. Southey was admirably qualified to discharge a task which presented more than ordinary difficulties: he understood the character of Cowper; few, if any, have ever done so before him. Southey is himself a poet,

a poet of high and acknowledged genius; and, if we mistake not, his mind is near akin to that of the elegant, upright, but sensitive author of "The Task." Both have shown a disposition to retire from the busy world, longing for that "contiguity of shade," where peace and contentment are most easily found, and both have laboured in solitude to benefit mankind. In Southey, however, the "elements" are more happily "mixed;" a little more or a little less would have made Cowper what Southey is—happy as well as great. The work should be in all libraries, small as well as large; for the former it is not too costly, and of the latter it is in every way worthy. It will delight as well as instruct. It may be perused for amusement, that best amusement which is derived from acquaintance with the words and ways of our "worthies," as well as for information. The prints which illustrate this volume are exceedingly beautiful. They are engraved by Goodall from designs from the pencil of Harvey.

The Chinese: a General Description of China and its Inhabitants. By J. F. Davis, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of China. 2 vols.

It is singular that two works relative to China should have issued from the press within a month of each other. "The Account of China" forms part of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library;" and is worthy of a series which has heretofore maintained a very high character. The compilation is from the pens of several eminent writers; they have judiciously selected the more useful and interesting details of various travellers, and have produced a work, the accuracy of which may be relied on, upon all material points. In value and importance, however, it must yield to that of Mr. Davis, who has been for above twenty years a resident in the country he describes, and where he held a high official situation:—to his own practical experience in all matters relating to the empire, he has added much from other travellers; and has supplied us with that which we have long greatly needed—a perfect picture of its condition, its laws, its customs, its people, its cities, and explained in a manner the most clear and satisfactory the relations which subsist between it and England, with the safest modes of rendering them amicable and advantageous to both.

Sketches by "Boz;" illustrative of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People. Two vols.

"Boz" is a very pleasant fellow:—"a keen observer," and a wit. He tells a story admirably; always gives it a point, and usually a moral; and though he is severe enough, his satire is general, and not personal. His characters are, indeed, for the most part drawn from the classes among which pretenders are found; and such he puts down, not very roughly, but very effectually. His tales are among the pleasantest that have been given to the public since Fielding and Smollett wrote for immortality. We should be glad to have some of his compositions to criticize in MS.

The Architectural Magazine.

We are glad to find that the art of architecture has sufficiently improved in England to warrant the appearance of a periodical entirely devoted to its interests. A better means could not be adopted for heightening the character of a study, which has till latterly been neglected in this country, to a degree singularly disproportionate, in comparison with the other fine arts. The present Number contains several valuable articles on architectural subjects, and seems in every way adapted to the end proposed.

LITERARY REPORT.

The Author of "Pelham."—The admirers (and who are not so) of this distinguished writer will be pleased to learn that his celebrated Novel of "Devereux" is to succeed Mr. Lister's "Granby," and form the next volume of that cheap and popular publication—Colburn's Modern Novelists. And the next number of the new weekly issue of the same work will commence Lady Morgan's celebrated Irish National Tale, "O'Donnel," which will be completed in five parts, with a portrait of the authoress, and a vignette, beautifully engraved, by the Findens.

Mr. Benson Hill has a Work in the Press which will appear in the course of the present month, called "Recollections of an Artillery-Officer, including Scenes in Ireland, America, Flanders, and France."

Admiral Napier's Account of the War in Portugal will shortly be published.

Captain Basil Hall is about to put forth a Work entitled "Schoss Hainfield; a Winter in Lower Styria."

A new Fiction, by Allan Cunningham, will be shortly published, to be entitled "Lord Roldan."

The Author of "The National History of Enthusiasm" announces "The Physical Theory of another Life."

Mr. Klauer-Klattowski is engaged on a volume of Progressive Exercises for writing German, as a supplement to his German Manual for Self-tuition.

The Rev. J. R. Major, Head Master of King's College School, London, will shortly publish "A Guide to the Reading of the Greek Tragedians; containing an account of the Origin and Progress of Tragedy," &c.

A complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary for Schools, by the Rev. Dr. Niblock, will appear in July.

Mr. J. H. Fielding has in the press a second edition of his Synopsis of Practical Perspective, Linear and Aerial.

Nearly ready. Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, with Illustrations of her Literary Character, from her Private Correspondence. By H. F. Chotley, Esq.

The Second and concluding volume of the Life and Times of William III. King of England, and Stadtholder of Holland. By the hon. Arthur Trevor, M.P. M.A. F.R.S. &c., is just ready.

NEW WORKS IN THE PRESS.

History of Brazil, from the arrival of the Royal Family of Portugal, in 1831, until the abdication of Don Pedro.

The Church and the Clergy. By a Friend to the Church, and an Enemy to Hypocrisy.

The Principles of Perspective, and their application to Drawing from Nature, familiarly explained and illustrated. By Wm. Rider.

Select Sermons by the elder Divines, being choice Specimens of Sermon Literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth Centuries.

A Voyage to St. Petersburg. By Francis Coghlan.

The Flora Domestica, or History of Medicinal Plants, Indigenous to Great Britain, illustrated by numerous coloured Plates. By Benjamin H. Barton, F.L.S.

A Reprint of Bishop Coverdale's Bible, the first complete English Bible, 1535.

A collected Edition of the Poetical Works of James Montgomery, 3 vols. small 8vo.

The Statesman. By Henry Taylor, Esq., Author of "Philip Van Artevelde."

An Abridgment of Dr. Butler's Ancient and Modern Geography. By Miss M. Cunningham.

A Third and concluding Volume of Sharon Turner's Sacred History of the World.

On Female Improvement. By Mrs. John Sandford.

Essays on the Principles of Charitable Institutions.

De Wyrhale; a Tale of Dean Forest. By P. J. Ducarel, Esq.

Researches, Antediluvian, Patriarchal, and Historical. By Thomas Clarkson, M.A.

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. By T. H. Lister, Esq., Author of "Granby," &c. 3 vols. 8vo., with portrait.

The Life of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Life of Richelieu," &c. &c.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Book of Common Prayer, with short Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. G. Valpy, price 5s. 6d. bound, gilt leaves.

The Rev. T. H. Hughes's Continuation of Hume and Smollett's History of England. Vol. 2, octavo. 10s. 6d.

Twenty Years in Retirement. By Captain John Blakiston, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

The reprint of Tyndale's Translation of the first English New Testament, 1526, crown 8vo History of the English Episcopacy, from the Period of the Long Parliament to the Act of Uniformity, by the Rev. Thomas Lathbury, M.A., demy 8vo. 12s.

The Family History of England, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., with numerous illustrations, Vol. 1, fcp. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

The Life and Character of John Howe, M.A., by Henry Rogers, in 1 vol. 8vo., with a Portrait, &c.

The Mascarenhas, by the Author of "Prediction," 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

The Christian Atonement; its Basis, Nature, and Bearings, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. Joseph Gilbert.

The Life of Bishop Jebb, by the Rev. C. Forster, B.D., 2 vols. 8vo. 26s. cloth.

Le Langage de Fleurs, royal 32mo. 9s. 6d.

England in 1835; being a Series of Letters written to Friends in Germany, during a Residence in London, by F. Von Raumer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s. boards.

Random Recollections of the House of Lords, 1800 to 1836, post 8vo. 10s. 6d., bds.

Barrow's Tour in Ireland, post 8vo. 14s. cloth.

Tour of a German Artist in England, by M. Passavant, with Plates, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

FINE ARTS.

THE exhibitions of "the Old" and "the New" Societies of Artists in Water Colours are now open to the public—the former at the rooms in Pall Mall East, and the latter at Exeter Hall. The palm of excellence must be accorded to the old; but the new bids fair to rival it: our visit to Pall Mall was at too late a period of the month to enable us to do justice to its high and numerous claims to that public support which it has shared so largely since its formation. The present year is as rich and as fertile as ever;—the leading subject is that of Cattermole, a drawing of unusual size, and of the most unquestionable merit. It is taken from the novel of Quentin Durward—the moment when the good Bishop of Liege is butchered by the ruffian Nicol Blok. This work is alone sufficient to attract all who appreciate art. Copley Fielding, Wright, Taylor, Stone, Christall, Barrett, &c. &c., have all contributed admirable works. The exhibition is, indeed, as it has always been, one of the most interesting which the metropolis presents. "The New" progresses in a very satisfactory manner. Its character is not "exclusive" like "the Old;" and its selection is not, therefore, so unexceptionable; but it is likely to produce more beneficial effects upon art, inasmuch as it affords opportunities to those who are aiming at excellence, rather than to those who have achieved it. Mr. Parris, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Chace, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Gallait, are among the most successful contributors. We regret that our limits will not, at present, permit us to do more than direct public attention to this most interesting and most useful institution.

THE LAWRENCE GALLERY.

Another hundred drawings from the noble collection of the late President of the Royal Academy is exhibiting at Messrs. Woodburns', St. Martin's-lane. It consists of drawings by the two Zucceros, Andrea del Sarto, and Fra Bartolomeo. The following anecdote connected with the series is curious and interesting:—

"Il Fratè had an acquaintance, a nun, named Suar Plantella, who learned painting from him, and, to judge from one or two drawings by her in this collection, was possessed of great talent. When Il Fratè died, he left her all his drawings, and they remained in the convent she belonged to, until they were forgotten. The ignorance of the nuns was so great, that these fine designs were used to make up parcels or light the fire, until, by accident, one of them was seen by a person who was aware of their importance, and the remainder were rescued. They were purchased by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and bound in two volumes; which were kept in the duke's library, with the rest of the drawings by the old masters, until about thirty years ago, when, by some unaccountable means, they came to England, and fell into the hands of the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.A., who fully appreciated their value, and, indeed, his works prove the use they were of to him. At his demise they were bought by private contract by Sir T. Lawrence, and thus came into this collection."

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

We understand that at an extraordinary general meeting of the Association, held in the Hopetoun Rooms on the 9th April, it was unanimously resolved to authorise the Committee of Management to expend a portion of the funds at their disposal in engraving, in as high a style of art as possible, a popular picture, to be selected from those now exhibiting. Every member, in addition to his chance of a large amount of paintings which have been purchased by the Committee, is to receive one or more copies of the engraving, according to the extent of his subscription, and after the members have been supplied, the plate is to be destroyed.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Spanish Contrabandista. Drawn by J. F. Lewis; Engraved by C. Turner.

This is a large print—too large, perhaps, for the importance of the subject. Mr. Lewis affords us proof, from time to time, that his journey in Spain was any thing but barren and unprofitable. This print is admirably characteristic of Spanish habit and costume. It represents a Spanish smuggler, a monk and a merry damsel; with mules and other accessories to make up the picture. Though large, the print richly deserves a frame. It is a fine engraving, and, as we have said, a good example of Spanish character.

A Spanish Lady. A Spanish Peasant Girl. Drawn on Stone by J. F. Lewis.

Here we have other examples of Mr. Lewis's undoubted talent. Both these prints are interesting: neither the girl nor the lady can be exactly described as beautiful; but they have that which is preferable to beauty—character. They have been transferred to stone by the artist himself.

Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Part I.

This publication is very properly dedicated to the King. Its design is to collect, as far as possible, the works of the late President of the Royal Academy; it cannot be necessary to explain how interesting and useful such a series may be made. Lawrence is identified with the history of his time. The kings, the heroes, the statesmen, the poets, and the painters of the age, as well as the loveliest dames of the aristocracy, were all, or nearly all, the subjects of his pencil. It is known what a rare and enviable faculty he had of preserving a striking likeness, while he always made his copy when the original was in the mood most fitting for transmission to posterity. In other words, his paintings were always like, yet always flattered. You saw at once the resemblance, but you saw also that it was taken at the precise moment when he or she looked most dignified or most beautiful. There is no female portrait of his in existence that you can pronounce to be the portrait of an ugly woman, or one you can consider as that of an ungraceful man. We rejoice that the productions of his elegant and powerful pencil are about to be brought together in a cheap and agreeable form; and have no doubt that public patronage will amply recompense Messrs. Hodgson and Graves, by whom they have been collected. The first part contains a portrait of the King, "in his habit as he lived," when the weighty state habiliments were flung aside;—the portrait of Donna Maria; and the delicious gem, "The Children of Mr. Calmedy." They are ably engraved in mezzotinto; and of a size not too small for framing, although principally designed for the portfolio.

Recollections of the Italian Opera; by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Drawn on Stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.

Mr. Lane remains unequalled as a copiest in lithography. These examples are among the best he has produced. The work has little interest for us; but will doubtless much gratify the admirers of the "great Lablache," the superb Grisi, and the graceful Taglioni, whose full-length portraits it contains.

Heath's Drawing-Room Portfolio.

The taste and judgment of Mr. Charles Heath are unquestionable. We doubt, however, if he has displayed them in this work, as he has in others. The Portfolio contains six fine prints—at a price of startling cheapness—of a size much larger than those which ornament his "Book of Beauty;" but the subjects are such as would have told just as well if limited to a smaller space. We understand Mr. Heath is preparing several works for the "Annual" season—and report speaks of them as more than likely to sustain for him the high reputation he has acquired.

THE DRAMA.

SUMMER nominally commences at a particular period of the year, and so does the Opera season ; but we have no assured sense of the presence of the one, until we have basked in the delicious sunshine, or shuddered in the thunder-storm—nor do we feel that the Opera has really opened until we have “ listened to the voice of love” in the notes of the inspired Grisi, and encountered the full force of that tempest of music which is created by the “ marvellous and awful voices” of the great trio, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. These admirable performers made their appearance on the same evening, and brought the summer with them—making “ a sunshine in the shady place.” The opera selected for their introduction was *La Gazza Ladra*. Its performance was perfectly electrical, upon an audience crowded to a degree that set Opera rules and established etiquette at defiance. There is no perceptible change in the powers of either of these accomplished artists. A change for the better was scarcely to be wished for or conceived—an alteration for the worse is all that need be dreaded—some years hence. Let posterity take care of itself. No diminution of sweetness or of strength is yet desirable, and all who love music should enjoy it while they may. *Norma* has since been performed ; an opera which, we venture to think, has not yet received full justice at the hands of musical authorities. It is certainly one of the very best of poor Bellini’s compositions. Grisi sings and plays divinely in it—and yet we own that our delight is not quite unalloyed, from a sense that the whole outline of the character is not entirely filled up by the genius of the performer, a genius whose wings are rather the dove’s than the eagle’s. We listen, and all seems faultless. When the sound has ceased, we feel that something was wanting ; and at the conclusion—is it criminal to say to *oneself* (not daring to whisper the wish in another’s ear)—“ Ah ! we should have had Pasta here ?” But Dance hath her Grisi, as well as Song ; a sister of the enchantress has bounded from the wing, and added new graces to the name by every movement. She has much natural grace, and skill of no common cast. She dances as though she enjoyed it, or could not help it ; and without that, the utmost loveliness set in motion is but the ingenuity of an automaton. There can be no delight to the spectator, if the effort to please and the sense of difficulty are apparent in the twirl that is to transport us. Madlle. Carlotta Grisi only requires just so much additional skill and practice as will give precision to her sudden and rapid movements, to render her unrivalled by all but Taglioni.

We have been indulged with the glimpse of a new grace at Drury-lane, in the shape of a new *Juliet*. From what we had seen and heard of the accomplishments of Miss Vandenhoff, (a daughter of the tragedian,) we looked with more than ordinary interest to the balcony from which, for the first time, she was to shine forth sun-like to the vision of Romeo. We watched that scene, word by word, and lost no whisper of it—we listened with equal curiosity to the scene in which the word “ banishment” rings the knell of happiness in the ears of the hapless creature ; and these two trial-scenes convinced us that the applauses of the audience were but the promise of a bright career of popularity. Miss Vandenhoff’s Juliet, a character with which her age and personal charms entirely identify her, was the dawn of a rich and brilliant personification. It was sweet and delicate in its feeling, and had no other defects than those of youth and inexperience. We regret that we have had no opportunity of seeing it ; but under the disadvantage of the timidity of a first appearance, though quite successful, she played but one night, her father having chosen to withdraw her, in consequence of some disingenuousness (as we have heard) on the part of the manager. It was, “ as though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.” To atone for the loss of a *Juliet*, we have been favoured with a new *Lady Macbeth*, in the person of Mrs. Sharpe, from America. In this lady’s performance we saw only the “ flesh and blood” of the character ; her “ organ of ideality,” we suspect, is

not sufficiently developed for such a part. She has ability that may be better employed in flights not so essentially depending upon abstract and imaginative qualities. We need not now remark upon the nobleness of Mr. Macready's delineation of Macbeth. It is indeed a great performance; and the last act is so transcendently fine, as to present a picture of the terrible which can never pass from the memory. The lovers of the drama will be delighted to hear that this admirable actor has undertaken to portray a new character; one in whose lineaments the attributes of the god-like and the human are blended with a subtlety and truth hardly surpassed in any specimen of the Greek or English drama. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's *Ion* is to be produced by Macready on his benefit night. The effort is as worthy of his ambition as it is honourable to his taste.

The little theatre in the Strand has at last obtained a legal right to a money-taker, and a company of comedians. We hope the office of the first will be no sinecure, for we cannot doubt that the exertions of the second will be well directed by the new lessees; to wit, Mr. J. W. Hammond, a lively and agreeable comedian from Liverpool, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold, a dramatist, who is henceforth to be known as a tragedian also. Mr. Jerrold has made his first appearance upon the stage in a new "burletta of serious interest" from his own pen, called *The Painter of Ghent*. It is simply a dramatic scene, but it is written in a masterly spirit, and evinces higher powers than any previous production of his; although, from the imperfectness of the actors on the first night, there was some obscurity in the story. Mr. Jerrold's acting quite justified his attempt. It was faulty and unfinished enough as regards action and management of the voice, but it was marked by strong intellect and quick sensibility.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting, the first part of a paper by Mr. Prestwich, on the coal-field of Colebrook-dale, was read. In this memoir, minute descriptions were given of the several formations composing the district, but the author stated that it would have been impossible for him to have determined the relative ages of those which constitute the most ancient portions of the district, if they had not been previously examined by Mr. Murchison, in connexion with the geological survey of the border-counties of England and Wales, on which that gentleman has been engaged for several years.

The points of principal interest referred to are the seams of coal and the associated layers of iron-stone. Of the former, some pits present 24 beds, others only 11, the total thickness varying from fifteen to seven yards; and of the latter, the number of layers in some pits is two, in others seven. A point of great scientific interest, also described in the memoir, is the variation in the characters of the organic remains of this coal-field, not only with respect to their number and specific differences, but to the habits of the animals by which they were formed. In the greater number of the beds the fossils belong exclusively to terrestrial plants and fresh-water shells, but in some almost entirely to marine testacea and other inhabitants of the sea. These curious phenomena alternate several times, and in reasoning upon them, Mr. Prestwich dissented from the supposition, advanced by some geologists, that the district was raised above the level of the sea, and again depressed as many times as the fresh-water remains alternate with the marine. On the contrary, he conceived that the existence in the same system of beds of animals of so very different habits may be simply accounted for by supposing that the coal-measures were accumulated in an estuary liable to freshes from a river of considerable size.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

A paper was read "On the Statistics of the Kingdom of Saxony, compiled from various authentic documents," by Mr. Preston, assistant secretary to the society; from which it appears, that our continental neighbours, acting upon the system of Bureaucratic, possess much greater facilities for obtaining authentic statistical information than ourselves, and that in no other country is the science practically cultivated with so much zeal and assiduity as throughout the whole of Germany, which may be ascertained by an inspection of the works of many eminent German writers on the subject. The administrative division of the Saxon dominions is confined to four great circles—the localities of which are Dresden, Leipzig, Zwickau, and Bautzen, otherwise Bridissin. The total population of the kingdom amounted, in July, 1832, to 1,558,153 persons, and in December, 1834, to 1,595,668; being an increase in the ratio of nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or 1 per cent. per annum. The number of cities and towns is 141; of villages, hamlets, &c. 3501; and of houses, 209,122. Of the cities and towns, 4 contain above 10,000 inhabitants; 26, above 4000; 92, above 1000; and 19, less than 1000. The total area of the kingdom is 271,676 German square miles (about 5000 English square miles), and the average number of inhabitants to each square mile is 5873: the average proportion of the inhabitants of towns to the rural population is as 1000 to 2108; of males to females, 1000 to 1058. There are 351,723 householders, 555,624 married couples, 11,213 ditto living separate, and 1,028,831 unmarried. On referring to the tables, which are numerous, and very clearly arranged, it appears that, in 1834, the births exceeded the deaths by 13,122; that there are more male children annually born than female; the average proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births is 1 in 6·7; the greatest number of births took place in March, and the least in February: in regard to sex, the maximum of male children born was in March, and of female in September. Of deaths, the proportion was something more than 3 per cent.; the greatest mortality occurring among children under one year old: the greatest monthly mortality was in March, and the least in November; the maximum for males being in April, and that for females in March. On the subject of education, it appears that there are two royal provincial schools, containing 248 scholars: twelve gymnasia, and similar schools, containing 1613; and seven normal, containing 223. There are 2039 national schools, with 2695 teachers and 274,305 pupils, being an average of 102 scholars to each teacher. A comparison of the whole number of persons receiving education with the entire population gives a proportion of about one in six, or 178 in every 1000 individuals. These details were rendered further interesting by a variety of data, showing comparisons of the state of education, not only in other parts of Germany, but also in other countries. Having shewn the state of education in the Saxon dominions, Mr. Preston gave an analysis of the state of crime with reference to education, so far as the returns for a single year (1832) would enable him to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, from which it appears that the number of persons accused was 7492; of whom were punished, 3844, or more than one-half. The average number of persons receiving education for the entire country was 178·31 in every 1000; and, in like manner, the average number of persons accused for various offences was as 4·83 in 1000. Mr. Preston stated, that an analysis of some valuable and important statistical documents respecting France, which is intended to form the first part of a more extended series by the French minister of commerce, had been prepared for the use of the society—[this analysis has been arranged by Mr. P. for publication in the first part of a volume of their Transactions]—and, also, that a work on the statistics of Italy is in course of preparation by Count Serristori of Florence. These will form another link to the chain connecting the statistics of foreign countries, which must at all times constitute a chief desideratum as part of that general and comprehensive system of statistical inquiry and research contemplated by the institution of this society, and which it is its object to encourage.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting, a memoir was read by S. Earnshaw, Esq., St. John's College, "On the Integration of the Equation of Continuity of Fluids in Motion;" also a memoir by Professor Miller, on the measurements of the axes of optical electricity of certain crystals. This memoir contained various determinations, from which it appears that the law concerning the connexion of the crystalline and the optical properties of crystals suggested by Professor Neumann, namely, that the optical axes are the axes of crystalline simplicity, is false; but that it is true, in many of the cases hitherto examined, that one of the optical axes coincides with the axis of a principal crystalline zone. Afterwards, Mr. Webster, of Trinity College, made some observations on the periodical and occasional changes of the height of the barometer, and on their connexion with the changes of temperature arising from the seasons and from the condensation of aqueous vapour.

VARIETIES.

State of the Country.—One of the annual returns recently printed, bears valuable testimony to the thriving condition of the country. The quantity of tea imported in 1834 was 33,649,000 lbs.; in 1835 it was 41,190,000 lbs. The tea entered for home consumption in 1834 was 34,982,000 lbs.; in 1835 it was 36,606,000 lbs. The revenue yielded by tea in 1834 was 3,590,000*l.*; and in 1835 it was 3,837,000*l.* The revenue, therefore, has gained a quarter of a million; and if we assume the fall on the retail price to be 1*s.* per pound on an average since the trade was opened, the saving to the consumers will be 1,800,000*l.* In tobacco, the luxury of the poor, there is an increased consumption of nearly one million of pounds weight, or about one-21st part. The home consumption of cotton wool has increased from 308,600,000 lbs. to 333,000,000 lbs. In foreign sheep's wool the consumption has increased from 40,840,000 lbs. to 43,186,000 lbs., or about one-20th part. Even in sugar, though consumption has been checked by the rise of price, there is a small augmentation. The quantity entered for home use in 1834 was 4,414,000 cwts.; and in 1835 it was 4,466,000 cwts. In raw silk the quantity entered for home use has increased from 3,346,000 lbs. to 4,151,000 lbs. In the rum entered for home use there is a small increase, and in brandy a small decrease. The latter is easily accounted for by the growing consumption of the article called British brandy. In hemp the increase is from 666,000 cwts. to 686,000 cwts. In coffee there is a small diminution, equal to one-50th part, owing no doubt, to the fall in the price of the tea. In the exports of British produce and manufactures, the declared value was 36,532,000*l.* in 1834, and 41,350,000*l.* in 1835, an increase of no less than one-eighth part in a single year. The larger imports of wool, cotton, silk, and hemp indicate the activity of our manufactures; the great increase of the exports shows the prosperous state of our foreign trade; and the additional consumption of tea, sugar, and tobacco is good evidence of the improved circumstances of the working classes.—*Scotsman.*

Reduction of Taxes.—The amount of taxes repealed or reduced in the customs in 1831 was, in estimated gross produce, 1,070,991*l.*; in 1832 it was 256,705*l.*; in 1833 it was 349,147*l.*; in 1834 it amounted to 307,364*l.*; and in 1835, 310,030*l.*, giving a total of 2,007,187*l.* The amount of taxes imposed during the same period was 666,653*l.* The gross amount for the same time in the excise was 4,120,400*l.*, and of taxes imposed 181,000*l.* The amount of reduction in the stamp department was 31,618*l.*, and of such duties imposed 21,550*l.*

The average number of convicts employed at Portsmouth and in the Eastern yards, in the six months ending July, 1835, was 2788; in the six

months ending January in the present year, the number was reduced to 2186, of whom 810 were in Portsmouth Harbour, and the remainder at Woolwich and Chatham. The expense for the last half-year upon these convicts is called 18,518*l.*, and their earnings are set down at 12,796*l.* The number of convicts at Bermuda is 1038, the expense of whom, for the six months ending 30th June last, was 13,403*l.*, while their earnings for the same period is called 16,869*l.*; nothing, however, is taken into account for expense of military guards, or the wear and tear of the ships they live in.

The receipts of the British Museum last year were 19,603*l.* 8*s.* 0*½d.*, of which the public money voted by parliament amounted to 17,796*l.*; the payments for the year were 19,076*l.* 4*s.* 6*½d.*, leaving a balance of 527*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* The estimated expenditure for the present year is 23,000*l.*; the difference between the estimate and the actual expenditure of last year was little more than 70*l.* There is in the present a special item of 2,000*l.* for the purchase of manuscripts, and another of 500*l.* towards making moulds of Elgin marbles. The principal item in which there is an increase this year is in salaries to the minor officers and servants, which is attributed chiefly to an increase in the number of assistants and attendants, and to a provision for an increased number of copyists for the purpose of furnishing the public in the reading rooms with a complete catalogue of the printed books, within the current year. Of the special parliamentary grant of 6,006*l.* to purchase Egyptian antiquities, 5,081*l.* 16*s.* has been expended. The number of visitors of the general collection last year was 289,104.

Oxford and Cambridge.—From the calendars of these universities it appears that Cambridge has a majority of 313 members over her sister Isis; the numbers respectively being 5467 and 5154. Cambridge has increased 69 on the preceding year.

The New Post-Office Convention.—The negotiations between the Post-office authorities of Paris and London have at length been brought to a close. It is agreed on both sides that newspapers and all other stamped publications exchanged between the two countries shall be charged a postage of one half-penny in England, and of four centimes in France, the half-penny being as near as possible equivalent to the four centimes paid on French papers circulating in France. Thus, in lieu of 2*d.* now paid in England, and 10 sous (5*d.*) paid in France, in all 7*d.*, on a newspaper coming from England to France, and *vice versa*, the trifle of one halfpenny will be charged on both sides of the water, making the whole postage amount to 1*d.* on an English or a French newspaper destined for either country. The convention is to begin to have effect two months after its date, that is, towards the end of May or beginning of June.

The fifth report of the committee on public petitions contains a statement of the petitions presented to the House of Commons this session, to the 10th of March inclusive. The total number of petitions presented to that date was 405; and the question on which the greatest number have been presented is the additional duty on spirit licenses, the petitions against which amount to 83, and the signatures to 11,905. The petitions for inquiry into the present state of agricultural distress are 41, with 13,326 signatures; for the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers 16, with 5750 names attached: and in favour of Mr. Buckingham's claim 62, with 15,843 signatures. The number of petitions on any other question does not exceed 20.

The amount of deposits in Savings-banks is said to be on the increase all over the country. By the annual report which is just out, of the institution in Liverpool street, Moorfields, it appears that in 1835 there was an increase of 1294 open accounts. On the making up of the books, in November last, there existed a balance in hand of 491,185*l.* due to 20,908 depositors. Of these, the balances exceeding 50*l.* each were only 2965, while those under 50*l.* each were 17,948; of these 13,379 averaged only about 5*l.*, while the

average of those exceeding 50*l.* was 90. The general average of each depositor is about 23*l.* Since the re-opening of this bank in December, after the computation of the interest, there has been an increase in the deposits, up to the 26th of February, of 21,463*l.*; in the same period of the previous year the interest was only 10,652*l.*

The average produce of the timber duties in the three years ending 1833 was 1,237,000*l.*; namely, on timber, 448,000*l.*; deals, 523,000*l.*; and other sorts, 266,000*l.*

Railways.—It appears that there have been presented to the House fifty-seven petitions for railways involving an estimated outlay of upwards of twenty-eight millions; founded on these petitions thirty-two bills have been introduced, and read a first time; also, that to these petitions there appear 36,978 assents, 6,575 dissents, and 7,475 neutrals. As, however, it is notorious that the estimates of expected cost given in at the first stage of proceedings in bills of this description are frequently inaccurate, it is probable that, in reality, an outlay exceeding by many millions the sum here stated is involved in these different undertakings. The immense amount of national capital which is thus proposed to be embarked, as well as the great sacrifices which various landed proprietors or occupiers, whose property may be affected by the proposed schemes, must be called upon to make, render the decision which Parliament may ultimately make upon these various bills a matter of the utmost national importance.

A small pamphlet on the subject of Marine Insurance, by Mr. Bischoff, which has just issued from the press, places the impolicy of making it a subject of taxation in a very striking light. Its average amount for the years 1815 to 1817, both inclusive, was 324,399*l.*, when the exports of British produce and manufacture amounted to 36,229,034*l.*; but when the exports had advanced to 61,721,599*l.*, which was the average from 1831 to 1833, the produce of the tax had fallen off to 228,701*l.* The years 1831 to 1833 have been fixed upon, as the tax was altered in 1834. Such facts need no comment.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

THE consumption of oxen in Paris during 1834 was 68,408, of cows 15,290, of calves 60,237, and of sheep 306,227. A curious observer on these subjects has ascertained the annual consumption of the above articles of food for the seventeen years from 1760 to 1777, and calculated that the average was 66,784 oxen, 20,977 cows, 107,945 calves, and 332,920 sheep. The number of oxen killed in 1834 was greater than in the above average, but this was not the case with respect to the cows, calves, and sheep. In fact, there was an increase of 1624 oxen, while there was a decrease of 5687 cows, 47,708 calves, and 26,694 sheep. The consumption of butchers' meat in London is much more considerable than at Paris. According to statements given, it amounts annually to 150,000 oxen, 50,000 calves, 700,000 sheep, and 250,000 lambs. It is observable, that the consumption of meat in Paris has not augmented in proportion to the increase of its population, which may be judged of by the following figures:—In 1760, there was in Paris 3787 marriages, 17,991 births, 18,531 deaths, and 5031 foundlings. In 1834, there were 8094 marriages, 19,119 births, 23,015 deaths, and 9987 foundlings.

During 1835 there were ordained in France 1907 priests, 1719 deacons, and 1697 sub-deacons. There were 7122 theologians and 2399 philosophers. During 1834 the ordinations were 2039 priests, 1721 deacons, and 1684 sub-deacons. There were 7417 theologians, and 2162 philosophers. In 1835 the number of students in the minor seminaries was 14,799, and in 1834 it was 13,825.

The total population of Spain amounts to 10,043,968, of which 60,240 are priests; 40,270 are monks; 22,337 nuns; 478,736 nobles; 276,099 merchants, peasants, &c.

French Colonies.—The population of Martinique amounts to 114,260, of which 97,767 are slaves; of Guadeloupe, 124,849, of which 99,039 are slaves; of the isle of Bourbon, 70,478 slaves, and 30,651 free people,—of the latter, in 1834, 2404 were Indians; of Guiana (Française), 2970 free people, and 11,321 slaves. The population of the country occupied by the French establishment on the Indus consists of 1199 Europeans, 159,901 Indians; and the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon contain a population of 905 free people. The number of the troops composing the colonial garrisons is—in Martinique, 2053; in Guadeloupe, 2080; in Bourbon, 571; Senegal, 435, and only 9 in the Indus. The revenue of Martinique is 2,192,717 francs; of Guadeloupe, 2,081,621, and of Bourbon, 1,830,000. The English East India Company pays France 1,000,000 francs per annum for certain immunities. Upon the funds, French Guiana receives 525,000 francs; Senegal, 250,000; St. Pierre and Miquelon, 105,000; and St. Marie of Madagascar, 90,000; and about 30,000 francs are expended in France for the centralised service of the colonies. The navigation of France with her colonies occupies one-fifth of the number of men engaged in trading with the foreigner. The tonnage of the trades is in a ratio of 49 to 18, the tonnage of the colonial trade being about two-fifths of the foreign. The importation into France from the colonies in 1833 amounted to the value of 6,436,450 francs, and the exportation to the colonies from France to 43,714,950 francs. But it should be borne in mind, that this, being only the nominal value set upon the merchandise, is much under the actual.

Of the 200,000,000 lbs. of sugar consumed by France annually, beet-root already supplies 80,000,000 lbs., whereas in 1828 beet-root supplied not more than 16,000,000.

By accounts from Rio Janeiro we learn that the total export of coffee during 1835 was 621,023 bags, being an increase over that of 1834 of 81,916 bags. The consumption of flour during the year had exceeded 100,000 lbs.

The numbers of letters annually refused or not called for and left in the Post-office at Paris amounts, upon an average of the last six years, to 1,800,000, and 200,000 in the country Post-offices alone. The remittances of money not called for are in number 2300, and in amount of value 22,000 francs a year. The number of Post-offices previous to 1830 was only between 1400 and 1500, but has been increased to 2205.

That the nationally honourable and useful collections made by individuals may not be dissipated and lost to the public, the Government of France have secured the library of the late Baron Cuvier, and the Egyptian manuscripts of the late M. Champollion, jun., at the respective costs of 72,000 and 52,000 francs.

A Russian writer has recently published a view of all known languages and their dialects; according to which, there are 937 Asiatic, 587 European, 226 African, and 1,264 American languages and dialects.

In a foundry in Germany, it has lately been discovered that by producing an evaporation of the chlorine in making cast iron of the second or third quality, an iron of the first quality is produced. This new process has been tried in the forges of the Bes Rhin with complete success. The value and importance of this discovery cannot fail to be appreciated by all iron-masters.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WHILE the Agricultural Committees are prosecuting their inquiries into the causes of distress, that distress, which resolves itself almost wholly into a low price of one description of grain, is in a degree mitigated. The imperial average of wheat, which was, in the week ending Feb. 5, 1l. 19s. 7d., is, in the week ending April 8, 2l. 7s. 7d., an increase of nearly 25 per cent. And it is the opinion of very many of the most intelligent men that the price will still advance, although the market seems reluctant. They say the stocks are greatly reduced, and must be much more so, by the application of the grain to so many purposes for which it has not hitherto been employed. *They say* that the breadth sown this year is nothing like that sown last; *they say* that merchants are already disposed to speculate; *they say* that the growing corn does not look as well as usual, owing to the wet, and subsequent frosts; and they assume that the harvest will be late. These are the various facts and surmises by which the price is to be sustained, if sustained it can be; now let us take them in their order.

We doubt whether much land be diverted from its regular course of tillage, first, because, where there are covenants, it is all but impracticable, and we suspect the instances are comparatively few where landlords submit the cultivation of their estates to the caprice of the tenant: few farmers would throw out of course their whole system, simply to guard against a chance of low prices in one article. In the next place, wheat, upon an average crop, is almost sure to pay more than barley; and as the price of the latter commodity has been high, simply because the supply has been short, the augmentation of the barley growth to any considerable extent would annihilate all the promised advantage. Touching the supposed mercantile speculations, the time is somewhat late. If merchants had been disposed to calculate the chances of a rise, those chances lay under their observation just as much at the close of last, and the beginning of the present year, as now; and the article was then at so reduced a rate, there could be no probability of a lower fall. Yet they did not speculate; and why? Because the last three years had evidenced the fact incontrovertibly, that the supply was equal to the demand. Is that appearance altered by any subsequent occurrence of sufficient magnitude to influence the calculator, and to counterbalance the rise of 25 per cent. at which (to speak at the least) we must now purchase? We see nothing but the increased consumption of wheat; and perhaps what is more operative, *pro tempore*, the effect of opinion upon buyer and seller. For the late rise, after all, is more owing to a short supply of the markets, occasioned by the farmer being engaged in barley sowing, and attention to his lambs and stock—in short, in out-door occupations—and by his preferring to thresh his barley, than to any ascertained exhaustion of the stock of wheat. But the plain question is, does there exist any proof, derived from the transactions of the metropolitan and provincial markets, that there is any speculation—that is, to any effectual degree—going forward? We have heard of nothing to indicate any such employment of capital; or, if there be any such direction, it is said to be invested in foreign corn warehouses abroad, as the more profitable chance of the two. But, in the present call for money, both immediate and in prospect, for the railway speculations alone, there seems to be abundantly more employment than can easily be satisfied. We therefore doubt altogether this cause of a rise; more indeed, we are ready to allow, from general reasoning, than any special acquaintance with the particular facts. Another and strong reason is, the opinion which is universally received, that the application of skill and capital has vastly extended, and is daily extending the culture of the north of England, of Scotland, and more especially of Ireland. The introduction of the bone manure has been shown, in an article in a late "Edinburgh Review," to have produced extraordinary effects in increasing the production of certain soils; and some of the most intelligent witnesses examined before the Agri-

cultural Committees have borne testimony to the same fact. Most of the wold land of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, it was stated, which has lately borne the finest possible crops, would have been wholly out of corn culture, but for the efficacy of this manure. To this we may add another fact or two, which have not yet, we believe, obtained any public notice. In the neighbourhood of the cities and large towns of the districts, where artificial assistance to counteract the natural barrenness of the soil is most required, the collection of manure *upon the roads* is become not only a regular, but a large and thriving trade. Children are despatched from every village with barrows or donkey carts, and their accumulations are, in the aggregate, enormous. This gives great aid to the preparation of composts, and certainly increases the east of the neighbouring lands in an invaluable proportion. The other fact—and we deem it a most important one—is, that almost the entire pauperism, and with it the idleness of the country, is absorbed, and no small amount of additional labour is thus directed to husbandry. This will add much to the general production. And as we do not confine our survey to a term of months, we may point out that there can be little doubt that the Report of the Irish Commissioners, which recommends the reclamation of Irish waste lands, and their cultivation by public assistance, will, ere long, be acted upon. This must gradually, and not very slowly, augment to an indefinite extent the quantities of corn grown, part of which, in the first instance, will find its way to England. The manufacturing prosperity, which ought to promise an increase of the consumption of bread corn—though it may, and does perhaps so act—yet decreases that consumption by the substitution of meat, which the artizan, when sufficiently provided with money, never fails to prefer. These are fresh and new effects.

When we examine the condition of the growing crop we see little, or rather no cause for apprehension of failure. The frosts which succeeded the rains of March, and the early part of this month, accompanied almost always by cold winds, have not deteriorated the wheats to the degree that might reasonably have been anticipated. On the contrary, the few warmish days which even now (April 22) have shone out, have restored the colour, and the shoot has been manifest. The reaction, should it please Providence to grant us seasonable weather, will, we are persuaded, be found equal very soon to bring the vegetation to its customary state; and perhaps when there is stored in the ground so much of the nourishment of the plant, waiting only to fulfil its natural purpose—for the warm beams of May, when the check given to the destructive insects by this last year, a check not experienced for the preceding three winters—when these circumstances are taken into consideration, we see not the smallest reason to calculate upon any deficiency to be occasioned by the backwardness of the spring. Whether the coming on of harvest be, or be not protracted, belongs much more to the months which are to come, than to those which are past. One month of really bright weather, co-operating with the moisture with which the earth is now saturated, would probably place the whole growth in a better and more luxuriant, and of course a more forward condition, than has appertained to the previous springs in which moisture, the prime agent next to heat, has been wanting.

While, then, we cannot perceive any real foundation for the belief of a large further rise of price, we are not indisposed to think that the present rates may be firmly sustained, and even a little advanced. For, we repeat, opinion is very powerful in these cases. The larger demands, too, on the farmer are satisfied, and he has little, except for labour, to expend. His poor-rates are greatly decreased, and the audits both of landlords and parsons are over; he may therefore, unless in extreme cases, choose his opportunities for going to market: while the general belief which prevails, notwithstanding the late clamour, that distress is not so urgent, has placed agriculture in rather better credit with bankers than heretofore. These are all favourable signs, and will we suspect do more, in connexion with the general prosperity of the country, to advantage the farmer, than all the

Central Association and the Parliamentary Committees can effect; nothing, indeed, is anticipated from their efforts.

We have said little concerning the evidence contained in the first Report made to Parliament, because we consider it to be too partial to afford a very wide, comprehensive, or just view. Fifteen persons are named as having been examined before the Committee of the Commons. The most valuable parts of the evidence are tables of prices and quantities at different periods; but it is not within our present scope to enter upon the particulars, which, when we have the whole before us, it is our intention to abstract. We may however say, that the existing results only confirm the natural view of the case, that the main agents are demand and supply. The evidences are of a most respectable class of persons, of large experience, and from various districts—chiefly, however, those near London.

When we come to examine the state of the market, which affords the only absolute test of opinion, it will be seen that present appearances bear out our reasoning. Though at so early a period the markets are really, as the phrase goes, "Weather markets," that is, affected from week to week by the casual appearances of the skies. Thus in Mark Lane on the 18th, in spite of reports from the cold low lands of an injured plant, prices receded; and opinions have been expressed by the best-informed of the journals connected with agriculture, that wheat must neither be expected to rise nor fall above or below 45s. for the best red, and 50s. for the best white qualities. These judgments are based on the general belief that the supply has equalled, and will fully equal, the demand. The latest appearances of the barley and malt trade are languid and receding. Oats are a little on the rise; beans and peas are steady, both as to price and demand.

Mr. Robinson's proposal to grind the foreign corn in granary here, and export it as flour or biscuit, could it be complied with, would open an advantageous trade for the British miller; but the execution of the project seems environed with difficulties. To prevent the introduction of British corn would require extreme vigilance: and probably the appointment of particular mills only, under the supervision of officers of the Customs or Excise. It does not, therefore, seem likely to be carried into effect. The opening of the New Islington Cattle-Market is a much more important circumstance for the grazier and agriculturist. While the ample divisions, judicious arrangements for the care, feeding, and sale of the stock, promise great advantages, the avoidance of driving through London, and all the inconveniences of the contracted space of Smithfield, must preclude the loss of weight and appearance, hitherto so detrimental. A very large number of cattle-dealers, land-owners, and farmers, have published their determination to support the Islington Market; and there can be no question as to its superiority and success. When the railways shall have given the last facility to the conveyance of beasts, sheep, and pigs, it is probable that the metropolis will be better supplied than even the provinces, and the prices will range accordingly. A few years will produce a most extraordinary change in these particulars—a change, indeed, not to be anticipated by any calculation.

The barley sowing has been successfully concluded upon all but the heaviest and wettest soils; upon the lighter it was, perhaps, never better got in, and we have seen some up, and in very vigorous growth. The grass experiences, and responds to the few warmer days. The turnips, though now all but exhausted, have held out better than was expected; and the grass-lands will soon give their customary supply—more, indeed, than for the last two or three seasons—should the weather shine out brilliantly.

There is nothing new in the stock markets; meat is a little on the advance.

Prices of grain in the market of April 18:—English wheat, from 42s. to 56s.; barley, from 28s. to 38s.; oats, from 23s. to 27s.

Imperial averages on April 8:—Wheat, 47.7; barley, 37.4; oats, 21.9; rye, 30.3; beans, 35.6; peas, 36.1.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Degeneracy of the Potatoe.—With respect to the potatoe, nature seems clearly to have made provision for the permanent health as well as for the productiveness of her own offspring, in the seed contained in the berry which the plant produces from its stalks; and consequently, by our endeavouring to perpetuate any particular sort of potatoe, by continually cutting and planting its tubers, it is reasonably to be expected that we shall injure its general properties and powers, and thus gradually render it less fit for food, and more liable to disease. Extensive observation has fully satisfied me that the taint by far more frequently attacks the long cultivated and more delicate sort of potatoes than any others; the former I conceive, because their vegetative powers have become enfeebled and disordered by a long course of treatment opposed to nature; and the latter, because the very delicacy of their constitution renders them more liable than the hardier sorts to disease. It will follow that, in order to be as certain of obtaining as good a crop of potatoes as it is possible to be, the ground, before being planted, should be thoroughly pulverized: the manure should be well fermented; the sets should be whole potatoes, and never deprived of their first shoots, nor allowed to ferment: and lastly, that a constant succession of new sorts should be raised from the berries of the old ones. The newly-raised sorts would doubtless admit of being cut with safety for several years, and would be but little affected by other external injuries, unless peculiarly delicate, as they would possess all the health and vigour of a plant propagated according to Nature's laws. By attending to these few suggestions, the experience of several years of extensive observations warrants me in saying, that a full crop of potatoes may, under all ordinary circumstances of the weather, at all times be secured.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

Agriculture of France.—The annual public meeting of the Central Agricultural Society of France was held on Saturday, at the Hôtel de Ville; M. Passy, Minister of Commerce, in the chair. The attendance was numerous and highly respectable. M. Soulange Bodin, Vice-Secretary, in reporting the labours of the Society during the past year, dwelt upon the ameliorations introduced into agriculture, and almost every branch of rural economy, by the efforts of the Society, the prizes it confers, and the encouragement it holds out. The culture of beet-root and the manufacture of native sugar, the propagation of mulberry trees and silkworms, the breed of sheep and production of wool, the turning to account of communal lands and forest plantations, are the principal points upon which the report expatiated. It showed that the propagation of silk-worms, formerly confined to the South of France, was extending to the centre and the North, and that the climate of the country situated to the north of the Loire does not, as far as could be judged from the experiments already made, present any real obstacle to the extension of this productive branch of industry. On the beet-root sugar question the report expressed apprehension that if a tax were laid on the sugar at the present moment, it would greatly impede this important branch of industry; whereas, if it were left unfettered for some time, it would take a wide development, and become an abundant source of national wealth. This view of the subject seemed to meet with universal assent, as the statement was received with applause. A circumstance that added greatly to the interest of the meeting was the announcement of a silver medal having been adjudged to M. Lecerf, a farmer at Annaing, near Valenciennes, for having established the first, a small beet-root sugar-manufactory, in which, upon his own premises, he, with the aid of his family alone, produces 100 lbs. of sugar a day. Not being able to come to Paris to receive the mark of distinction, M. Lecerf had deputed one of his friends to receive the medal, who thanked the Society in the name of M. Lecerf, and the whole department du Nord, for the honour conferred on one of its inhabitants.

Taxed Carts.—The commissioners of assessed taxes have intimated to owners of these carts, that it is a violation of the act where their names, &c. are painted on the top or side of such vehicles; they must be upon the "back pannel," which is held to be (in most cases) the back of the box.

To destroy the Insect Tribes in Trees.—Well wash the stems and branches with a mixture of soft soap, flour of sulphur, or fish oil, and a small proportion of turpentine, or a strong decoction of tobacco water or soap suds. To prevent snails, &c., ascending trees, coal tar brushed on the bole of the tree, a foot or more from the ground, will perform wonders. The most effectual remedy for the American blight, or apple-bug (*Aphis lanigera*), is washing the knobs and excrescences (caused by the insects) with a strong solution of muriatic acid. This remedy is so clean, that it may be applied by the hands of a lady.

Kohl Rabi, or Hungarian Turnip.—This very useful agricultural and garden bulb is not so well known in the agricultural and horticultural world as it ought to be, for a more useful bulb as food for cattle, or as a garden vegetable, cannot be cultivated, the sprouts from which may be used, or the bulb mashed as a turnip. The quantity of saccharine matter it contains is superior to the Swede turnip, which it equals in hardness and its capability of withstanding the attacks of insects. This year it has been cultivated by Mr. Lance on the poor sandy soil of Bagshot-Heath district, the ground having received a dressing of the new manure prepared from night soil—the *animalized carbon*. The effects of this dressing are most satisfactory, and may be seen by the curious in agricultural or horticultural phenomena at Messrs. Gibbs and Sons, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, the same having been exhibited at the Smithfield Cattle Show.

USEFUL ARTS.

Soap from Flints.—Wonders will never cease. Mr. J. C. Sheridan, a native of Belgium, is the inventor of a process, and has obtained for it patents in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the manufacture of soap from flints. Mr. Sheridan takes the common black flint, calcined, and reduces it to powder by wet grinding; then mixes it with the caustic soda leys, or potash leys, and boils it till it attains saponification. The mixture so obtained is added to the present soap materials, after the latter have been boiled to that state when they have become soap, and are ready to be poured into the frames. The mixture, which has a detergent quality, requires to be well crutched along with the soap materials: and when thus crutched together, the result is a soap of an excellent quality. The mixture becomes intimately incorporated with the soap materials, and may be added in the proportion of from 40 to 50 parts of the mixture to 50 of the soap materials. Thus the common silex, which is obtainable at a very low price, takes the place of tallow, not purchasable under 40*l.* per ton, to the extent of nearly one-half. This invention, which promises to come into very general use, will have the effect of diminishing the consumption of tallow, and consequently rendering us, in the production of a staple commodity of the utmost importance to health and commerce, independent of the great northern Autocrat.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

New Lamp.—There has been lately erected by the active and intelligent manager of the railway company, who has also the merit of the discovery, at the head of the inclined plane in St. Leonard's depôt, a lamp of a new and admirable construction, which describes a circle of light of about thirty feet in diameter, of the apparent intensity of sunshine, showing the objects within its sphere as distinctly as those on the table of a camera obscura.

The object which the manager had in view was to enable the engine-men to have a distinct view of the inclined ropes during night, and this has been fully attained. The lamp consists of an Argand burner placed in the focus of a large speculum of a peculiar form, by which the whole light is distributed just on the space where it is required; it is computed that the light on the above space is equal to that of twenty-five to thirty similar burners in common lamps. We are told Mr. Rankine's name for it is the Conoidal lamp—probably because the light is thrown from it in the form of a cone. A lamp of this kind might, we have no doubt, be useful for other purposes: it appears to us that the largest assembly-room might be brilliantly lighted by one placed at each end of the room, and one would be sufficient to light the stage of a theatre. The cost of this one is said to be about 200*l*.; but we understand it saves an annual expense of nearly half that sum.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MARCH 29, TO APRIL 22, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

March 29.—W. C. LEE, Hastings, Sussex, grocer. C. KINDER, Little James-street, Gray's Inn-lane, coach-maker. W. FOWLES, High-street, Shoreditch, victualler. J. JONES, Shoreditch, linen-draper. T. PATTERSON, Lower John street, Golden-square, tailor. W. SMITH, Circus, America-square, Minories, merchant. E. L. IRELAND and J. C. BLYTH, Birmingham, factors. M. TARRANT, Clarence-street, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, lodging-housekeeper. W. SMITH, Liverpool, butcher. W. WILSON, Bishop's Waltham, auctioneer. J. C. JACKSON, Burslem, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer.

April 1.—S. E. MORGAN, Craven-street, Strand, boarding-house-keeper. W. GOODWIN, Lock's-fields, Walthow, retailer of beer. G. BLAYLOCK, Bishopsgate-str., linen-draper. F. LUCK, Lad-lane, lace-dealer. D. BRETHERTON, Manchester, horse-dealer. J. TAYLOR, Birmingham, victualler.

April 5.—J. MILES, Aldham, Essex, butcher. T. F. STAPLE, High-street, Southwark. J. EASLEY, Bridge-street, Southwark, coach-maker. H. CLEALL, Poole, painter. J. HOWARD, Disley, Cheshire, innkeeper. W. M. MOYES, Plymouth, coal-merchant. W. KENT, Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, cordwainer.

April 8.—T. C. HARDING, Winslow, Buckinghamshire, grocer. W. BAILLY and E. SIMMS, Deptford, chemists. J. BROWN, Little Portland-street, Marylebone, brass-founder. S. HILTON, Farnworth, Lancashire, iron-founder. F. H. WORTH, Shrewsbury, coach-builder. W. ADAMS, Canterbury, miller. J. SCHOLES and J. WHARTON, Manchester, joiners. J. DOBSON, Binbrook, Lincolnshire, draper. J. FRANCIS, Leeds, innkeeper.

April 12.—J. COX, Bradford, Yorkshire, draper. J. WILLIAMS, Strand, tailor. P. GREEN, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, agent. C. RICKABY, Chalcraft-terrace, New-cut, Lambeth, auctioneer. T. C. MATHESON, Mansell-

street, Minories, ship-owner. E. SMITH, Rochester, linen-draper. C. ORRAN, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, draper. C. MARTIN and B. WARR, Great Tower-street, wholesale cheesemongers. C. WALKER, Halkin Wharf, Lower Belgrave-place, Pimlico, wharfinger. A. FRY, Blackfriars-road, and Hereford-place, Commercial-road, hat-manufacturer. J. HEAP, Manchester, builder. A. GALLIMORE, Stone, Staffordshire, printer. S. BELCHER, Doncaster, innkeeper.

April 15.—W. WARD, Warrford-court, City, merchant. J. BROADHURST, Nantbury, Cheshire, wheelwright. W. CROFT, Preston, Lancashire, glazier. W. WINTERTON, Oakbrook, Derbyshire, grocer. T. ALLEN, Wolverhampton, silversmith. M. GRAY, Pocklington Canal-head, Yorkshire, coal-merchant. R. SMART, Flax Bourton, Somersetshire, brewer.

April 19.—F. PERKINS, High-street, Newington, cheesemonger. T. B. ATKINSON, Baker-street, Lloyd-square, jeweller. J. LAIDLAY and G. TURNER, Feltham, Middlesex, composition-candle-makers. R. ROWLATT, West Smithfield, licensed victuallers. T. YOUNG, Woolwich, victualler. S. CHIFFNEY, Wooddilton, Cambridgeshire, livery stable-keeper. T. GILES, jun., Manchester, packer. J. CARTER, Newark-upon-Trent, Nottingham, hosier.

April 22.—W. CARTER, Butler's-place, Chapel-street, Pentonville, master mariner. H. BROWN, High street, Shoreditch, cordwainer. T. DITCHBURN, White Lion-street, Cornhill, scrivener. R. NICHOLSON, Leicester-place, wine merchant. C. HOBSON, T. HOBSON, and J. WOLFENDEN, Well-o'-th'-lane Mill, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. J. SHARP, North Shields, grocer. G. A. B. FIELDING and G. A. FIELDING, Portsea, brewers. D. PUGH, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer. G. NEWMAN, Lawrence-lane, City, warehouseman.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The accounts from the seats of manufacture in Yorkshire continue very satisfactory in the main; at Leeds and Huddersfield the supplies of goods at the Halls have been large, but have been taken off as freely as they were furnished, without any diminution in price; at Bradford and Halifax there has been some little abatement of activity, in consequence of the purchases for the American Markets being now nearly completed, but still prices have not given way. The Rochdale Flannel Market is the only one that is positively dull, the manufacturers and purchasers standing out, the former for a continuance of the late quotations, the latter for a reduction of them; the smallness of the stocks on hand renders it probable, however, that the buyers will have to yield. The animation in Cotton manufactures is in some degree limited by the apprehension felt equally by the manufacturers and the wholesale dealers that the price of the raw material has reached its *maximum*, and that any alteration which might now occur would tend to the depreciation of whatever stock they had on hand. The same observation applies with even greater force to the Silk Trade. The extensive works, both public and private, which are now in course of execution, continue to give a high degree of animation to the Iron Trade. Lead has also recently been in considerable demand.

In Colonial produce, the principal transactions are in Sugars and Spirits. British Plantation Sugars have lately been in brisk demand, and within the last ten days an advance of 1s. per cwt. has taken place. By public sale recently, a parcel of new Barbadoes went off briskly at 65s. to 68s. 6d.; good strong brown Jamaica 63s. 6d. to 64s.; middling and brown mixed Barbice 63s.; the limiting quotations of the Market are 61s. 6d. for low dry brown, and 69s. for fine strong bright grocery. There has been a still greater advance in Mauritius Sugars, which range from 59s. for brown, up to 69s. for fine strong white.

The supply of East India Sugars is scanty, and prices are therefore firm; Java bringing, for yellow 34s. 6d. to 38s.; for good strong white 40s. 6d.; Siam, low to good middling white 34s. to 37s.; damp 32s. to 36s. 6d.

In Foreign Sugars there has recently been some little tendency to depression; by public sale, low to fine brown Bahia

has brought 24s. to 29s.; white 32s. to 35s. 6d.; brown to good yellow Havana 34s. 6d. to 38s.

Refined goods are in great demand both for the home market and for exportation, and within the last fortnight an advance of 1s. 6d. per cwt. has taken place; of fine goods to pass the standard for shipping, the quantity ready for delivery is small, and offers are readily made of 85s. 6d. long price, or 44s. 6d. on board, but the refiners stand out for 86s.

There has been little or nothing doing in Plantation Coffee of late, the dealers holding off for the arrival of the new crop. In East India and Foreign there is equally little demand for home consumption, but of the former, for shipping, a considerable quantity of Sumatra is taken off the Market; of this good brown has brought 43s. to 45s. 6d.

A good deal of business has been lately doing in Rum, and fine qualities are very much sought after; Jamaica, 26 to 30 over proof, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.; 36 to 37 over, 4s.; a small parcel of very superior, imported in 1830, has brought 5s. 6d.; Leeward Islands, proof to 1 over, 2s. 2d. to 2s. 2½d.; 6 over, 2s. 4d.

The Cotton Market is languid from the causes stated above; and of the large quantities lately offered by public sale, only a small proportion changed hands, the holders not being willing to submit to reduced rates. Such sales as have been made furnish the following results:—

Surat, ord. to mid. fair ...	6¼d. to 7¾d.
— fair to very good ...	8¼d. to 8¾d.
Bengal, fair	6¼d.

The April public sales of Indigo have gone off with great spirit, and an advance upon the January sales of 6d. to 9d. in good and fine shipping, and of 9d. to 1s. in ordinary qualities, has been realized.

There was some heaviness in the Silk Trade about the middle of the month; but it has since rallied, and considerable business has been done at an advance of 6d. to 1s. on all fine Italian and China qualities. The East India Company have announced 1392 bales of Bengal for sale on the 20th June, being the whole of their remaining stock.

The demand for all descriptions of Wools continues good; particularly for the lower qualities of Foreign. The public sales of Australian and Cape of

Good Hope have been well attended, and the former have brought 1s. 1d. to 2s. 9d., the latter 1s. 2d. to 1s. 5d. per lb.

Spices in general are firm in price and with a fair demand; the same may be said of Cochineal and Lac dye.

The private trade sales of Tea, which occupied from the 12th to the 19th, went off without much spirit, and at prices scarcely so good as those obtained in the March sales; of 57,300 packages offered it is estimated that one-half was bought in. The East India Company have declared 4,000,000 lbs. for sale on the 1st June; which will be succeeded by the sale of 40,000 packages by private importers; in which interest also a sale of 25,600 packages is announced for the 17th May.

The large supplies of Wheat, Barley, and Oats, of late, at Mark Lane, have given a considerable check to the advance which was going on in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather. Within the last fortnight a reduction of 3s. to 4s. per quarter has taken place in Wheat, and of 1s. in Barley; Oats, without any decided alteration in price, have been dull of sale. Beans and Peas have been steady.

The steadiness of the English Funds amid the wild speculation going on in the Share Market, is really astonishing. For weeks together scarcely a variation of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. occurs in Consols, and they are now at the precise price at which they were at the end of last month. In Exchequer Bills there is equal firmness. Bank Stock has suffered a material depression since the declaration of the dividend; attributable mainly to apprehensions of the effect of the persevering rivalry of Joint Stock Banking Associations, exempt, as they are, from that wholesome restriction upon the amount of their issues which would arise from periodical publications of their assets and liabilities, such as are furnished by the Bank of England. This Stock is now between 4 and 5 per cent. lower within the last three weeks.

In Foreign Funds little has of late been done except in Spanish and Portuguese, both of which have risen considerably in value since the beginning of the month. The triumph of Mendizabel in the Cortes, over the allied opposition of the Carlists and the Exaltados, and the open co-operation of the naval force of Great Britain with the Queen's troops, caused an advance of 5 per cent. in Active Stock, but which has since de-

clined to 3 per cent., and in Deferred and Passive in proportion. Both descriptions of Portuguese Bonds have within the same period advanced 4 per cent.

It is in Railway Shares, however, that the most eager speculation is manifested, and every day seems to give birth to some new project. Until very lately there was a continual advance in the price of almost every one of them, but within the last few days symptoms of mistrust are beginning to become apparent; still some of those which have solid pretensions to extensive utility, maintain their quotations, and even improve upon them. London and Birmingham have advanced 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Share during the month; Stephenson's Brighton are not lower than they were; Great Western, on the other hand, are about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Cheltenham and Great Western about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Share worse.

The closing prices of the principal subjects of transfer on the Stock Exchange, on the 25th, are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 210 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per cent. Reduced, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1—Three per cent. Consols, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ —Three and a Half per cent. New, 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ 16—India Stock, 250 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —India Bonds, 5 7—Exchequer Bills, 20 2—Consols for Account, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$.

SHARES.

• Anglo-Mexican, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Bolanos, 140 5—British Iron, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Canada, 38 9—General Mining, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Real Del Monte, 22 4—London and Birmingham Railway, 125 7—London and Greenwich ditto, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Southampton ditto, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Stevenson's Brighton, ditto, 18 19—Great Western ditto, 35 6—South Eastern ditto, 7 8—North Midland ditto, 13 14—London and Blackwall ditto, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —London Grand Junction ditto, 4 5.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6—Chilian, 6 per cent. 48 9—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ 3—Danish, 3 per cent. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Dutch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1—Mexican, 6 per cent. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto 1834, 6 per cent. 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Russian 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ sterling, 5 per cent. 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Spanish Active Bonds, 1834, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8—Ditto, Deferred ditto, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, Passive ditto, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

vessels on the coast of Spain.—Viscount Melbourne thought the motion directly inconsistent with every notion of public confidence and policy.—The Marquis of Londonderry said he wanted to know to what extent this country was pledged with respect to the war in Spain, and he had a right to call for that information.—Lord Melbourne said that he hoped the House would not co-operate with Don Carlos by insisting upon the production of these instructions. There was no doubt but the country had passed the strict line of neutrality. The government felt, that upon every consideration of national policy, and with regard to humanity, they were bound to put an end to the war as soon as possible.—The Marquis of Londonderry wished to ask one question of the Government, in consequence of what had fallen from the Noble Viscount. Was France a party to the new arrangements which had been entered into? After a few words from the Earl of Minto and the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Melbourne said, having refused the instructions, they would not give the contents of them.

April 19.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill. His Lordship took a review of the report of the Commissioners, and also of the enactments of the Bill stating the points on which they agreed, as well as those in which they differed from the English Act. He impressed strongly upon the House the propriety of adopting the same general principles in legislating upon the same subject for the two countries; and concluded by moving that the Bill be read a second time.—Lord Lyndhurst addressed the House at great length. His Lordship said he did not intend to oppose the second reading, but in the Committee he would submit amendments, the object of which would be the suppression of the existing Corporations, as their continuance was not required for any useful purpose. It was because the measure now recommended by the Noble Viscount, in his mind, alarmingly increased the tendency to agitation, so long witnessed with painful anxiety by most of their Lordships, that he should deeply regret such a measure should be permitted to pass through that House and become finally the law. He must say, and he would say it with the deepest regret, that if the future Municipal Corporations of Ireland come to be such, as in all probability they must be, from the principal enactments in this Bill, those Municipal Institutions must become, not as had been said by a well-known political leader “schools for agitation,” but schools for sedition; and there would be just reason to anticipate that the result of such a state of things in Ireland must be to endanger the union between the two countries, and to shake the empire to its very centre.—The Marquess of Lansdowne spoke in favour of the Bill, contending that the people of Ireland had as much right as the people of England to manage their own affairs through persons of their own choice.—After a lengthened discussion, the Bill was read a second time.

April 22.—The Marquess of Londonderry complained of a letter which had appeared in the public journals, on the affairs of Spain, and which was stated to have been written by Lieut.-General Evans.—The Earl of Winchelsea moved for a return of the persons returned by the Judges to serve the office of High Sheriffs of the different counties in Ireland, together with a list of the number of those actually appointed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

March 21.—The House resolved into a Committee on the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill, when amendments were proposed and divisions took place. The original clauses being agreed to, the House resumed.—The House then resolved into a Committee of Supply, in which the Navy Estimates were proposed and agreed to.

March 22.—Mr. F. Buxton moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the working of the apprenticeship system in the colonies, the

condition of the apprentices, and the laws and regulations affecting them which have been passed.—After a long discussion the motion was agreed to.—The House went into Committee on the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, and the clauses from 83 to the end were agreed to without a division.

March 23.—The Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill was further considered in Committee; and the schedules agreed to.—The Municipal Corporation Act Amendment Bill was read a third time, and passed; as was also the Constabulary Force (Ireland) Bill.

March 24.—Mr. Robinson brought forward his series of resolutions on the subject of the taxation of the country. They were similar to those moved by him in former sessions, especially in urging the necessity of the system of taxation, with the view of equalizing the public burdens. To accomplish this object, he maintained, that a property tax ought to be imposed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer met the resolutions with a direct negative, and expressed the hope that the Hon. Member would withdraw them. When taxes could be, they were reduced; and the principle adopted was to select such a tax for reduction as was considered most likely to afford relief to the industry of the country. As to a property tax, that he viewed as a war impost; and he was quite sure that the country would never endure it in a time of peace. After a long discussion, the motion was negatived without division.—Mr. Wyse obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the establishment of a Board of National Education and the advancement of elementary education in Ireland.

March 25.—The report of the Tithe Commutation Bill was taken into further consideration.—Mr. T. B. Lennard moved, "that it be an instruction to the Committee to insert provisions, enabling owners of lands, where there had been a compulsory commutation as regards the original owner of such lands, to re-open the valuation of successive periods of ten years, when it shall appear that the annual value (to be ascertained by valuation) of the tithes, if they had been taken in kind, for the preceding five years, after deducting twenty-five per cent., would have been one-third less than the sums annually paid on account of such composition within the same five years."—Sir R. Peel did not approve of the principle of compulsory commutation. He wished that the Noble Lord would go into the Committee, to afford them the opportunity of discussing such objections to the details as could be made. He would give his honest support to the Government to establish a system of compulsion if this could fairly be done, but he much feared the ideas he conceived of it could hardly be removed.—Lord John Russell was favourable to the compulsory arrangement, as one calculated to do justice to all parties, and allay the feelings of the country on this important question. He had not heard that the clergymen throughout the country had complained of the measure, on the contrary he believed it was a settlement which they would be inclined to accept. At the same time he thought that the measure would not be a hardship upon the tithe payer, but, on the contrary, a very great boon to him.—After some discussion, the first twelve clauses were carried.

March 28.—The Order of the Day for the third reading of the Irish Corporations Bill was moved by Mr. O'Loughlen.—Mr. F. Shaw proposed as an amendment, that the Bill should be read a third time that day three months. After a long and animated discussion the House divided, when there appeared—Ayes, 260; Noes, 199; being a majority in favour of the third reading of 61.—The Bill was then read a third time and passed.

March 29.—Lord John Russell move for a return of a Government circular sent last year to the several Corporations, previously to their proceeding to the nomination of borough magistrates, &c.—Sir Robert Peel complained that in many towns the bias of the Government in the choice of the magistrates was manifest by the great preponderance of Whig appointments over

those of a Conservative character.—Lord John Russell said that the Government had instituted the most anxious inquiries to ascertain who were the fittest persons to be appointed; that political bias had not been allowed to sway the decisions; on the contrary, every effort had been made to mingle parties as much as possible, and that the Crown in departing from recommendations had only exercised its undoubted right.—Sir R. Vyvian charged the Government with the grossest partiality, and instanced the case of Bristol and the exclusion of Mr. Daniel as proofs of the influence of partisanship. He directed his observations particularly to Lord John Russell, whom he charged with a corrupt exercise of his office to promote the power of his party.—Mr. Bernal, Lord John Russell, and Mr. P. Thomson, rebutted the charge in strong language, declaring that if Sir R. Vyvian believed what he asserted, he ought to follow it up by an impeachment.—Lord John Russell asserted that if the Hon. Bart. did not so follow it up, he should feel that he had a right to call him a calumniator.—Sir R. Vyvian repeated his expressions; and a scene of the most angry description followed, in which several Members spoke under considerable excitement. After an extended and personal discussion, the motion was about to be put: when the Speaker said, after what had passed, he must call on the Noble Lord for assurance that no feeling of animosity towards one Hon. Member, in particular, remained in his mind.—Lord John Russell immediately stated that he had answered the remarks, and that no hostile sentiments remained in his mind.—Sir R. Vyvian also declared that all feeling of a personal nature had gone from him. The question was then put and carried.

March 30.—Sir W. Molesworth asked if the recent appointment of Lord Brudenell to the 11th Dragoons had been made with the approbation of the Secretary at War.—Lord Howick expressed his surprise that the Hon. Bart. should not have been aware that such appointments did not rest with the Secretary at War, but with the General Commanding in Chief. The Noble Lord added that he had been made aware by Lord Hill of the intention to appoint Lord Brudenell, and considered his Lordship to be the best judge of the propriety of the step.—Lord Sandon inquired whether any successor would be appointed to the office in Canton recently held by the late Lord Napier.—Lord Palmerston answered, that the Government had resolved to pause in the renewal of a successor; but this vacancy was occupied, according to the usual course, by the individual holding office immediately under Lord Napier.—The House afterwards adjourned to the 11th of April.

April 11.—The House met, pursuant to adjournment.—Lord Howick moved the Army Estimates.—Mr. Hume made several elaborate protests against some of the items, and eventually divided the Committee upon the grant for yeomanry and other volunteer corps. The numbers were—For the grant, 53; Against it, 9.

April 12.—Mr. Fwart moved for leave to bring in a Bill to provide for the equal division of landed property among the children, or next of kin, of persons dying intestate. A long discussion ensued, and eventually the House divided, when the motion was negatived by a majority of 45 to 29.

April 13.—Lord John Russell moved the committal, *pro forma*, of the Tithe Commutation Bill, and mentioned some alterations that he had been induced to make in the measure.—Sir R. Peel suggested that means should be taken to combine the attempt at voluntary arrangement with such an acquisition of local knowledge as might assist in the forming of a system of compulsion for the future.—Lord John Russell expressed himself anxious to carry the Bill this session, but declined to accede to the recommendation of the Right Hon. Bart. A long conversation ensued, and the Bill passed through Committee, *pro forma*.—The order of the day for the House going into Committee on the Mutiny Bill having been moved by Lord Howick, Major Fancourt moved that corporal punishment should be entirely abolished

in the British Army.—Lord Howick entered very elaborately into the general question of military punishments, and concluded by expressing his opinion that gentlemen who supported the motion ought, in consistency, to follow it up by voting that the army be disbanded.—Sir H. Hardinge expressed his dissent, and illustrated his remarks by a variety of interesting details. He was most anxious that corporal punishment should be resorted to as seldom as possible, but could not consent that commanding officers should be deprived of the power of inflicting it, no matter what might be the urgency of the case. After a long discussion, the House divided, when there appeared—For Major Fancourt's motion, 95; Against it, 212.

April 14.—On the motion that the Report of the Mutiny Bill be received, Mr. Lennard proposed a clause providing that flogging in the army in time of peace should be discontinued.—Lord Howick deprecated the efforts to renew the discussion, after the proceedings and decision of the previous evening.—The debate proceeded to some length, in the course of which Mr. T. Duncombe said, that he knew of certain unofficer-like and cruel conduct on the part of some colonel of a regiment.—The Hon. Member was called upon by Sir H. Hardinge and Lord Howick, not to name the individual in question to the House, but to communicate the fact to the General Commanding in Chief, in order that no time might be lost in establishing the charge, and punishing the offender.—Mr. Duncombe, however, refused to retract what he had stated, or to take any steps for his allegation. Eventually the House divided, when there appeared—For the motion, 62; Against it, 135; Majority, 73.

April 18.—Mr. P. Scrope inquired whether the Government intended to bring forward any measures regarding the poor of Ireland, founded on the recent report?—Lord John Russell said that the report was most important, and that the measures recommended in it required the most cautious consideration; but that the Government could not find it convenient to bring in any measure this Session.—On the question that the House resolve into a Committee on the Registration of Voters Bill, Mr. T. Duncombe moved that it be an instruction to the Committee to amend the 27th clause of the Reform Bill, so far as to repeal the obligation of proof being annually required that the rates had been paid in order to qualify voters.—The Attorney-General opposed the amendment, as forming no part of this Bill, and as tending to repeal a requisite test, and one that had worked well.—After some discussion, the motion was negatived, by a majority of 103.—The House afterwards went into Committee on the Bill.

April 19.—In reply to Mr. Buckingham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that it was intended to allow the publication of additional half-sheets to newspapers at a halfpenny each: but a double sheet was to be charged with double duty.—Mr. D. W. Harvey, in pursuance of notice, moved that the House be called over; after which he moved for a Committee to inquire into the Pension List.—Lord John Russell opposed the motion.—A long discussion ensued, and eventually the House divided. The numbers were—For the motion, 146; against it, 216.

April 20.—Mr. P. M. Stewart brought forward his promised motion for an address to the Throne for the appointment of a diplomatic agent at Cracow, and for the adoption of measures for the protection of British commerce in Turkey, and on the shores of the Euxine.—Sir Edward Codrington seconded the motion.—Lord Palmerston said that a diplomatic agent would shortly be despatched to Cracow.—Lord Mahon defended the Duke of Wellington's conduct with respect to the Treaty of Adrianople; and commented rather severely on the protracted absence of Lord Ponsonby from the duties of his mission, while the Turkish capital was the seat of the most important negotiations.—Sir R. Peel deprecated these continual discussions, as interfering with the duties of the Executive, and calculated to excite the very

aggressions complained of. The Right Hon. Bart. urged Mr. Stewart to withdraw his motion. Eventually, Mr. Stewart consented to withdraw his motion.

April 21.—Sir Andrew Agnew renewed his motion for leave to bring in a bill to enforce the better observance of the Sabbath. On a division, there appeared a majority of 118 in favour of the motion.—Mr. Hardy again brought forward the O'Connell and Raphael affair, connected with the Carlow election, moving that it was a high breach of privilege, &c.—Mr. O'Connell said that he considered that the report of the Committee was his shield, and that no such motion could succeed until its allegations were reversed.—Mr. R. Colborne, the Chairman of that Committee, expressed a similar opinion.—The debate occupied the whole night; and after an elaborate defence of Mr. O'Connell, by Mr. Serjeant Wilde, it was adjourned.

April 22.—The adjourned Debate on the Carlow Affair was resumed.—Mr. Serjeant Wilde, Mr. H. G. Ward, Sir C. B. Vere, Mr. Bannerman, Sir J. Y. Buller, Sir E. Wilmot, Mr. D. W. Harvey, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, opposed the original motion.—Sir Frederick Pollock supported it.—Sir J. Graham would have preferred to vote for the previous question; but as the motion of Lord John Russell had forced a general consideration of the case, he had no chance but to assent to the motion of Mr. Hardy.—Sir Robert Peel admitted that Mr. O'Connell had been fully cleared of personal corruption, but remained indisputably mixed up in a transaction involving a gross breach of Parliamentary privilege.—Mr. Roebuck opposed the original motion.—Mr. Hardy then replied.—A division then took place:—For Lord J. Russell's Resolutions, 243; for Mr. Hardy's, 169. When strangers were re-admitted, Lord Stanley was in the act of moving a Resolution, to the effect that the proposed appropriation of the funds raised for the Carlow election was deserving of the serious notice of the House, as affording a dangerous precedent, and tending to interfere with the purity of election.—Lord John Russell moved, as an amendment, that the Orders of the Day be proceeded with, and another division was the consequence.—The numbers were, for Lord Stanley's motion, 166; for Lord J. Russell's, 238.

THE COLONIES.

JAMAICA.

The stipendiary magistrates in Jamaica, appointed under the Abolition Act, have memorialized the Government at home for an advance of salary, the sum awarded not being sufficient to meet the unavoidable expenses of their official situations.

CANADA.

Canada papers to the 27th of February have arrived. They contain matters of very great importance. The House of Assembly of the Lower Province had embodied not only the substance, but the matter of the ninety-two Resolutions passed last year in an Address to his Majesty, which had been passed by the usual majority, at the command of Papineau's party. They, at the same time, voted only six months' salary and contingencies for the governor, judges, and officers of government, instead of the three years now in arrear, and that only conditional. The Address, besides the amplified detail of special grievances and deductions from assumed premises, declares broadly that the Colonial Government does not possess the confidence of his Majesty's faithful subjects in the Province: this places Lord Gosford and the Commissioners in precisely the same situation as his predecessors. The feeling of the British party has received additional excitement from the passing of this Address; and the account of the proceedings of the Assembly concludes with the statement, that "ere the King's crown comes down, there are crowns to be broken."

NEW SOUTH WALES.

We are glad to find that the Colonial Office have it in contemplation to improve the present system of carrying out female emigrants to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. The most important proposition is, the increase to 30% of the bounty at present granted to heads of families for the purpose of assisting them to defray the expense of their passage out. This indulgence, however, is to be confined to their going out under the arrangements of the Australian Emigrant Commissioners or the colonial agent for emigration. Four ships are to be dispatched to the Australian colonies during the present year, with about 250 females in each; the first to sail from London to Launceston on the 28th of April; the second from Cork to Sydney on the 26th of May; the third from London to Hobart Town on the 22d of September; and the fourth from Ireland to Sydney at some subsequent date. The entire selection of the emigrants to Sydney will be entrusted to a committee formed in Cork for that purpose, and to the colonial agent for emigration. An official dispatch has been sent out to Sir Richard Bourke and Colonel Arthur, requesting "that all necessary arrangements may be made for securing to the young women who may arrive by these successive opportunities every possible comfort and accommodation, from the period of arrival until that of their obtaining suitable situations."

NOVA SCOTIA.

A Committee of the Lords has been appointed to inquire into the intercourse between the United Kingdom and our North American Colonies. The principle of the inquiry is, whether the packet for Halifax, in Nova Scotia, which is our proper point of connexion with the North American Colonies, should not take its departure from the south-west of Ireland, free from the dangers and delays of the Channel navigation; and whether the point of embarkation for the military reliefs in the same colonies should not, in like manner, be made from a port on the west of Ireland. What that port may be, must be matter of professional and official examination.

FOREIGN STATES.

GERMANY.

The German papers assert positively that the convention for the evacuation by Russia of Silistra has been completed, and Russia remits the half of her claims on the Porte. We presume this result, so favourable to the Porte, has been in part brought about by English influence. These journals contain some contradictory news from Moldavia, denying that there is any truth in the reports they have before supplied us with, of Turkish and Russian Commissioners being on their way to Jassy, to inquire into the grievances of the people. Prince Stourzza is now said to have remedied some of them himself. An assembly of the States, which he convoked, seems to have been unsuccessful. The opposition declared the assembly to be contrary to the laws, and it did not adopt any resolutions.

SPAIN.

The "Madrid Gazette" has contained the long expected decree for the suppression of all the houses belonging to the monastic orders of both sexes in Spain, the islands adjacent thereunto, and the Spanish possessions in Africa. The decree extends also to the establishments of the four military orders of St. John of Jerusalem. Certain missionary colleges are, however, excepted. Every female convent is to be closed which contains less than twenty nuns; the admission of novices to the convents allowed to remain is prohibited, and those who have not yet been professed are to be restored to their families. Those who remain in the convents allowed still to exist may be ex-cloistered if they wish it. The public use of the religious costume is forbidden. These regulations are followed by upwards of fifty

other articles, pointing out the mode in which the monks belonging to the suppressed orders are to be disposed of, some in the cure of souls, others in such spiritual employments as the cathedral and other church establishments afford throughout the country. The property and revenues belonging to all the houses thus suppressed are to be applied in aid of the payment of the public debt, and of the war; regulations are made for the maintenance of the aged and infirm who cannot be employed in the ecclesiastical service.

A letter from Captain Lord John Hay to General Cordova has been published, in which his Lordship informs the General that he has received instructions from the British Government to co-operate to the utmost of his power with the Queen's troops in the measures requisite for putting down the insurrection in the north of Spain. The letter is dated the 24th of March.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THE BISHOP OF ELY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bowyer Edward Sparke, late Bishop of Ely, held that diocese since 1812, having been translated to the See from Chester, to which diocese he was consecrated in 1809. His Lordship was advanced in years, and was formerly fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and was official visitor of Peterhouse, St. John's, and Jesus colleges, and visitor to the Master of Trinity College in that University. The value of the see has been variously estimated; in Gibert's Clergyman's Almanac it is valued at 11,000*l.* a year, and that of Chester at 3250*l.*, so that since his elevation to the Episcopal bench, Dr. Sparke has received nearly 280,000*l.* besides enjoying, while Bishop of Ely, the patronage of twenty-five livings.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY.

His Lordship was the youngest son of Nathaniel, first Earl of Harrowby, by Elizabeth, daughter and coheirress of the Right Rev. Dr. Terrick, Lord Bishop of London. He was born in 1777, and entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, and was early collated to the rectory of Lutterworth, Leicestershire (in the presentation of the Crown), a place memorable as the benefice of Wickliffe, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," and here he discharged all the duties of an exemplary and conscientious parish priest. In 1812, Dr. Ryder was appointed to the deanery of Wells, which he exchanged a few years since for a prebendal stall in Westminster. In 1815 he was elevated to the episcopal bench, being consecrated Bishop of Gloucester, on the translation of Dr. Huntingford to the see of Hereford, and on the death of the late venerable Earl Cornwallis, in January, 1824, he was translated to the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry. The late Bishop was a prelate of the most unaffected and uniformly consistent piety. His Lordship married, in 1802, Sophia, daughter of Thomas March Phillips, Esq., who survives him, and by whom he has left nine sons and three daughters. The eldest of his children, the Rev. Henry Dudley Ryder, is now in the 33rd year of his age. His eldest daughter, Anna Sophia, is married to Sir George Grey, Bart., M.P., nephew of Earl Grey. Should the recommendations of the Church Commissioners be adopted, as is most probable, the title of the see will in future be Lichfield only, and will comprise the counties of Stafford and Derby; those parts of the diocese situated in the county of Warwick being added to the Bishop of Worcester's charge, and in Salop to the Bishop of Chester. The Commissioners state the net income of the diocese, as at present constituted, to average 3923*l.* in the three years ending 1831, and estimate that the future net income may, at no distant period, average 4350*l.* per annum.

EDWARD TROUGHTON, ESQ., F.R.S., L. AND E., F.R.A.S. AND F.R.S.C.E.

Mankind owe many of their refinements, and enjoyments, to persons of studious habits, and close application—delighted, and admiring oftentimes without knowing either the name, station, or country of the individual to whom they are so much indebted. For instance, how few of the inhabitants of London are familiar with the name of Edward Wright, of Caius College, Cambridge; and yet how many of them drink and enjoy the water from the New River, and give all the praise to Sir Hugh Middleton, who merely completed what Wright projected. This is but one case out of many. To prevent the subject of this notice from sharing the fate of Wright, this slight sketch is written in the hope that those who are in possession of numerous data, and an able pen, may perform for departed genius, and society at large, what both are entitled to. The late Edward Troughton was born in a small village in Cumberland, in the year 1754, where he received merely a common education in the village-school. When seventeen years of age he came to London and apprenticed himself to his brother John, a respectable mathematical-instrument maker, carrying on business at No. 136, Fleet Street; and when out of his time was taken into partnership, and ultimately succeeded to the business, and ever after continued to reside there; and it is not a little remarkable, that the same spot has been successively occupied by mathematical-instrument makers of celebrity for nearly 200 years; and here a Sutton, a Wright, a Cole, and a Troughton, laboured with unwearied zeal for the advancement of science. In a very short time after Mr. Troughton's arrival in the metropolis, he began to display that great originality of genius, which in the end made all scientific men look up to him for the means of prosecuting their pursuits with the fullest effect—for be it remembered, that the sublime study of astronomy must ever be obscure without instruments of the most accurate execution, because the theorems of mathematicians are useless without data to act on—and with this he supplied them; presenting to all competent persons the means of *dividing* instruments with the most perfect accuracy, and by which they have been graduated to such a degree of exactness, that error is not to be discovered in them even by high optical powers; and many of his instruments of large dimensions are placed in various observatories, and by them a catalogue of the fixed stars, and the sun, moon, and planets, are now ascertained, and published in the Nautical Almanac. Many other skilful artists have also acted upon his improvement. The stability, accuracy, and commodious arrangement of his instruments leave nothing for the astronomer but to use them with care, as it is a fact, that the *declination* of some of the fixed stars have been ascertained by them to one-third of a second. It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Troughton step by step, but a reference to a few of his great undertakings cannot be without interest. The Royal Observatory is furnished with a mural circle, a transit instrument, and a zenith sector, all of his contrivance; and the last was completed by him when in his 79th year: also, an equatorial instrument, for Trinity College, Dublin; and which is now stationed at Armagh; and a meridian circle, (made for Stephen Groombridge, Esq.,) now belonging to Sir James South; the whole of which are specimens not perhaps to be equalled either in beauty or figure, or perfect accuracy. He also remodelled the continental instruments so as to make the repeating circle of the Chevalier Borda, and the reflecting circle of Mayer, almost original inventions of his own. His nautical instruments, also, both as to construction and accuracy, are beyond all praise; and by them the mariner is now indeed enabled "to mark a road on the trackless ocean." Nor were his great labours wholly unrewarded; for the Royal Society, in 1809, presented him with the Copley Medal, for his elegant and valuable paper on Dividing. On the 7th of April, 1823, he received the freedom of the Clock Makers' Company; and in January, 1830, the King of Denmark presented him with a valuable gold medal, as an acknowledgment of his great and important improvements.

In his private character Mr. Troughton was humane, generous, and liberal; and ever most ready to administer to the wants of the distressed; and many are now living who owe to his purse and patronage the respectable stations they occupy in society. Had he been less open-hearted, he would have accumulated considerable wealth.

His habits were temperate in the extreme; and although possessed of some eccentricities, his great genius was unsullied by the slightest immorality. When young, his amusements were angling and reading; and he was particularly partial to poetry, and even produced some original specimens, not unworthy of publication. In his latter years, however, he devoted himself entirely to severe study and scientific pursuit; and laboured not merely in abstract theory, but for the improvement and direct benefit of the civilized world.

Retaining his faculties to the last, he died on the 12th of June, 1835; and, according to his request, his remains were deposited in the General Cemetery, Kensall Green; and were followed by many, and deeply regretted by all the scientific world.

HENRY ROSCOE, ESQ.

Died on the 25th March, at Gateacre, near Liverpool, Henry Roscoe, Esq., Barrister at Law, aged thirty-seven, the youngest son of the late William Roscoe, Esq. His legal talents and attainments were of the highest order; and at the time when, by the long and laborious pursuit of his profession, he had forced himself into the success often so difficult to obtain, he was attacked by the slow but sure disease which terminated his valuable existence. Early in his career he published several literary works, which were very successful; and if his duty had not called upon him to abandon literary pursuits, the distinguished reputation of his father, as a poet and an elegant scholar, would have been fully sustained by his son. The interesting life of his father was one of the latest of Mr. Roscoe's literary productions. For the last few years he has been the Judge of the Borough Court of Liverpool.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

This gentleman, for a long series of years the printer and a co-proprietor of the *Star* daily newspaper, London, died on the 14th March, at an advanced age. Mr. Mayne was a native of Dumfries, which place he left however in early life for Glasgow, being translated thither along with his father's family, who then took up their residence on a property they had acquired at the Green-head, in the neighbourhood of that city. Here he passed through a regular term of service with the celebrated Messrs. Foulis. He afterwards commenced his career in London, which he long carried on honourably and successfully. Mr. Mayne possessed poetical talent of no inconsiderable cast, and many of his poems have received high approbation from those well qualified to appreciate their merit. He was intimately acquainted with Burns, who did him the honour of adopting two lines of a song of his, "Logan Braes," into his own song of "Logan Water," avowing that he did so. Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to Mr. Mayne's poem of the "Siller Gun," has characterized it as "surpassing the efforts of Ferguson, and coming near those of Burns." His other poems of "Glasgow"—the "Muffle Drum," &c. &c., have long ago received deserved praise; while among his lyrical pieces, "Logan Braes," "Mary of Kirkconnell Lea," and others, will not soon fail to touch the heart.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

William Godwin died on the 7th of April, in the 81st year of his age. Mr. Godwin was nearly fifty years before the public as a writer. His celebrated work on Political Justice attracted more attention, perhaps, than any publication of the time. The author possessed one of the finest requisites of a great writer; he addressed himself to his reader in an earnest

and impressive manner. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Godwin's philosophy, it will be universally admitted that he presented it in a most attractive form. Malthus's celebrated work on population, which first appeared in one octavo, was written for the express purpose of refuting the ideas of human perfectibility advocated by Mr. Godwin, by showing that, from the tendency of population to increase beyond food, vice was a necessary part of the economy of the world. All the errors of the book of Malthus may be traced, we think, to its controversial origin.

Mr. Godwin attempted most walks of literature, and in several he excelled. As an essayist, his "Enquirer" will always give him a claim to a high place. His observations on style, pursued through several essays, are peculiarly serviceable to the young. He also attempted tragedy, but we believe his only effort was not successful.

As a novelist, "Caleb Williams" will always entitle him to the first rank. Who ever took up that interesting work without being glued to it till the close?

Mr. Godwin, having been a warm admirer of the French Revolution, suffered not a little from the obloquy cast on all who shared his views. When Sir James Mackintosh delivered his Lincoln's-inn Lectures, Mr. Godwin was one of his hearers; and we believe he was not a little surprised to find that no small portion of the labours of Sir James was devoted to the refutation of the heresies of his former associate. Having entered into business as a bookseller, Mr. Godwin wrote a number of works on Education, which were published under the name of Baldwin (the disguise being necessary from the obloquy to which we have alluded), and obtained very extensive circulation.

Mr. Godwin retained his health and faculties till within a short time of his death. He was a successful author of novels when turned of seventy years of age. He was rather under the middle size, compactly built, and we have always understood was, during his whole life, almost a stranger to disease. The small place under the Government, which he received during the Grey administration, was considered a well-deserved reward.

Mr. Godwin was, we believe, the last of the Revolutionary school of writers of any note.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At Edinburgh, Sir James Maxwell Wallace, Lieut.-Col. of the 5th Regiment of Dragoon Guards, to Lady Don of Newton.

At Edinburgh, William Gillespie, Esq. son of the late Richard Gillespie, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth Campbell, eldest daughter of Sir R. J. B. Honyman, Bart.

At St. John's, Hampstead, L. Fyler, Esq. Capt. in his Majesty's 77th Regt. to Amelia, daughter of the late Hon. John Byng.

At Vienna, Chapman Stanfield Marshall, Esq. of London, eldest son of Sir Chapman Marshall, Knt., to Josephine Juliana, youngest daughter of Matthias Joseph Welser, Esq. of the former capital.

At Halstead, Kent, John Dick Barnaby, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to Sarah Jane, youngest daughter of John Atkins, Esq. of the former place.

At Brighton, T. W. C. Murdoch, Esq. son of T. W. Murdoch, Esq. of Portland-place, to Isabella Ann, second daughter of the late Robert Lukin, Esq. of the War-office.

Died.—At Winchester, Lady Letitia Knollys, only surviving sister of the late Earl of Banbury, in her 70th year.

At Charlton, the Countess of Suffolk.

At Bonlogne-sur-Mer, Mary Anne, widow of the late Colonel Fane, M.P., nephew of the Earl of Westmoreland.

At Forest Place, Laytonstone, Anne Esther Privat, relict of the late David Privat, Esq., in her 98th year.

At Oakhill, Somersetshire, the Hon. Mrs. Tuson, widow of the Rev. James Tuson, Rector of Binegar.

At Brentford, Mrs. Newton, in her 93d year.

At Jenner's Hill, Cheshunt, Sir Joseph Knollys, Knt., in his 83d year, many years Silver Stick in Waiting to his late Majesty George the Third.

In Queen Square, Bath, the Rev. Penketan Arundel Frenchy M.A., of Perry Hill, Sydenham, Kent, Rector of Odcombe and Thorn Falcon, Somerset, in his 73d year.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Slate is coming daily more extensively into use; it is employed for paving the area in front of the New National Gallery, and also for churchyard memorials, in place of stone.

A company is about to be formed in the city, chiefly among the merchants connected with the West Indies, for a "Colonial Bank."

The new council of the College of Physicians has been elected—Sir H. Halford, president; Drs. Turner, Hue, John Bright, Pair, Macmichael, Latham, Chambers, Watson, Holland, Elliotson, Glendinning, and Heberden, members.

"The receipts of Christ's Hospital during the last year have been 56,738*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*, and the expenditure has been 44,522*l.* 10*s.*; leaving a balance in favour of the Hospital of 5216*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* It has been determined to allow an addition of six boys, and twenty girls to the establishment.

Offences in the Metropolis.—The following is the official result of the labours of the metropolitan police for the last year;—Number of persons taken into custody, 63,474; discharged by the magistrates, 32,544; convicted or held to bail, 27,817; committed for trial, 3113; convicted and sentenced, 2237; acquitted, 608; not prosecuted, or bills not found, 267. The number of drunkards apprehended during the year was 21,704; of whom 7523, or rather more than one-third, were females.

DEVON.

Geology of Devon.—At a recent meeting of the Geological Society in London, a memoir was read on the ossiferous cavern of Yealm Bridge, about six miles south-east of Plymouth, by Captain Mudge, F.G.S. The cavern is in a mass of limestone on the south side of the Yealm. It had formerly three entrances, situated about twelve feet above the level of the river; but portions of only the eastern and western chambers remain, the rock having been extensively quarried for economical purposes. In a part which had not been disturbed, Captain Mudge noticed five distinct sedimentary deposits, which presented the following details:—

Top-loam, containing bones and pebbles ...	2½ feet.
Stiff, whitish clay	2½ ditto,
Sand	6 inches.
Red clay.....	3½ feet.
Argillaceous sand	9 to 18 inches.

Bones have been found only in the uppermost bed, but they appear to have existed in great abundance, cart-loads of them having been burned. The remains, which had been preserved, have been examined by Mr. Clift and Mr. Owen, and ascertained to belong to the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, ox, sheep, deer, bear, hyæna, wolf, dog, fox, hare, rabbit, water-rat, and a bird of considerable size. Some of the bones present undeniable evidence of having been gnawed, but none of them appear to have been water-worn. The remains of the hyæna, horse, and ox, are very abundant, while those of the elephant and rhinoceros are scarce. The pebbles found in the same stratum appear to have been derived from the flanks of Dartmoor, but they differ from those which occur in the present bed of the Yealm. In one part Captain Mudge observed, that the limestone was beautifully polished, owing, he conceives, to the friction of the animals by which the cavern was inhabited. There are many other caves in the immediate neighbourhood, but the most considerable is in Kitley Park, nearly on a level with the Yealm. The floor is composed of gravel, agreeing with that in the bed of the river, and it has been ascertained that it does not contain bones. With respect to this difference in the contents of the two caverns, Capt. Mudge says, "We are led to conclude that they must have been exposed to very different conditions. As far as regards space, the accommodation for hyænas in the Kitley cave is much superior to that in Yealmbridge cavern; and therefore we may infer, that at the period when the hyænas tenanted the latter, they were prevented from entering the former, either from its having been frequently flooded or permanently under water."

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Lincoln Mechanics' Institute.—Earl Fitzwilliam has kindly sent, through his steward, to Mr. Hitchins, several most valuable fossils, dug out of his Lordship's

extensive coal mines; among them are specimens of large antediluvian trees—stupendous leaves—and some admirable pieces of sulphurated coal, which cause ignition by fire-damp.

Splendid Antiquarian Discovery.—Some workmen engaged in making excavations on the West side of the Castle Dykings, have uncovered a part of the West Gate of the old Roman city, "Lindum." It is a grand massive relic of the stern rulers of Britain—an exact fac-simile of that finest of Roman remains, Newport Arch. save and except that the West Gate is surmounted by a great height of Roman wall.—The whole is much out of perpendicular, and will be likely to fall unless some management be exerted in uncovering the remaining part of the gate. An injunction to desist, lest the foundations of the castle wall be endangered, is talked of; this would be a lamentable interference, as the whole arch uncovered, would be another feature in the rich collection of antiquities possessed by our city. The quadrangular form of the Roman Lindum on the crown of the hill is indubitably proved by the present discovery.—*Lincoln Mercury.*

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Corporation of the poor at Bristol have effected a saving, in their expenditure of the last year, as compared with that of the preceding, of between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* The preceding year exhibited an improvement over its predecessor, of 6000*l.*; so that the gross sum saved in the two last years amounts to upwards of 14,000*l.* This, too, with a due regard to the deserving.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Mr. Crawshaw, the great iron-master (who, it is reported, has cleared no less than 300,000*l.* by the recent advance in the price of iron), is working with a good deal of vigour the recently-discovered mine at Wootton-Courtenay, near Dunster, which affords employment to the labouring poor in that neighbourhood. The farmers also are enabled to turn the farm-teams to good account, and the poor men with their donkeys are likewise engaged in hauling the ore to Minehead, whence it is shipped to Wales. Sometimes more than a hundred carriages of various descriptions may be observed on the road leading to the port.

SURREY.

Lambs.—Average number and price

of Lambs bought at Weyhill Fair, from the year 1825 to 1835 inclusive, by G. and J. Smallpiece, of Compton, near Guildford, Surrey, handed in to the Committee of the House of Commons, now sitting on Agricultural Distress.

		Average Price per Animal.	
		s.	d.
1825	. . .	1719	23 1
1826	. . .	2118	13 9
1827	. . .	1759	18 0
1828	. . .	1865	20 8
1829	. . .	1400	16 9
1830	. . .	2794	15 10
1831	. . .	2161	21 7
1832	. . .	1601	17 5
1833	. . .	1365	22 10
1834	. . .	1734	23 3
1835	. . .	840	16 0

YORKSHIRE.

Mr. Hutt has addressed a letter to his constituents at Hull, upon the subject of special and ordinary security bonding warehouses, in which he states that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will introduce to Parliament, in the course of the present session, a bill for placing Hull on precisely the same terms in respect to wastage as London and other ports, which have erected warehouses of special security.

SCOTLAND.

The Chair of Logic is vacant in Edinburgh University. Two gentlemen of considerable eminence, Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. George Combe, offer themselves to fill it.

IRELAND.

The equestrian statue of King William, which formerly ornamented College Green, Dublin, has been destroyed by some miscreants, who drilled a hole in the back of the horse, in which was placed a quantity of gunpowder, which was fired, by means of a slow match. An inquiry has been instituted, but at present no person is in custody, although Government has offered a reward of 100*l.*, and the Corporation 200*l.* for the discovery of the offenders. The statue was erected in the year 1701, on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, by the citizens of Dublin, in grateful commemoration of the conduct of King William III. We understand that the Corporation of Dublin have advertised for proposals to re-erect the statue. It is intended that the ceremony shall take place on the 1st of July next, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. The Lord Mayor, the High Sheriff, and all the municipal authorities, will attend in state, with the city regalia.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

LETTER XXII.

Oran, March 5, 1835.

ON Saturday last I embarked for this place on board the steamer at Algiers. The worthy St. Johns made me promise to come back to them instead of returning to England, as I had once thought of, by way of Spain. I had every symptom of a pleasant voyage that the sea and sky could promise. Mr. Brown, the American consul, came out to shake hands with me on board the steamer, and so did the frank-hearted General Bro—a true and truth-speaking soldier, whom I am proud to call my friend: at parting he presented me with some drawings of Algerine scenery which his son had kindly sent me from his portfolio.

The weather was propitious to us for several hours, and I had a great many fellow-passengers to beguile the time with in conversation. At intervals I amused myself with reading, and got particularly interested in an account of the Adventures of Peter Dumon, a Frenchman, who sojourned as a slave in Africa for thirty-four years. Mr. Brown, who considered the relation as authentic, had transcribed it from Rile's Register of Baltimore, where it appeared in August, 1818. Poor Dumon left his native city, Paris, at the age of fourteen, in the year 1782, and went to America, but returning to Europe, found himself, after successive adventures, on board the *Lièvre*, a French brig of fourteen guns, which sailed to join a squadrou that was blocking Port Mahon; but the unfortunate brig was shipwrecked on the very coast which we were now passing, between Algiers and Oran. Of her crew, amounting to a hundred and forty men, one half were drowned and the other half were massacred by the Arabs on the coast, with the exception of eighteen, of whom Dumon was one. The natives took them on foot a journey of several days into the interior, as far as the residence of their Sheik, where they were chained two and two; and, "during twenty-eight years," says the adventurer in his narrative, "I was compelled to support night and day, with my miserable fellow chain-mate, the weight of fetters that made us inseparable. Every morning at four o'clock," he continues, "we were taken out to work, sometimes at the mines, sometimes at cutting down trees or ploughing the ground. We were bound to work until twilight, and we had not any other rest, than to smoke during a quarter of an hour some tobacco we could pick up in the fields by the way. In the morning when we were getting out of our prison, which was totally dark, and where we had only a little straw to sleep on, we received each of us two rolls—which were black, tough, and very often mouldy—and some rotten olives. This was our only meal every day. We had but once in the whole year—the day of the circumcision

of the children of the tribe—a small piece of meat and a little broth. If any one of us, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, discontinued working a few minutes, the chief guardian thrashed him unmercifully: in short, so miserable was our fate, that many of the sufferers killed themselves. I remained twenty-eight years in this dreadful situation. My life was constantly uniform. I am going to give the recital of the only incident which happened to me during the whole of that time.

“A marabout (so they call a Turkish monk) who was travelling through the country where we lived, gave us in alms about thirty sequins, about two hundred francs. Our chief guardian wanted to get his part of it. I was the only one who refused giving him anything; filled with indignation on account of my refusal, he treated me in the most cruel manner. Every day when I was getting out of the prison he overwhelmed me with injuries and blows. Tired of my life, I resolved to put an end to it by taking vengeance on my persecutor, whom I determined to kill at the first blow he should give me. The next day when I was going to work, he came and struck me—I seized a large stone, I threw it against his face, and beat the right eye out of his head. I was instantly surrounded by Arabians, who tied me to a mule, and after having been thrashed in a dreadful way, I was brought before the Sheik. I had happily learnt to speak Arabic, and I was able to explain to the Sheik the motives of my conduct. I made him perceive the cruel proceedings of the guardian towards me. The Sheik, penetrated with the justice of my remonstrance, condemned him to be hanged. Then advancing himself to me, he said, “Which hand of yours struck your enemy? He has infringed on the laws of the Koran, and must suffer his punishment, but you also must suffer yours.” As I foresaw the chastisement I was reserved for, I answered that I had thrown the stone with my left hand, in order to save the right. He ordered my left hand to be tied to a plank and struck till the skin and flesh was taken off, which was executed immediately in the most cruel manner. After I had suffered this dreadful torture without being allowed to dress my wound, I was compelled that very day to move round a mill-stone, which I was condemned to do for a whole year.

“The Sheik of the Conbaly tribe was always at war with the other tribes, and when he was forced to march his troops against them he took along with him a hundred slaves to pitch the tents, to load and to unload the camels, and generally for the most tiresome and painful duty.

“I remained twenty eight years among these barbarians, until the Bey of Titery, who was tributary to the Dey of Algiers, after some negotiations entered into with the Sheik, had us conveyed into the country under his jurisdiction: we were then five hundred in number, and walked eight days to get to Titery, where we remained about five months.

“The Bey sold us to the Regency of Algiers for a sum of money which was deducted from what he was bound to pay for his annual tribute. After the bargain was concluded we set out and arrived after a journey of four nights at Algiers, where I remained a slave about six years. I was liberated by the glorious expedition under Lord Exmouth, to whom I owe my restoration to my country after a period of thirty-four years.”

Mr. Brown, the American consul, who, I think, had seen this man,

told me a circumstance which is not mentioned in his narrative, but which carries credibility in its face, namely, that when he returned to Christendom, the history of all its revolutions since 1784 was a matter of entire novelty to him. In all his years of slavery he had never heard of the French revolution nor of Napoleon. If the story of the Cretan philosopher, Epimenedes, taking a nap for fifty years in a cave had been true, it would have been a prototype of Dumou's case, only that the philosophical sleeper had a happier time of absenteeism from the world than the Christian slave.

After reading this narrative I walked the quarter-deck during the dusk, and stood near enough to the main deck to hear a group of soldiers talking about the cruelties committed by the Arabs on some unhappy Frenchmen who had lately fallen into their hands. The coincidence between the topic on which I had been reading, and that upon which they were speaking, was more pat than pleasant, and I silently agreed in opinion with one of the speakers in the French group, that drowning at sea would be preferable to being stranded on these barbarous shores. In the meantime, the wind set in strongly from the west, and I retired to my berth almost as ill from the swelling of the sea as I had been in crossing from Marseilles. The chairs made voyages across the cabin, changing sides like so many vacillating politicians—only those wooden-headed politicians differed from those of the human breed in this respect, that they always went over to the lower or losing side. On Sunday evening the gale increased to a perfect tempest, and by the moanings of some female sea-sick passengers, which I could hear in the neighbouring berths, being changed into supplications to Heaven, it was evident that though there might be little danger there was much fear. I felt no particular apprehension till at midnight, when the captain of the steamer came down to the cabin. He is a tall, thin man, of a ghastly white complexion. How it happened I know not, but so it did happen, that though I had been on board a good many hours I remarked not till now the extreme paleness of his face, which is not wonderful, as he had not long ago the misfortune to be run through the stomach in a duel, and since that time has been able to digest no other aliment than milk and gum, and a little vermicelli. Ignorant both of his customary complexion and of the cause of it, I mistook his spectral paleness, which was heightened by lamp-light, for a symptom of dismay; and when in answer to my question, "Is there any danger?" he answered "Yes," I concluded that it could be no small matter that could bleach the cheek of an experienced officer.

"But what sort of danger?" I said. "What are the symptoms?"

"Why, only that the wind has carried away our two half-sails."

"And have you any to replace them?"

"None at all."

"Goodness!" I exclaimed, "English seamen would not have been unprovided for such an accident."

This speech of mine, most uncalled for and imprudent, I dare say, nettled him.

"What then do you mean to do?" I asked. "You will not run us on shore among the Arabs?"

"No, we will be drowned first. What I shall do will depend on cir-

cumstances. If the storm continues I must either return to Algiers or make for Spain."

"And how much coal have you on board?"

"Only as much as will serve for twenty-four hours."

"Why was there not more coal?"

"Monsieur Anglois, the coal comes from England, and it is scarce at Algiers. But as I hear you are a poet, let me tell you, I fear that this will be a tragic episode in your history."

He then left me to my meditations.

Another officer soon after came down for a moment to the cabin. I troubled him only with two questions.

"Are we on a lee shore?"

"No, the wind is nearly ahead of us."

"Are we near the coast?"

"No, considerably out from it."

Ah! then, methought, we are at least clear of the horrible natives. Still I had heard from the bloodless lips of the captain what forced me to conjecture that we might founder at sea, and I summoned my soul's forlorn fortitude to face the catastrophe. True, it will be hideous to be suffocated in the howling waters, and I felt in fancy the first gushing of them into my ears and nostrils. But I recollected that by far the greater number of persons recovered from drowning have described it as not an agonizing death; and then, though some will miss me, what is the loss of life, thick sown as it is with vexations and pain, and long hours of ennui. Though in a reverie only, and not a dream, my mind's eye saw Dumon stand before me with his beaten and bleeding hand upon the plank. In short, all the cruelties of man to man, and all the horrors of life rose up as officious supporters to my courage against the prospect of death. But on short reflection I said to myself, "This is not a state of mind in which a man should either live or die." So I struggled for better thoughts, and in some degree obtained them. And did I really rally and marshal my broken thoughts? you will ask me, under the immediate prospect of death. No, I pretend not to having stood that awful probation; I had the fear, but not the certain prospect of death before my eyes. I had still a latent hope that we should be saved, and a suspicion that the Captain had exaggerated matters. At one time, no doubt, I thought that all was over with us; the ship, struck by a wave, heeled and shook as if she were going to pieces, and a shriek arose from one or more of the passengers. But the shock subsided, and from finding that the ship had not gone down, my hopes began to mount up most saucily. Before daylight the sea-swell was sensibly abated. Our captain came down once more to the cabin, and forgetting all offence, if he had been offended, told me he considered the crisis of our danger past. I disposed myself to sleep, and when I awoke found that we were anchored off Arzew.

Arzew is a tolerably safe haven, thirty-six miles to the east of Oran. I was delighted to go ashore, though the village is small and miserable. Here the French have a military station, and a little fortress with two hundred men. Ten new houses have been built by the settlers, two of whom have set up in the publican line, and supply the military with more wine and brandy than does them good. As I was passing one of

these cabarets, I observed the French soldiers hustling and insulting a wretched, ragged Arab, and even setting a dog upon him. The poor Numidian had been begging from them a morsel of food, and they backed him out of the door by offering him wine. I reprimanded the French for their inhumanity, and ordered the landlord to bring the starving creature some bread and meat, which he devoured with avidity. After his meal I offered him a draught of wine; his manner showed that he knew I was not meaning to insult him, but bowing, to thank me, he pointed with his finger up to heaven, as much as to say, it is forbidden. We stopped here till the following day (Tuesday), when I took a stroll of five hours' length in the neighbourhood of the village, in company with a French officer of the station, who is an expert botanist.

Arzew is a roomy haven, that is still considerably frequented by European shipping, as a retreat in winter and autumn. The place was called *Arsenaria* by the Romans. It is described by Shaw as, even in his time, a small city; but fifty years later, Leweson found upon it only a few huts and tents, with a corn magazine belonging to the Bey of Mascara. The surrounding country is waste and marshy, and, according to Leweson, inhabited only by lions, hyænas, and jackals. I saw no samples of this rural population, but the Frenchman told me that their voices are sometimes heard. Some miles south of Arzew there are exuberant salt springs and pits, which are supposed to contain as much salt as would supply all Barbary; but in Leweson's time this source of wealth was so much neglected by the natives, and such was their ignorance of preparing the article from briny springs, or of cleansing it in its fossil state, that the natives used very little salt, and that little was imported from Europe; it was not used even in preserving their cheese and butter, and salted meat or fish were unknown. I asked my botanical companion whether the natives continue as ignorant of the art of making and purifying salt as Leweson described them. He could not be positive on the subject, but said he believed that they now manufacture the article, though only to a small extent.

A little to the east of Arzew the river Mukdah discharges itself into the sea. It is probably the ancient Castennus. It receives several tributary streams, one of which is the Oued-el-Hamam, or River of Baths, — so called from a warm spring in the neighbourhood. There are close to Arzew the vestiges of a small village, and farther off those of a considerable town, both of them palpably Roman ruins.

Here there is no such beauty of landscape as at Bougia or even Bona, but still the scene is not destitute of interest. The plains and ravines are by no means so marshy as I expected to find them, but abound in alluvial earth, which irregular streams bring down from the mountains. This gives birth to numberless dwarf palm trees, which, though a humble shrub, is not valueless to the Arabs. They find its root a nourishing vegetable, and they weave its leaves into ropes and baskets. Next in abundance to the dwarf palm tree there is a peculiar species of lentisk. I culled also many heads of the white asphodel and of the wild asparagus. The latter eats pleasantly when boiled, and I even prefer it to the garden asparagus, though it is slightly bitterish. Lavender and wormwood grow in plenty, and every here and there I met with patches of rich purple primroses, and of a species of vetch, which has a blossom as rich in colour as the wall-flower. Last of all, my eye luxuriated in large and

beautiful beds of nettles. "Oh, wretched taste!" your English prejudice perhaps will exclaim; "is not the nettle a weed if possible more vile than even your Scottish thistle?" But be not nettled, my friend, at my praise of this useful weed. In Scotland I have eaten nettles, I have slept in nettle sheets, and I have dined off a nettle table-cloth. The young and tender nettle is an excellent pot-herb, and the stalks of the old nettle are as good as flax for making cloth. I have heard my mother say that she thought nettle-cloth more durable than any other species of linen.

The only animal curiosities I saw at Arzew were a noble eagle, who looked contemptuously on his spectators, though he was chained by the foot; and a couple of caged mountain-cats. If there was poetry in the eagle's mien, there was a still more indescribable beauty in the emerald eyes of the feline captives, and in the black spots upon their rich and fawn-coloured fur. They were each about twice the size of a house grimalkin. Whilst they were rolling on their backs in rage, and opening their red mouths to snap at any reed or stick that was thrust in to them, I so admired them, that I was sorry I durst not insert my hand to caress them; I have no doubt they would have caressed my hand in return if I had.

This morning at ten our steamer arrived at Mers-el-Kebir, two leagues from Oran, where there is a large fortress built of old by the Spaniards, and now surmounted by the tricolor, but at which there is no safe anchorage for shipping. I took a boat immediately and conveyed myself, with my baggage, to Oran: here I could find only a miserable lodging, but it is the best to be found. I like much the novelty and picturesqueness of the town; and as I shall meet with the British vice-consul, Mr. Dalzell, son of my old friend the Greek Professor of Edinburgh, as well as General Trezel, who is commandant of the place, I look forward with pleasure to a short sojourn.

LETTER XXIII.

Oran, March 15, 1835.

This city, once large and populous, though now inconsiderable and inhabited by but a few thousand souls, stands in 35° 50' of north latitude, and in the third degree of longitude to the west of Paris. It is built partly on the sea-shore, at the mouth of a spacious ravine, and partly on two table-lands lying on either side of the ravine. The roadstead is picturesque to look at, but shallow, exposed to the winds, and affording no anchorage to ships of considerable burthen. The appearance of Oran is pleasant and imposing: the streets are wider and straight, and a paradise of cheerfulness compared to those of Algiers. The city has six gates. It is at present surrounded with what the French call a *chemise garnie* and several *redans*—the chemise is flanked from distance to distance by magnificent forts, the work of the Spaniards. The climate at the time I am writing is delicious; and, I understand, though not advisable for persons with pulmonary complaints, is upon the whole very healthful—the mortality is even less than at the town of Algiers, which cannot be called unwholesome. Here the proportion of the sick among the French is often no more than one to a hundred—it very seldom exceeds

five per cent., and that only in the hot months, when the soldiers indulge themselves in fruit and brandy.

The steep ravine which I have mentioned divides the upper town into two portions, which are connected by a pretty stone bridge of Spanish construction. The stream is perennial, and strong enough to drive several mills. A handsomer valley than this you can hardly imagine to be enclosed between two parts of a town. On each side of the stream there are terraced or sloping gardens, rich with fruits and flowers, and resounding with song-birds; and whilst those songs, mixed with the tune of the stream, come to the ear, the eye voluptuates, if I may coin a word, on peach, and almond, and orange blossoms.

I have seldom felt more gay sensations than when ascending from the marine to the upper part of Oran. The mixed reminiscences of Spanish and Moorish history which the scene awakens—the mighty castle of Santa Cruz, on the summit of Mount Rammra, 1600 feet above the level of the sea, on the nearest top of the range of hills that sweep for three leagues to Mersel Kebir, at which point there are equally splendid Spanish fortifications, together with the minarets of several mosques, and the sight of the tricolor on tower and citadel, oblige you to think of the past, the present, and the future, and make you feel that man is a being looking behind and before him.

The Spaniards gave back Oran to the Moors in 1791, after they had held it more than a hundred years, and had spent many millions sterling of money in making it impregnable. But an earthquake one fatal night buried thousands of the inhabitants under the ruins of their houses, and though the forts were not irreparably shaken, the Spaniards got tired of the place, and consigned Oran and its province by treaty to the Dey of Algiers.

After calling on the British vice-consul, Mr. Dalzell, I ascended to what is called the New Kasba (in contradistinction to an older one that is now half in ruins), and paid my respects to the Commandant-General Trezel. This new Kasba has handsome ramparts, batteries commanding the sea and the town, a deep ditch with a counterscarp, and the remains of a covered way. Here are barracks for 500 infantry and 200 cavalry. In all the courts there are fountains and jets-d'eau. The gate of entrance is entirely of hewn stone, and is a superb piece of architecture. The general and his amiable lady received me very kindly, and gave me a general invitation to their evening parties.

The fort of Santa Cruz, to which I have alluded, still remains strong enough to repel any aggression on the town in that direction, and it is capable of being repaired so as to hold a powerful garrison. But though it was occupied by the French when the Arabs last attacked Oran, it is deserted at present. I made my way up to it one fine day, but its aspect of desolation, its gloomy stairs and deserted chambers, made me thankful that I had some gay Frenchmen with me, otherwise I should have been afraid of meeting ghosts. From this castle of Santa Cruz the buildings of the town below appear as small as houses of cards. From thence the eye is carried over a wide and wild country to the extremity of a salt lake, twenty miles long, where boat is never launched. The cause of this desolation is its shallowness; the lake itself, however, is an advantage to the country. Its shores get dry in summer, and yield salt so abundantly, that the article is sold here for seven sous the hun-

dredweight. This confirms what the Frenchman at Arzew told me as to salt being at present prepared by the natives.

From the Castle of Santa Cruz subterraneous paths have been discovered, leading from the castle to parts of the plain three miles below. In the dismal walls of the forsaken fortress the jackals of the neighbourhood hold their evening concerts, and take up their lodgings for the night. Nor can they be said to leave the place quite solitary; but, on the contrary, they people it with millions of more company than is desirable: to be plain and short, we came back to Oran covered over with fleas. It was not till I had bathed and shifted every garment I had worn that I got rid of those back-biters and bosom foes.

There are two smaller forts to the west of the town, on the road to Mers-el-Kebir, which are in very good preservation, and occupied by the French. On the parapet of one of them there is a spike of iron, fixed upright in the wall, on which poor wretches in the Moorish times used to be empaled.

On the south-eastern side of the city there are the remains of fortifications and square towers, which at one time made Oran impregnable in that direction. It is not so at present; for little more than a year ago the Arabs had nearly penetrated into the town through this quarter. All these forts are of Spanish erection, and built of stones, supplied by a vast quarry in the neighbourhood in which petrifications of fishes have been often found.

The Spanish population of Oran inhabited a wide table-land, separated from the Moorish part of the town by the ravine and rivulet already mentioned. I have seldom seen anything more imposing to the imagination than the ruins of churches and palaces, and the traces of squares, and streets, and houses, overgrown with nettles, and all manner of weeds, which this desolate plain presents. Though there is no pathway through this scene of rubbish and foundations, it is my favourite haunt, not only because it gives my mind a dreamy picture of the once-proud city, on whose cornices the hyæna now couches and the adder coils, but because it is rich in the native wild flowers of which I am now making a collection. "Soho!" methinks you exclaim, "you are become a botanist?" No, my friend, a real botanist I despair of ever becoming, for though in my boyhood I went through a course of the science, I find the re-attainment of it beyond my patience. But I delight in the flowers of the field: they have all some charm or other in my eyes,—with their shapes and hues they speak a language of their own to my imagination, and when I have admired their beauty I like to consult the dictionary about their uses and qualities.

"But how do you dispose of the hyænas and snakes," you will say, "that you meet with in this desolate place?" Why, those poor things never trouble a man unless he attacks them. I keep as much as possible on clear ground, and with a hook on the end of my stick I fish for plants. Once only my researches went too deep. I saw, in a bed of nettles a gigantic nettle-stalk, that, without exaggeration, was as thick as the stick of an umbrella: into the grave I plunged, but it was beyond my reach, and I returned sucking my burnt fingers.

This neighbourhood is not so variously rich in wild plants as the fields about Algiers; but my residence at the latter place was almost entirely during the winter months; whereas the spring is commencing here, and

there is a blossom on every clod. There are acres of asphodel, with bluish-white flowers, that grow sometimes to the height of six feet. The *Allium sativum*, or wild garlic, has a pretty flower of the same colour; but the wild tulip, which Jussieu classes in the family of the *Liliacées*, is the pride of the fields, and often grows in large clusters; nor is it a mere gaud, like our garden tulips, but unites a fragrance like that of the lily to its rich and golden glossy hue. The *Bouglossa officinalis*, with its dark blue flowers, as well as the *Linus ruber*, with its red ones, and the hedge convolvulus, which is larger and richer than in Europe, prank the ground like a gay carpet; whilst the *Ferrula communis*, growing to an enormous height, shines vividly with "*sight-refreshing green*." The serpolet, a kind of wild thyme, is here both frequent and fragrant; and so is the *Alissum montanum*. Of mallows there are several sorts: of these, the *Malva arborescens* is the most medicinal, and the *Rotundifolia*, to my taste, the most picturesque. The *Presida alba*, with a tallish stem and a white flower, and no less the *Chrysanthemum majus*, like a giant camomile, make a pleasant figure on the road-side. These are but a few of my floral sweethearts; I will tire you with naming no more of them—saving one only, the darling little *Miotis annua*. No flaunting beauty, it is unobtrusive, like the violet; but when examined, its blossom is like a spark of the sapphire firmament set in a capsule of emerald.

I get one good from these rambles after field-flowers—namely, an excellent appetite; and the meat here is infinitely better than that of Algiers, both at private tables and the *table-d'hôte*, which is resorted to by the civil and military bachelors who have no household *cuisine* of their own. There, for sixty-five francs a month, I make two meals a day—a *déjeuner à la fourchette* and dinner, I have more dishes presented to me than I can partake of, and small wine *ad libitum*. Although meat, fish, and fowls are twice as cheap here as at Algiers, I suspect our entertainers can make but little profit by their boarders;—indeed, the landlady told me so the other day. When remaining last of the company, I complimented her on her *cuisine*, and the gastronomic powers of her guests, I found that I had touched the tenderest chord of her heart. "Alas, Sir," she said, with a voice of grief, "if they would all eat as you do, like a man of conscience, off a dish or two, we could live by our trade; but the ravens—the ogres!—oh! their maws will be the ruin of us!"—and she wiped her tears with her apron. "I always tell my husband that it is of no use to take pains on our cookery; for the nicer we cook, the more unmercifully they devour." And I believed her; for I had remarked a bluff major bag, for his own share, an *omelet*—the flesh of a fowl, with ham to match—besides reducing the height of a pyramid of cutlets by half a foot. In short, she convinced me that they were frying away the peace of their own souls in every sole that they put into the pan; and that, in potting for others, they were themselves going to pot.

Apropos of omelets: I dined off a very nice and savoury one, made of an ostrich's egg, the day after I came to Oran. It was at the table of General Trezel. The men, excepting a Spanish priest and myself, were all military. Mio Padro, the priest, is a friend of Mina, and a bold constitutionalist. He says that it is all nonsense to talk of the Catholic religion being adverse to liberty, and favourable to the divine

right of kings: for it has dethroned more kings and emperors than ever Protestantism did, and that Catholicism is naturally allied with Republicanism. I was so busy with my ostrich omelet, and he reminded me so much of Daniel O'Connell, that I could not even grunt a contradiction.

There were some very pretty women of the party. One of them told me that she had once ate a bit of lion's flesh, and that it tasted like very good veal; she had also once half-dined, she said, off a roasted jackal, and taken a large slice of him, which was very like venison, and more savoury than mutton. Was this a vulgar, eccentric woman? No, I assure you; quite the reverse in all other points of conversation—delicate and ladylike; I told her that her mouth was by far too interesting to masticate such food.

I have thus had, in the Commandant's house, an opportunity of knowing all the officers of the higher grade here, and their acquaintance is well worth forming. I have met with Englishmen who, not so much from prejudice as sheer ignorance, set down French officers universally as nothing better than illiterate swordsmen. If you entertained that stupid opinion, the conversation of the superior officers in this Regency would disabuse you of it. Among an equal number of men, you will nowhere find a greater proportion of sensible individuals. They may be the *élite*, for aught that I know, of the French army; for the strongest minds would naturally be the first to court employment in the African enterprize; but still the officers here cannot be materially different from those at home, and they are anything but illiterate, if you come to the reading that gives men useful knowledge. They have not classical acquirements, and, in my opinion, are no worse for the want of them. I like classical literature among the infinitesimal part of mankind, who can reap and really enjoy it; but of all human hogs, save me from the college hedgehog who bristles with quotations from Horace. The French gentlemen whom I have met in the Algerine Regency have generally raised my respect for the national character. In various degrees, their spirits are active and ingenious: some of them, like my friend Lagondie (Trezel's aide-de-camp), addict themselves to Arabian literature and history; another is a botanist; some are chemists and zoologists; and drawing is a common accomplishment—General Bro's son, for instance, is a promising artist*.

In my intercourse with the most polished and intelligent of them, I have found that, in order to win their good opinion, and to elicit free information from them, you must never lose sight of their national character. The revolution itself has not done away with either their politeness or their punctiliousness; and their politeness, whether the shadow or the substance of benevolence, must be reciprocated with an attention which an Englishman is apt to neglect. If you meet an Englishman in mounting the stairs of an hotel, and put your hand to your hat, he will conclude that you are either mad, or that you mean to beg charity from him; but if you meet a Frenchman, though an utter stranger, he will give and expect the same token of courtesy. In like manner (speaking in general terms), a Frenchman, even on the sore subject of politics, will be courteous, and continue to be so, if you return his courtesy; but he expects it, and will turn short upon you if he

* Young Bro has also distinguished himself in the last campaign.

misses it. Not that I mean you should ever drop that *fierté Anglaise*, for which the French, in their hearts, respect us, but you should make it purely defensive, and show that it comes from the warmth of the heart, not the heat of the temper.

In this way, by a very little tact, you will get abundant and amusing instruction from the accomplished military men of France, who have seen much of the world and can tell you much about it.

Nevertheless, as I have said, the very courtesy of the best Frenchmen requires a certain degree of management, and what I like about my favourite Lagondie is, that in talking with him I need no management at all. He is half an Englishman—his father, a Bourbonist exile, having married in England the daughter of an English nobleman. He calls on me every day, and I always expect him with pleasure to-morrow. Young as he is, he has a strongly reflecting mind, a good deal of reading, and a remarkable memory; his sedate temper, and his mixed birth have divested him of all national prejudices.

A few days ago, by General Trezel's invitation, I accompanied him and his staff at the head of his brigade, in an excursion into the interior. We met with no adventures worth relating, and, except at one spot, we saw none of the natives. For miles after you leave Oran the chain of hills that run from the south to the sea are bare and stony, and the plain itself is totally uncultivated, but it abounds in asphodel, so tall that I could pluck its tops as I rode; and there were here and there most beautiful patches of the tulip and bouglossa. We caught a glimpse of a white gazelle, that speedily hid itself among the asphodels; happily it was against military etiquette to pursue it. At times the trumpets of the cavalry played martial airs that were delightfully unmixed with that din of drums which generally overpowers French military music. The echoes of the wild landscape gave a strange effect to the notes of the war-horn. Not a tent, nor an Arab, nor a camel was to be seen; every living thing seemed to have fled from before the French, except a majestic eagle, who hovered over the troops, and you would have thought exulted in hearing the military band. What a glorious fellow he was! I see him yet in my mind's eye, towering up to the topmost heaven, then dropping plump down till his shadow was pictured on the sunny ground; at times he would shoot before us, turning his crested head and splendid eyes completely back over his shoulders; anon he would wheel in elliptic circles, or turn vertically, as if in sport, on his yard-wide wings. Now I said to myself, can Frenchmen under arms see an eagle hovering over their trumpets without certain reminiscences? and I was not mistaken; looking round, I saw more than ordinary expression in all their Gallic faces: it was grave, and not gay expression; but it was, to my imagination at least, strongly intelligible. I said to an officer at whose side I was riding, "Is it merely my fancy, or do the soldiers look at that bird with peculiar admiration?" "*Paucæ verba*," he replied, "this is no place for making remarks, but you are perfectly right that the eagle is producing a sensation?" In spite of his caution I kept behind, and observed to an elderly sergeant of cavalry, "That is a noble bird up there." "*Oui!*" he answered emphatically, "*l'aigle vaut mieux que le coq.*"

At the end of three leagues we came to a large cistern, from which we drew water for ourselves and our horses, and halted for half an hour to take a *déjeuner*, for which some French sutlers, who had got there

before us, sold us ample materials. A poor Arab boy was tending a few miserable cows beside the cistern; Captain Lagondie asked him, in Arabic, what had become of the tribe who usually dwelt in the neighbourhood? The herd-boy told him that they had all gone off towards the desert, except the people of his father's tent. This was a lie, for it was known that they were only skulking out of the way of the French. "The more shame to you Frenchmen," I said to Lagondie.

On my return to Oran the same day I was struck, though not for the first time, with proofs of the excessive inebriety that prevails among the French common soldiers. It so far exceeds anything to be seen among our own men, that I could not help saying to a group of officers with whom I dined at the *table-d'hôte*, that, abominating as I do flogging with all my soul, I doubted if it would not be charity to the men themselves to restrain them from drunkenness by that means. "No, Sir," said an experienced officer, "it would never do to return to the system of the lash; all France would revolt at it, and no man would dare to propose it; and as for drunkenness, if there was any danger threatening France, the soldiers, of their own accord, would correct that vice, and of themselves punish their comrades for it." I hope he is right, and I am disposed to believe his assertion, that he had himself always seen French soldiers become temperate in a crisis of common danger. Be that as it may, there is certainly no terror of punishment for inebriety among the Gallic warriors of Africa. I have heard of one of them being brought to a court-martial for the crime of *being drunk without leave*; but, to judge by appearances, such permission is not difficult to be obtained.

On my way home the same evening, I passed two figures, who would have made as good a comic subject for the sculptor Thom as that of Tam O'Shanter and Sutor Johnny. They were seated on a stone bench, not conversing, but soliloquising. One of them, a short Horace-like gentleman, was snapping his fingers, and laughing with a short face that was an epigram of tipsy felicity: the other was a huge Herculean dragoon, with a sword at his side that would slice an ox, and *he* was in the melting mood—blubbering like a whipped child, and piteously muttering the Lord knows what, whilst the tears rolled down on his ferocious whiskers.

Our neighbourhood is occasionally visited by a personage still more consequential than the eagle, namely, the king of the quadruped creation. I had not the honour of seeing his majesty whilst alive during his last royal progress, but enjoyed the safer gratification of hearing his voice at a distance. This was yesterday evening, whilst I was strolling alone about a quatter of a mile from the walls of Oran; there was no mistaking the lion's roar, though I had never heard it before but in a menagerie. At first the sound conspired with the savage grandeur of the scene, and the prospect of the long innavigable lakes, to yield me a romantic pleasure. "Come," thought I, "this is pleasantly romantic, that I have heard the Lybian lion roar in his native freedom;" and as his voice, though I could not be sure from what quarter it came, betokened him to be far off, I stood enjoying my thoughts for a minute as quietly as if I had been reading Longinus. But, rapt as I was in the sublime, it occurred to me that how distant soever his majesty might be, it would be better for me to get into town, than run the millionth part of a chance of being ushered by surprise into the royal presence: so I turned townwards. Presently I came up with two little French soldiers, who were resting

on the road-side with their muskets beside them. "Gentlemen," I said, "have you heard that lion's roar?" "Oh yes," they answered, as if they had divined my thoughts; "heard it! Lord bless you, and he is very near us. You must not think of going alone into town. We were on our way to the black-house," (which I knew was a lie, for the little rascals had passed me before they rested, and were evidently trudging towards Oran;) "but for the sake of seeing you safe into town, we will accompany you as far as the gate." "Thank you," I replied; "but I apprehend no danger, and I cannot think of giving you so much trouble." "Pooh! trouble, Sir, don't mention that; we must go with you." In short, they were staunch hounds, who, having scented a job, would not give it up; so it was in vain for me to decline their protection. They loaded, or pretended to load, their muskets with ball, and vowed to shed the last drop of their blood in my defence. Much, to be sure, the lion would have cared for us all three! In safety we reached Oran. Near its gate stands an inviting cabaret, and thither my brave protectors threw significant looks. "Gentlemen," I said, taking a franc out of my pocket, "I would give you this bit of acknowledgment for your intrepid convoy, but I must not; for you will lay it out on two litres of brandy, (brandy is sold for ten sous a quart,) which will fill you drunk, and throw you into a fever." They looked very glum: "But if you will treat yourself to wine with it, it is at your service." "*He bien donc,*" they responded; "*du vin, du vin.*" We entered the cabaret, and I give you my word that the landlord brought them five bottles of not unpalatable red wine, brewed, I believe, from the native grape, for *tenpence*. Of course what vintage can be expected at twopence a bottle? but I tasted it, and really this boisson, wholly unlike the alum and logwood-dye liquor sold for wine at Algiers, was very tolerable, and I warrant you my defenders got as brave as lions before they finished it.

I conjecture that when his leonic majesty roared, it was in indignation at some destructive radical natives who were pursuing him, for he was killed a few miles from Oran that same evening; he had killed one camel for his breakfast in the morning, and I have no doubt if he had met with me would have dined off another. A highland laird once said when he heard it read to him that Job had six thousand camels, "Och! he had too much to do with the Camels, you will see that Shob will come to no good." In like manner the lion paid dear for his meal on my namesake; the owner went out with some good marksmen, and next morning I saw the royal corpse in the possession of General Trezel, who had bought it, skin and all, for forty francs. Provoking this! had it been offered to me I would have given one hundred for it. The body measured seven English feet without the tail. All the savants in natural history have agreed that it could not be more than three years old, being lanky, and as maneless as a lioness, though if he had lived he would have grown a swinging fellow. His tongue was at General Trezel's table, and tasted, I am told, like that of an ox.

It was curious to contrast the youthfulness of this creature with the terror he had spread; the evening that his roar was heard, travellers were seen coming back to town on the roads in all directions, and the hyænas and jackals, who raise their psalmody far and near, omitted their vespers that night, and were as mum as death the two following evenings.

I have mentioned my acquaintance with the Spanish priest. I met

him the other morning, and he apologised for not having returned my call the day before. "I was obliged," he said, "to be present at the death of a jackal."

"Well, Sir, I hope you had good sport."

"Sport!" said he; "why I was there to give him religious consolation."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!—and I assure you he died a very penitent Christian, though he had led a most dissolute life."

"Jackals are apt to do so; but what was his particular crime?"

"He was addicted to drinking, and finding a few francs in the breeches-pocket of a fellow-jackal, he killed him to purchase brandy."

"What the devil! jackals with breeches-pockets, drinking brandy, and dying like penitent Christians! You don't seriously mean, mio Padre, that you gave religious consolation to a beast?"

"Ha, ha!—hee, hee!" quoth the Padre. "Don't you know that all the soldiers of the light infantry regiment here are called jackals?"

Talking of jackals, I have purchased a young one—not a biped, human brute, but a quadruped. An Arab came to my lodgings, offering the poor little puppy for sale: it licked my hand, as if it sought protection; and the touch of its tongue was eloquent. It is a playful creature, with pretty yellow fur, glazed, foolish, blue eyes, and a constantly wagging tail. I delight in my protégé; and have the comfortable assurance that, whatever his faults may be through life, he will never disgrace himself by being addicted to brandy.

LETTER XXIV.

Oran, April 12, 1835.

The people of Oran are sadly off for public amusements. There is not an earthquake above twice in a century: they have no theatre, and very few balls; but in lieu of gayer spectacles, they have about once a month a military execution. You must not think me unfeeling for having spoken with levity of the last that occurred; the sufferer was as horrible a wretch as Burke or Bishop, and at his death he played the craven. Another punishment, however, has taken place, which has left on my mind a very different impression; the criminal was a deserter, he had fled to an Arab tribe, but their hospitality consisted in pinioning him with ropes and bringing him back to the garrison for the usual reward of thirty francs that is given to the natives for such services. I am aware that the French cannot help punishing desertion, and certainly shooting men for it is the most potent example they can hold out; yet, at the same time one's compassion is not so much shut against a deserter as an assassin, and I pitied this poor creature when I heard of his doom. His case haunted me so much, that I consulted Captain Lagondie about the possibility of applying to General Trezel for a mitigation of the sentence, and told him that I had drawn up an appeal to his mercy for the poor man. "It will be worse than useless," said Lagondie, "you will only add unfairly to the distress which the General has suffered from signing the death warrant. Yesterday evening he was for hours in a state of melancholy agitation, revolving the question whether it was possible to save the culprit; the veins of his temples were swollen with anxiety, but as there was conspiracy

combined with desertion in this case, he was compelled to decide that there could be no pardon."

Of course I suppressed my petition; but the impending execution so engrossed my thoughts that, at the risk of your blaming my curiosity, I will own to you I resolved to see it. I made an appointment, therefore, with Lagondie to meet him at the square near the Kasbah, at half-past one next day, and to go out with him to the tragic spectacle, which was to take place at two o'clock, half a mile from town. All that evening and the next morning I felt like a fish out of water. When I awoke in the middle of the night, I thought to myself, What are now the sensations of the deserter? and again, after my morning's sleep, I put the same question. I rose early as usual, took coffee, rode out, returned to read, and tried to write and study; but neither by coffee, nor riding, nor reading, could I get rid of my thoughts about the deserter; and ever and anon I was pulling out my watch to count the hours he had to live. At the time appointed I joined Captain Lagondie, and we set out on foot to the spot of this real tragedy. Troops of cavalry came down from the Kasbah, with trumpets blowing as gaily as if it had been a military triumph, and a regiment of infantry marched beside us out of the city gate. We passed the prison where the victim was confined, and Lagondie pointed out to me the grated window of his apartment, through which he was listening to the last music that he was ever to hear in this world.

Shortly we reached the ground where his fate was to be enacted. We took our stand on the top of the lime-rocks, whilst the troops, one thousand in number, formed three-fourths of a square on the plain beneath. At last, from the prison-gate came forth a company—their drums muffled with crape—and the victim in the centre on foot, followed by the horse and cart that were to carry back his dead body. He was quite unchained, and had no priest with him. At first, they beat a slow march, but we saw him waive his hand to the drummers, and understood that it was a signal for them to beat quick time, which they did, whilst I dare say more hearts than my own quickened their pulsation. When they halted on the fatal spot, the commanding officer pulled out a paper, which was the sentence of death, and he read it with a loud and stern voice. Every syllable that he uttered was audible, though we stood at a considerable distance. Meanwhile the sufferer took his station with his back to the lime-rocks, and with twelve musketeers, who were to be his executioners, in front of him. His air was free and resolute, and his step was manly, as I remarked it to have been all the way down from the prison. He threw away the cigar he had been smoking, and I could see its red end fading into blackness, like a foregoing symbol of his life's extinction. He then made his last speech, with a voice that was certainly not so audible as that of his sentence had been; but considering his situation it was very firm, and its plaintiveness—Oh, talk not of Siddons's tones!—was more piercingly and terribly touching than I ever heard from human lips. I cannot pretend that he said in so many, or rather in so few words, what follows; but though I may give more point to the substance of his speech, the following was its substantial meaning:—

• "Comrades, what my sentence of death has told you is all true, except that it has unjustly called me the chief conspirator in this late desertion—for I seduced nobody into it; on the contrary, I was persuaded

into it by others. The motive of my crime was merely an intense desire to see my father's family in Italy; and now my heart's blood is to be shed, and my brains are to be scattered on the ground, because my heart yearned for a sight of my brothers and sisters, and because my brain could not forget them! Soldiers, who are to shoot me, do your duty quickly, and do not keep me in torment."

He then stepped forward some paces nearer his executioners, and, with steady hands and an erect air, bound a yellow silk handkerchief round his eyes. Eleven musket-shots immediately laid him low, though he jumped up before he fell when the balls pierced him; the twelfth soldier going up to him as he lay on the ground fired close into his head. You will not wonder that my tears at this crisis blinded me—when I dried them I could not see the victim. I said to Lagondie, "Where is he?" "Look there," he answered, pointing with his finger; "don't you see a red stripe on the ground?" And sure enough! I saw it; his red pantaloons made one part of the stripe, and his bleeding head and body made the other. All the troops then defiled around him. We came down to the spot, but before we reached it the body had been removed in a cart, and nothing remained but some blood and brains and a portion of his skull. I returned to my lodgings scarcely able to persuade myself that I had seen a reality. Oh, God! that man, who cannot put life into a fly, can have any excuse for taking it from a fellow-creature!

I spent the evening at General Trezel's, where we were all in a congenial state of spirits, but it was not a cheerful state. "Well," I said, after we had been talking about the execution, "I have been wofully struck by this scene, but I think not so utterly horrified as I once was in seeing a soldier in England receive part of his punishment, which was three hundred lashes." "Ah, but," said General Trezel, "if the deserter to-day had been offered flogging instead of death, he would have gladly compounded for three hundred lashes."

LETTER XXV.

Oran, May 4, 1835.

I have been at Mascara, eighty miles in the interior. I have slept under an Arab tent, and I have spent some days in a town where every thing is pure Africanism; where the sound of a Sabbath bell is unheard; and where you could not, if you had one thousand pounds in your pocket, purchase a pint of wine to drink after your dinner.

I postponed my journey for a fortnight, hoping every day to hear that Abd-el-Kader had returned to his capital; for to be at Mascara without seeing that prince, is like being at Rome without seeing the pope. It has been my misfortune, however, to have missed a sight of the Mascaran hero, who is still busy in reducing some of his southern tribes to subordination. Abd-el-Kader is on a small scale the Tippoo Suib of Northern Africa; like his father, he is a Marabout of renowned sanctity.* After the French took Oran, he made considerable resist-

* Abd-el-Kader, I fear I must call him the chief of Mascara, is a young man about thirty, but with a physiognomy that denotes a greater age. They say that his looks are expressive, his manners easy and distinguished, and his voice musical; he is reserved in speech, however, and rarely looks at the person whom he addresses; his hands, which are very handsome, are constantly employed with a rosary, but he wears neither ring nor jewellery. Excessively sober, he does not even smoke, or take

ance to them, but matters were compromised; he was allowed to retain his principality—he has a Consul at Oran, and the French have a similar minister at Mascara. His treaty with the French is differently interpreted by him and them—he considers himself an independent sovereign—they regard him *as an ought-to-be tributary*; but for the present, they only talk to him about a tribute without exacting it, and they even assist him with arms and powder to subdue his refractory subjects, so that there is a peaceable intercourse between Oran and Mascara. How long this truce may last is so very doubtful, that I resolved to set out to the interior without waiting for the news of the prince's return to his capital. According to the last accounts, he wrote to his Mascaran Divan, that Heaven had been very propitious to him, inasmuch as he had captured 7000 beeves from his enemies, and had it in his power to send them a hundred human heads, which in compliance with the Divine will he had ordered to be chopped off, and desired to be paraded on spear-tops through the streets of Mascara. I missed seeing this procession only by eight days. The French Consul told me that he could have touched many of the heads, so close they came to his terrace, the spot from which we were looking. I may be culpable in regretting that I did not see this spectacle; but supposing I had seen and enjoyed it, it would have made no difference to the heads.

I got a passport regularly signed by the Mascaran Consul here, a jolly-looking Moor, who sits so many hours a day with his crossed-bar legs in his office at Oran. I bargained also for an interpreter and a couple of armed Arabs to accompany me; and a Moorish officer in the French service kindly lent me two of his Zouave horsemen, insisting

snuff. His mind is cultivated, for he was educated with particular care by his father, who was reputed for learning and sanctity; he dictates with extraordinary rapidity, and is felicitous, and frequent in quotations from the Koran to support his arguments: in his correspondence he often shows tact and address.

He eats alone, and takes the airs of a sovereign, yet his dress is always simple, consisting of a blue bournous trimmed with green. When on horseback he wears large red Morocco boots stitched with gold; he is looked up to with religious, as well as military respect, and the people kneel at his approach; he was never seen to smile even in the plenitude of his power, and I should think his late defeats have not increased his facetiousness. Altogether, there are few living men better fitted to be a hero of poetry and romance than Abd-el-Kader. Lately the lord of some half a million of subjects, more or less subdued, he is now a fugitive in all the majesty of misfortune. The French officers who were deputed to visit him after peace had been signed, describe their reception in his camp as gracious and hospitable. A tent contiguous to his own was allotted to them, and all the necessaries and luxuries that the country could afford were lavished: his care of their persons went even beyond their wishes. An Arab approaching too near to them had his head immediately struck off with a yatagan: when they expressed surprise at this severity, they were told that Abd-el-Kader, afraid of some fanatic throwing himself among the French to commit murder, had ordered twenty trustworthy men to watch over the safety of the strangers, and that this execution was merely a warning to the people not to be too curious. The French were received into his camp with military music, and the fire of muskets. Next day they accompanied the Prince into Mascara; the tents were rapidly struck and placed on the backs of camels, the baggage led the march, a band of music followed, and next came his Highness with a kind of gladiators, armed with bucklers, on his right and left, who made a show of fighting by way of amusing him. Horsemen nobly mounted, and richly clad, rode on the flanks and regulated the movements of the column; in this order they entered Mascara. The whole of Abd-el-Kader's field artillery amounted to two pieces, which, in a trial at marking, were very indifferently served by the native cannoniers.

that I should pay them only a stated and small gratuity, for here, as elsewhere, he said servants are spoilt if you overpay them. I hired, also, a strong mule to carry our provisions, among which was a small keg of wine, and a larger one of water, as the water of the African streams that we were to meet with is turbid and unwholesome. Moreover, I was happy to anticipate, as companions of my journey, three Frenchmen, my fellow-lodgers in the Marine Hotel. I ought to mention, with gratitude, that I had an offer from the Polish exiles at Oran, who, to the number of forty, are quartered here; and though not called on for military service, are allowed—the common men a franc a day, the officers more, on which they can live in barracks that are given them, very comfortably, the price of meat being but 2*d.* a pound. My friends, the brave Sarmatians, deputed one of their number to tell me that though they had not horses they had muskets and cartridges, and legs that would not fear a march of forty miles a day for many days consecutively, and that they would gladly turn out to a man to guard me into the interior; they had even arranged to get the loan of tents from the Kasbah. I need not tell you how much my heart, which has Poland next to England nearest its core, was touched by this mark of their regard; but it occurred to me that I ought to decline it. My Polish friends are powerful boys, but it would have been cruel to exact their keeping up on a journey with men on horseback. Then the appearance of a numerous and armed pilgrimage might alarm the natives; and in case of any misunderstanding, there might be awkward consequences.

I refused, therefore, the most flattering honour, in the shape of an escort, that was ever tendered to me. Still the presence of French companions in the journey was important to me, and it is better to travel over this part of the regency in a group of ten or twelve than in a smaller number. The natives are not dangerous, as tribes or as a general population; but there are vagabond cut-throats among them, attached to no tribe or encampment, who go generally in couples, at most never more than three; and these, if they fall in with a very few travellers in a body will be apt to beset them; but meeting a larger group, they will reconnoitre, count muskets, and come to the conclusion that it would be a pity to shed blood. In point of fact, on our return from Mascara we met with three persons who crossed us and recrossed us, and had a suspicious appearance of belonging to this description of travellers. We were nine in number, and there was among us a French dragoon sergeant bearing dispatches from the French Consul at Mascara to Oran, a tall, stalwart swordsman, whose sabre would have been a match for three yatagans. By his advice we tried to keep as near to them as we could without deviating from our main course, in order to show that we had no dread of them. My horse indeed, by far the fleetest of the party, was so strongly convinced of the policy of showing no fear, that if I had not curbed him and kept him by the side of our French dragoon, he would have very soon brought me up to the three vagrants. They disappeared ere long. I have my doubts whether they were marauding or merely hunting gazelles.

I have finished my journey in safety, but I shall never forget the night of anxiety which I spent at Oran before setting out. At ten in the evening, the three French gentlemen, my fellow-lodgers at the hotel, told me that they would not go to-morrow to Mascara. It would

be madness, they said; several murders had been committed that very day by the Arabs, in the vicinity of Oran, and the road was haunted by assassins. An impartial person testified that he had seen two of the sufferers brought, mortally wounded, into the hospital. The very Arabs I had hired came in to signify that without an immense deal more money than I had bargained for, they could not venture their lives in escorting me. One of my French fellow-lodgers paid off an Arab whom he had hired; and the last words that he said to me, as I retired to my chamber vowing that if the road were lined with murderers I should set out for Mascara, were—"Well, take your course, but I am not so fond of getting my throat cut."

In my life I was never more vexed. Here, methought, is all my trouble in coming to Algiers thrown away. To have seen the half-Frenchified Africans is nothing; I want to see the unsophisticated natives in tent and town. Mascara, and the country between, were but yesterday within my reach, but they are now beyond it. I must be in Europe by a certain time—I must return *re-infecta*, and with my finger in my mouth; s'ddeath, I am spited at my stars! And yet, let me think—a yatagan poked into my stomach would be indigestible diet. To be murdered, ah! it would be very unpleasant; but, by all that is tantalizing, I will be murdered sooner than give up going to Mascara. During the night I rather dreamt than slept now and then; but rose by daylight, spitefully resolved to get into the interior. I knocked up my worthy Lagondie, at his quarters in the Kasbah. He calmed my fever by most welcome assuring me that the number of murders outside the gates had been greatly exaggerated, and that they would deter no man but a coward from the journey. "But you know Mr. Busnach, the most influential Jew in the Regency, he understands Arabic; he mediated between the French and the Arab tribes, and was the chief means of bringing about peace. Let us call on him." We did so; and consulted him. This Mr. Busnach was, like his father before him, a partner of the house of Bacri and Co., once the most opulent merchants of Northern Africa. They had a capital amounting to millions sterling, but in a transaction with the French Republic they suffered severely, from a large debt being unjustly withheld from them. The present Busnach is a man universally respected, and is a member of the Legion of Honour. When I saw him first, his appearance reminded me strongly of that of the late statesman Windham. I thought him haughty, even to an air of misanthropy; but still there was something of strong character which I liked in his mien and manner. This was the second time I had ever spoken to him, and you may guess that I was agreeably surprised when he said, "Mr. Campbell, be under no uneasiness; the murders that have been committed are no real indication of danger in travelling to Mascara. I will explain this to the Arabs and Zouaves, who ought to attend you. I will myself accompany you half way to Mascara, introduce you to the patriarch of a tribe, and see you set off in safety next morning." With that, he immediately ordered his horse to be saddled. The Arabs joined us; I believe he said something to them in Arabic, about persons who break bargains deserving to be bastinadoed or flayed alive. I could not gather exactly what it was; but it must have been something very pleasant, for it made them all in the best possible good humour to proceed on the journey. I shook hands with Lagondie, leaving him my gold watch and

money, all but some five-franc pieces, to keep till my return. As we sallied out of the gate, I could hardly believe in my own good fortune. "Mr. Busnach," I said, "you lay me under an overwhelming debt of gratitude;" and do you wonder that I felt most sincerely when I said so. Here was a proud man, in every sense of the word a gentleman—to whom I could have no more offered a remuneration, without insulting him, than if Mr. Windham had come alive again—taking the trouble to ride forty miles under an African sun, which is now becoming very hot, and who must measure back the same journey to-morrow morning, ay, and sleep on the ground in an Arab tent, all out of gratuitous kindness to your humble servant!

To be sure the journey turned out, like most things in life which we eagerly desire and obtain with difficulty, to be more pleasant in prospect than when attained. The country is monotonously wild—not naturally sterile, I believe; for excepting the tracks formed by the beasts of travellers—which are the only roads—and some rocky spots on the hills, there is no ground that is absolutely bare or sandy; and on the plain there was now a strong natural vegetation of asphodel, fennel, coarse grass, and wild thistles or artichokes, the tops of which contain a heart which our Arabs were constantly eating. But the eye is very soon sated with this houseless wilderness. Some twelve miles from Oran we passed the spot where, a year and a half ago, there had been hard fighting between the French and the natives. The French soldiers, though an overmatch for the Arabs, suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst. Their store of water was exhausted—the breath of the Simoom set in—the cavalry stood its shock, and by their elevation from the ground were able to respire, but the foot soldiers fell by companies, gasping for breath. A captain of dragoons who was in the scene, told me that there was more than one instance of the infantry soldier, driven to madness by thirst and agony, putting his head to the mouth of his musket, and his foot to the trigger, and committing suicide. One infantry officer alone gave way to despair; and though it is probable that he was, in those circumstances, no more a responsible agent than a man in the delirium of a fever, yet it was better, perhaps, that he did not survive the occurrence. He pulled his purse from his pocket; he said to his men, "I have led you into battle with courage, and I have always been a kind officer to you—the horror of my sufferings is now insupportable; let the man among you who is my best friend shoot me dead, and here are thirty louis d'ors for his legacy." No man would comply with his request; but he had hardly uttered it, when he fell down and expired.

The sameness of our journey was relieved only by the sight, though far between, of Arab encampments, with majestic camels kneeling before them in rows of from fifteen to twenty. Our Arabs started several gazelles, and parted from us for a mile at a time to pursue them; but, to my great satisfaction, they returned without being the death of one of them. At twilight we reached a *dusera*, the patriarch of which was known to Mr. Busnach. With Oriental etiquette, we halted at a respectful distance, and the Arabs shouted to call for a conference. A messenger came out. Our request for hospitality was complied with; and we entered the principal tent amidst the barking of innumerable dogs, who, I thought, would have fastened on the legs of our horses. The women about the tents were milking goats and cows. The tent, covered

with camel-hair cloth, was as large, I should think, as twenty-five feet in diameter, and very lofty. It was divided into two compartments by a cloth screen, but not so as to divide its tenants either by sex or species; for though I heard female voices and squalling infants in the adjoining compartment, we had men, women, and cattle in the one where we supped and reposed. A wood-fire was lighted under the tent, the smoke of which would have choked us, but that it found vent under large open spaces beneath the tent-curtains, which only here and there are pinned down to the ground. We had for supper eggs, milk, and couscousou. The fashion is variable here as elsewhere. There was a time when an Arab would have stabbed you for the insult of offering him money for his hospitality; but I was told at Oran that it is now much better to give him silver than either presents or thanks; so in cosing with my venerable host, I put some money into his hand, and he received it civilly. We slept on the bare ground, with our cloaks about us.

Next morning I took leave of Mr. Busnach, and proceeded, with my Arabs, to Mascara, which we reached before sunset. I had an introductory letter to the French consul, whose house could be my only refuge, as there is not a single inn in Mascara. The country begins to be more hilly within the last twenty miles towards Mascara, and you begin to see symptoms of settled habitation in approaching the town. For a radius of two miles about it there are corn-fields, gardens, vineyards, and orchards; but both the horticulture and agriculture seemed to me to be wretched, though the grain was a little better bladed than on some patches of the desert farther off, where there is now and then a miserable barley-field, enclosed with dry thorn-bushes piled on each other. I observed many luxuriant vines, and plenty of oranges, but missed the date-trees which I had expected to find so far to the south.

We crossed on our way to Mascara only two considerable rivers,—the Sigg and the Oued-el-Hamman,—if rivers can be called considerable which, except when they are swollen by rain, can be forded on horseback. It gives one a dismal conception of barbarism to find those streams unfurnished with either a bridge or a ferry-boat.

A sample of ingenious barbaric simplicity met us on the same journey. We passed some Arabs who were sitting naked on the ground, with their habiliments spread out beside them. "What does this mean?" I inquired. I was told that their garments were purposely spread upon ants' hillocks; and that the ants, after devouring all the vermin which they find on the clothes, retire from them well satisfied into their nests. How instructive it is to see the world!

The French consul at Mascara is an Egyptian by birth; but being a Christian, he joined the French when they invaded Egypt, and has risen to be a captain in their service. He complained to me of the dismal dullness of his situation, as he has no companion but the French sergeant of dragoons already mentioned, who convoyed me back to Oran. My visit, he said, was a God-send to him, and he implored me to stop for a week—a request with which I could not comply.

Mascara is to be seen out and out in a few hours. It is about half as big as Algiers, encircled by a wall fifty feet high, without any ditch, but having some flanking towers. Its houses are square and flat-roofed, seldom more than a story high. Abd-el-Kader's palace has a quadrangular court, and a fountain in the middle of it, and consists of buildings that I think would let in London for about 100*l.* a-year, not counting

taxes. I went to see his powder-manufactory, which consists of a few rollers and mortars—a miserable concern. The market-place is pleasant and airy, and supplied with abundance of fruit, butter, and wool. I remarked the simplicity of manners in the weights being pieces of stone. Nevertheless, there are some shops filled with European articles. I visited a tannery that displayed some beautiful prepared leather; and I saw weavers with the regular looms making fine white woollen cloth. What most surprised me was an embroiderer's shop: his articles were splendid. I priced one of them, but it was so costly, that I could not purchase it.

The consul walked with me over the villa and garden grounds of Abd-el-Kader, about a mile out of town; there are vine-trellices, orange-groves, and even chiosques, but the whole appearance is poor in comparison with the villas round Algiers. When we came home and dined, we received crowds of Mascaran Moors in the evening; every day the consul told me that they come and drink about fourscore cups of coffee with him, and beg other gratuities besides, which he cannot refuse. There were Marabouts in their white mantles among these gentle beggars.

After two days' residence I left Mascara; the consul rode out with me a couple of miles on the way: he had cautioned me not to drink of the turbid water of the streams we had to recross, without mixing it with spirits or wine, and I knew that my keg of wine ought not to have been exhausted. But when we halted at the river Hammam, twenty miles from Mascara, no wine was to be found. The Arabs had unquestionably tricked us on this occasion, and they certainly can both steal and drink. But still this does not affect my general impression, that their inebriety and dishonesty are very infrequent. Here we were, however, without a drop of wine, spirits, or vinegar to unpoison the river water we had to swallow. I would have given more money than I had in my pocket for but a cruet full of vinegar, but I determined to abstain from the yellow stream, and exhorted the Frenchman not to slake his thirst at it. We rode on for four hours under a sun that would have poached eggs on the crown of my hat; I suffered tormentingly from thirst, but at last we reached a dasera, and waiting an hour till the milk was churned by being beat in a skin, for the Arabs will never sell you the fluid unchurned, we got gallons of butter-milk, which "we quaffed with ecstasy, and cooled our souls."

I found the people of this dasera very sociable. The women, who have none of the reserve of the city females, came about us, and I astonished them with my fine silk umbrella, which, strange to say, seemed to them a total novelty. The ladies chuckled and strutted about with it—nay, it seemed so popular among them, that I feared I should be obliged to leave it as a souvenir; but the headman of the dasera brought it back to me on my presenting him with a parcel of choice tobacco. I showed them also a phosphoric fire-kindler, expecting they would be in raptures with it; but they looked very shyly at it, and when I asked the reason, I was told, through the interpreter, that they liked the umbrella because it was the work of man, but, for the other machine, it was the work of the devil. I protested to them that I had never in my life had anything to do with the devil, and asked them if there was anything more wonderful in sulphur and phosphorus kindling flame, than in a spark from flint igniting gunpowder. They shook their heads, and said that they did not suspect me of having got this thing immediately from the devil, but that it was clearly of his contrivance.

We reached a *dascra* half-way to Oran at sunset, and after giving my host a largess I disposed myself to sleep. My rest, however, was constantly interrupted by the execrable dogs, and made uncomfortable by the excessive cold of the night-dews, which came freely into the tent—so much so, that I was fain to couch between a calf and a nanny-goat, and I never slept with more welcome bed-fellows. Ere the dawn I rose, anxious that we might reach Oran in time for the steamer for Algiers, in which I proposed to embark. My friend, the sergeant, was still sleeping in his cloak, but I arose to see how far the moon was gone down. A dozen of dogs growled as I got up—I durst not venture to the tent-door unarmed, but hesitated between taking my pistols or sabre, and happily preferred the latter. The Frenchman afterwards told me that if I had shot one of the Arab dogs it was a chance whether my own life had not been forfeited. But I took the sabre, and when two of the curs set upon me I cut and thrust at one of them, whilst the other succeeded in biting me just above the knee. The tenants then turned out, and I could see that there was a general anger at the Christian dog for having wounded the Arab dog, though they were all the time regardless of the bite I had received. I was not without some horror at the thought of hydrophobia, and should have cut out the wounded part if I had had a sharp instrument, but my razors were locked up in my portmanteau, which was corded to the other baggage. It was time to set out, and as the virus of the dog's tooth had gone through the cloth of my pantaloons before it had pierced the skin I thought there could be little danger. Before departing I made the interpreter talk with the patriarch of the *dascra*, and found him in better temper than his people. "Why," said I, "do you keep such a number of savage dogs in your tents?" He answered, "We can never be perfectly sure of not being attacked, particularly at night, by either wild beasts or human robbers; and we are secured from both by the number of dogs in every *dascra*. The lion, for instance, never *now* attacks a *dascra*, because lions have a sort of traditional knowledge among them. The father-lion tells his son, 'Don't go down to that encampment on the plain, for there are twenty tents, and every tent has five dogs. These dogs are poor creatures to be sure, and your paw or your tail will knock them off like mice; but still they will harass and hang on you, and give time to the Arabs to level their guns and shoot you.' The same is the case with the robbers," quoth the Arab, "and in this way we keep them away from us."

I returned to Oran in the wished-for time, but find that the steamer is not to sail till to-morrow. By that time I shall have taken leave of my friends at Oran, and shall be the bearer of this letter to you as far as Algiers: from thence I mean to embark for Marseilles, and in a few weeks I shall see you in London.

ILDERIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

'Twas when the unholyest warfare drench'd in blood
Columba. Of her woes spectator stood
Ilderim, laughing with vindictive ire.

Where terror hymns th' Eternal, sojourns he
In gloomy singleness, and royally
Maketh his diadem the meteor's fire.

Climes wild as fancy claim him all their own :
 Dark, from his thunder-smitten granite throne
 Of vast extravagant greatness, he looks down
 On worlds of woods, and borroweth of the night
 Clouds swirl'd with thunder, for a garment : bright.
 The lightnings play beneath his shadow's frown.

O'er land and lake, as wide the battle flamed,
 " Now, now, devouring Discord ! " he exclaim'd,
 " Now extirpate this homicidal race !
 Destroyers of my children ! groan and wail !
 Fiends of the deep, as spectred ocean pale !
 Now sweep each other from earth's blasted face !

" Dire was the day when ye the sad winds chain'd,
 And o'er the blue deep sought my isles profaned !
 Too, too prophetic, I removed my seat,
 And on my mountain-realm, in wrath and fear,
 Throned my dark stature. Will you brave me here ?
 And smite my children at their parent's feet ?

" Halt !—Goblins wan, your day of woe is come !
 Quake, like these mountains, while I stamp your doom !—
 My sons shall furnish ye with dreams that shriek,
 Wake ye to death, which none but white men dread,
 Rip the red scalp from every coward head,
 And laugh to scorn your womanish wailing weak.

" Ye shadows of the ocean's drown'd, be pale !
 If mine eternal hatred aught avail,
 Ye want not awful cause. Now shall ye feel
 Pangs, not remorse ; and curse the servile sea,
 That bore your sires from shores without a tree,
 To smite my forests with the axe of steel."

Thus spake the tempest-rolling Ilderim,
 In accents like the shout of seraphim
 O'er Satan vanquish'd. Took he then his shield
 Of beaten fire, that scorch'd the fever'd air,
 And bade th' unbridled elements prepare,
 Slaves of his will, to bear him to the field.

Whirlwind and lightning roll'd his car abroad :
 High o'er the billows of the storm he rode,
 And wanton'd in th' intolerable light ;
 And while the heavens beneath his axle bow'd,
 He smote, with iron stroke, the groaning cloud
 Whose blackness shrouded earth in fiery night.

Oh, not with wilder pomp and majesty
 (While clouds are scatter'd o'er the moaning sea,
 And shipwreck's phantom far his sighing sends
 Around the barren isles) he showery bow
 Of autumn o'er a land of valleys low,
 And woods of gloom, and rocks, and torrents, bends !

Where'er he saw the white men's lightning flame,
 He stoop'd from burden'd air : wrathful, he came
 In fire and darkness, o'er their fiendlike war ;
 Shock'd them together with the thunder's crash,
 Laugh'd as they writhed beneath his burning lash,
 Then, with his frown of horror, chased them far.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

HARRY O'REARDON.—PART II.

IT was one of those fine sunny mornings which, in the country, brings buds and butterflies to perfection; and in town—no matter, be it capital or county—draws every beau and every belle into the streets and promenades. In London even, the very aristocrats look as if *being* aristocrats gave them something to do, something to think about. In Dublin, the loungers, male and female, always appear as if any species of earthly employment would be a relief. The motion of the young men, as they move about the streets, is something between a lounge and a swagger: if you can understand my meaning, their idleness is *intense*. Up College-green, down Dame-street—up and down Grafton-street, again to College-green—again down Grafton-street—then up and down Sackville-street, again, and again, and again. If they have clubs they afford no novelty. There is no House of Commons—no opera—no concert! Is it to be wondered at, then, that their naturally active temperament, kept in order by what they imagine fashion, sometimes boils over in a row, or evaporates in a “shindy”? What else have they, according to their own expression, “to keep them alive?” Then the College youths—College *boys*, as they are most irreverently termed by their friends and companions—they effervesce occasionally; and altogether, taking one month with another, there are a considerable number of misunderstandings, which give them something to talk about besides politics and religion. To an English stranger, the idleness of the Irish metropolis has an extraordinary aspect. He wonders where, and by whom, business is conducted: he thinks within himself, that the greatest proof of the streets being never thronged, as in London, is the fact of the execrable conveyances (whose seats go flapping along like the inverted wings of a windmill) being able to drive with tolerable safety through the resorts of the “beau monde.” He thinks the girls would be the most lovely creatures in the world, if they did not trip, and giggle, and stumble quite so much; and if they could but learn how to make their toilettes with neatness and precision, he might pronounce them—perfect.

The sun shone, as I have said, most brightly; the young men lounged listlessly in its beams; and the young ladies tripped and giggled as they passed, or stared through the shop windows at some “illigant muslins,” some “darlint ribbons,” or “rale English prints,” not to be known from “French challis.” Grafton-street looked unusually gay. There were twelve or fourteen jaunting-cars swaying from one side of the street to the other, the drivers certainly not knowing or not caring which side was the right or which was the wrong. Now and then a private carriage rolled majestically on its way; and a few phaetons and a “castle cab,” that would not disgrace Hyde Park, made the English lounge (for the English, too, can lounge) think of dear London. The genuine Orangemen grouped opposite the College-gate rejoicing exceedingly in the prospect, interrupted midway by the “glorious and immortal” statue of their ugly, yet beloved, William. There it stood, the sun’s beams hot

upon its head; and one old gentleman descanted most eloquently upon the "spirit and beauty" of the royal deliverer.

It is well to see Dublin on a fine day, when it is not raining or going to rain,—to stand just where those gentlemen stood—Westmoreland-street extending in its magnificence to the right, and the Bank, *once* the Parliament House, flanked by its pure and beautiful columns, like a temple of the olden time.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," said a fine-looking peasant, touching his hat, and addressing one of the admirers of the King who, according to the old toast, saved Ireland "from Popery, slavery, and *wooden shoes*!" "I ask your pardon; but is that the *image* of King William?"

"Yes, it is," replied the questioned, who was an English officer.

"You know well enough it is," exclaimed a fire-eating "college boy," proud in the new distinction of his cap and robe, and brimful of Orangeism and bluster.

"I did *not* know, young gentleman," replied the querist proudly. "If I had known, I would not have troubled his honour there with a question. Anyhow, when I did ask, I asked one who was old enough to understand, and civil enough to answer."

"Do you know who you are speaking to?" inquired the youth fiercely.

"I do not know *who* I am speaking to," replied the stranger; "but I know who I am *not* speaking to."

"What, you scoundrel! what do you mean by that?" said the young Hotspur, coming closely to the man.

"I mean I am not speaking to a gentleman," he replied calmly; "and, like a good boy, stand out of my light; for though you are nothing but a straw, still I can't see the image through your black cap."

Young Irish gentlemen are not in the habit of using much courtesy towards their inferiors; they are quick-tempered, and fond, like other youths, if they have authority, of showing it. In an instant the imprudent boy struck the speaker a blow on the face. It could not have injured the assailed, for he was much too strong and stout of frame to be affected by such a stroke; but it roused his spirit, and, considering the impetuosity of his nature, he deserved great credit for not returning it. Twenty or five-and-twenty young men gathered round their companion, expecting that the stranger would have "shown fight," and the officer, as well as the elders of the party, stood between them; while the man who had been so grossly insulted, after a brief mental struggle, looked at the lad, and, in a voice quivering with emotion, said—

"It is not your friends, my boy, hinders me from punishing you; but I'd be loth to strike a child as if he was a man. There's as good blood in my veins, I make bould to say, as in yours. If any *man* thinks I deserved insult let him say so, and I'll talk to *him*. But as for you, poor child, I'd just like to have the whipping of you for ten minutes with a wate furzebush, and be sure it would bring some of the foolish heat out of your silly head."

The coolness of this reply turned the tables in Paddy's favour, and the English gentleman took hold of the youngster's arm, and almost forcibly walked him off down Grafton-street.

"This is the second row you have got into, to my knowledge, within a week, Edward," he said to the boiling youth. "If you were my son, you should apologize to the man you have insulted."

"What!" exclaimed the boy; "apologize to that bogtrotter! How dare he ask if that was King William's statue? Whose else should it be? I suppose he wanted King Dan there instead."

"Very likely he would have no objection to such an exchange."

"Upon my word, uncle Leslie," said the boy, "it is quite shocking to hear you talk so quietly to such fellows, and about such things. If you were not my mother's own brother I should doubt your loyalty."

"Because I did not knock a stranger down for asking if that was King William's *image*," replied the officer, laughing.

"Image!—image, indeed!" growled the tyro.

"Poor Ireland!" sighed the gentleman; "where nothing but disputes arise, where bitterness usurps the place of reason, and where parties are continually pitted against each other even in the public streets. Edward, I am ashamed of you, and ashamed of the state of the country. Why, if you committed such an assault as that in England, you would have been lodged in the station-house by this time. By the way, I ought not to have left that worthy countryman of yours surrounded by that hopeful college gang; it certainly was a scandalous outrage not to know King William by intuition. There, go into that shop and get an ice; it will cool your blood, I hope. And when you are cool, Edward, why then I must speak to you again on this subject."

Colonel Leslie was glad that he returned so quickly; for there was something evidently more than usual going on in College-green. Many persons had stopped, and the voices of sundry car and carriage drivers were heard in all the untaught and fiery eloquence of Irish debate. This riot, however, had nothing to do with the former fray. The countryman might or might not have been further annoyed, according to the variable humour of the party who had witnessed the event I have mentioned; but the loungers were in luck's way that morning—not one, but two events had occurred to dispel *ennui*. The College boys had been debating as to *who* the stranger *could* be that did not know King William! Some declared he was a Shanavest; others vouched for his being a Caravat; a little fellow, with sharp grey eyes and a snub nose, insinuated that he was Captain Rock; while another declared that Captain Rock would not surely venture to *look* even at King William! The object of this scrutiny was as careless about it "as if," to use little snub's expression, "he had been born a gentleman." After looking as long as he pleased at the "image," he twirled his shillelagh in his hand, and walking on a few yards, inquired of an elderly man, who was setting his watch by the Bank clock, "If them pillars were the Parliament House?"

The old gentleman started and smiled, while he repeated,

"The Parliament-house! No, my friend, the Bank! the Bank!"

"The Bank, I mean; thank you, Sir," replied the stranger.

But before he finished his examination of that beautiful building there was a rumbling and a crashing in the street. A jaunting car, conveying two ladies on one side, and one on the other, had been run against by a species of machine happily unknown in any other part of the civilized world; it is called the Naul car, forasmuch as it trades between Naul and Dublin. How it managed to stray into College Green on that particular day I know not—for its destination was at the other side of the City. This specimen of Irish coach-building is drawn by two, or sometimes three, animals called horses, though as such they would not

be recognized in any other country upon earth: it *ought* to go on four wheels, but generally speaking one, if not two, of them are non-effective, and oblige their unfortunate companions to do double duty. The front part, intended for "dacent passengers," is a sort of outside car, where the people sit back to back, performing to their great discomfort a species of jumping *dos-à-dos*, quite involuntary on their part, but to which custom seems to reconcile them in an extraordinary degree. This division of the machine has an awning over it, which serves certainly to keep off a portion of the "pelting of the pitiless storm;" before this, the ragged driver is elevated on a piece of wood, directly over the tails of the horses; to the back of the *dacent* division is attached another compartment, without a covering of any kind, where people of all sorts sit, their backs bumping against the rail of what is called "the well," which is half filled with "a lock of hay;" upon this a calf, or some young pigs, with a sufficient quantity of ducks or geese, ride unconsciously to market; behind this living lumber—for the tail of the Naul car is almost as long as that of a distinguished Irishman—comes a car, or cart like a gigantic truck, going upon a wheel or wheels of its own, but attached to the miscellaneous machine by its shafts, and carrying luggage of various descriptions, with as much pomposity as if it really intended to convey it to its destination.

This ponderous and unwieldy machine had push'd against the car which contained the ladies, and a violent concussion was of course the consequence; the lady on the "off" side was fairly thrown out, while those next the Naul were in danger of being literally crushed to death: the drivers swore loudly at each other, and all the passengers screamed in concert. Both machines were instantly surrounded by persons of all ages and sexes, not knowing what to do to extricate the ladies, and yet fully sensible that if the horses moved nothing could save them. With the bound of a hunting leopard, the man who had inquired relative to the identity of King William sprang across the street, and in an instant comprehended the danger and understood how it could be averted.

"Off with ye every one!" he exclaimed to two old women, the only passengers who had stuck fast to the Naul. "Hurroo, old mother, never heed the geese! Now, hold the horses hard—that will do—I'll have the linchpins out of these wheels, and upset it on this side in a jiffy. Don't bother me, man," he continued, as the driver commenced a remonstrance as to his "beautiful car being spilt in the street,"—"Don't you see it's the only chance for the ladies' lives?"

The pins were not hard in; had they been so, his task could not have been so quickly performed: it was done in a moment: every one was so intent on watching the stranger's operations, that they were not prepared for the rebound when the Naul car fell and gave freedom to the other,—it would have thrown the ladies off but for the coolness and presence of mind of their preserver,—and a loud and cordial shout from the quickly-assembled people rewarded the almost supernatural strength he exercised to compel the small machine to retain its equilibrium.

"The danger's over, ladies!" he exclaimed to the almost fainting women.

And as he so said, Colonel Leslie arrived on the spot. It was his sister and his niece who had been preserved by the stranger—the mother and sister of the boy whose hot-headed impetuosity had wounded a brave

and a proud spirit! The man wiped his brow, and was walking away, when Colonel Leslie called him back.

"Come to my house this evening," he said, placing his card in his hand. "You are a noble fellow, and I must know more about you."

When the evening came, the stranger presented himself at Colonel Leslie's, and the first person he saw when fairly in the hall was the college youth of the morning's adventure.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, I do, with all my heart!" he exclaimed, running up with the same overboiling warmth which had whizzed over in a different way before. "I beg your pardon—there, shake hands—you know I could not tell that you were going to save my mother and sister from the wheels of the Naul car; and I thought—but no matter, I am sure you have forgiven me—I know I was very much to blame. There, walk into the 'breakfast-room, I'll fetch you a *skreeching* hot tumbler of punch, and, by the time you have drank it, Uncle Leslie will be ready to see you."

And the warm, frank-hearted boy, who was never insolent or violent but when excited by the demon of party, danced out of the room, calling to all the inmates that "the brave fellow who saved *them* this morning was come." The stranger looked round the apartment and thought was it possible the rooms in "the Castle" could be grander! There are few persons brought up in an Irish village who have not some established favourite residence which is their standard of household perfection: they fancy that whatever is great and beautiful must be like the lord's, or the 'squire's, or the clergyman's. Their minds revert to it unconsciously—it is the perfection of their youth, and what perfection is like unto that?

Blessed, happy spot where my own childhood was passed! Years of mingled joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, have flown since then. I have seen much that was splendid and celebrated in many lands; and yet, even now, when anything beautiful in nature or art comes before me, I find myself comparing what I see to what I saw *there*. It is very ridiculous, I know, and yet I cannot help it. In the Louvre, I remember, a portrait painted by—I forget the name, but it was one of the wonders of art—and my companion pointed it out to me as a *chef d'œuvre*,—the head of an old gentleman bent forward, one hand resting partially in the bosom of his coat, the flesh shaded but not obscured by an elaborate ruffle; it was a face, a dear old benevolent face to look upon and love.

"Did you ever see such effect?" whispered my friend.

"Yes, it is the repetition of a portrait hung in the dining-room at G——, one ——"

"You are ever thus," interrupted the gentleman; "you bring everything in the most absurd way to your remembrance of that place—it is too bad!"

And so it is;—and I have tutored my tongue not to speak of thoughts which for once would make it eloquent. I cannot see a stately high-backed chair without calling to mind those ranged with such precision along the pale gray walls of our old dining-room. When I examined the wonderful carvings at Petworth, which render the name of Gibbons immortal, the remembrance of our old carved sideboard, which in my childish days I thought magnificent, came full upon me, but I did not

say so—I remembered the picture at the Louvre, and held my tongue. It was but this morning I gathered some sweet flowers from my small garden—their perfume carried me back to the bank of the terrace-walk where I could walk over beds of violets white and blue. I never see an antique carriage, or a pair of sleek, well-fed, and venerable bays, without having a vision of old Frank's "turn-out," which now-a-days in Hyde Park would excite almost as much attention as her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Oh, those clear visions of what we loved and what we were in childhood! How sweet they are, and how distinct! How very blue were the blue waves that washed the rocks which guarded that domain—guarded it from foreign foes, but not from sad mismanagement—the canker of the country which lives and preys upon its vitals! The sunsets, too!—how gloriously they laved the sea with gold—gold and purple, touching the clouds with that transparent brightness which painters cannot imitate! I never see a sunset now but I sigh and think of those I witnessed then.

This is sad prosing, nor would I have yielded to it, but that I trace the same train of feeling in the poor stranger. He gazed on the fine furniture—his eye wandered from the carved book-cases to the carved chairs, from them to the fine picture-frames, until at last his gaze fixed upon a drawing—a simple drawing—a girl sitting at a cottage-door, her foot upon the bar of a spinning-wheel: it was as faithful a representation of an Irish cottage as if McClise had held the pencil. He stood and gazed at it until his eyes dimmed, and then he wiped away the tears with the sleeve of his coat, and looked again, until his reverie was interrupted by his former antagonist, and the *shreeching* tumbler.

"Sit down," said Colonel Leslie, who entered soon after, "tell me your name; and tell me also if I can serve you—and how. You showed more temper, more *good* temper, I confess, than I expected from an Irishman, and your presence of mind far exceeds what I imagined any person like you could possess."

The stranger coloured at this equivocal compliment, while he replied that "his name was O'Reardon, that he wanted to better his fortune,—that it wasn't by striking a boy he expected ever to *show* good temper, and that, as to presence of mind, he thought it could live as snug under a frieze coat as under an English cloth."

There was a manliness in his bearing while he spoke which pleased Colonel Leslie: it was more upright, more straight-forward than the usual manner of the Irish peasant, whose servility is often little more than a cloak for cunning, and he thought he had got hold of a new reading of the Irish character; he was not exactly right, it was only the old one with the variations which circumstances and temperament occasion. There are no people in the world whose general features so resemble each other as the Irish.

"And how would you wish to better your fortune, my good friend?" inquired the Colonel, after a pause.

Our old acquaintance looked at him and smiled; it was a difficult question to answer.

"You see, Sir," he said at last, "I am of an old and rather a high family, and though I am forced (through the badness of the times) to earn my bread, still I should not like to do anything to disgrace my people."

"Certainly, certainly," repeated Colonel Leslie, "nothing more natural or proper; but honest industry is a credit, not a disgrace. Have you then many relations?"

"No, Sir, none that are not far off, except an old mother—God bless her!"

"Because you spoke of not disgracing your people."

"Yes, Sir, those who went before me."

"Went before you!" repeated the English Colonel, rather puzzled as to Harry's exact meaning.

"Ay, Sir, were before me on earth, and are gone before me to heaven, please God!"

"Oh! yes, I understand you now. Have you ever been in service? service of any description; I mean as steward or valet."

"No, Sir," replied Harry, his heart swelling within him; "never, no one belonging to me ever came to that."

"Oh! then service is not your object. Well, then what say you, will you enlist? I am sure you would soon be a sergeant, for you are both cool and brave."

"Thank you, Sir, but that would not quite suit me either; I should not like (asking your pardon) to wear even the King's livery."

Colonel Leslie looked at Harry in silent astonishment—he could not quite make him out; a poor man, evidently not of the upper class, yet objecting to earn a livelihood in two honest, and in the Colonel's opinion not discreditable, callings.

"Then what do you desire?" he asked, "I should like to serve you, but hardly know how. I feel grateful for your forbearance towards my nephew, your preservation of my sister." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out his purse.

"Thank you, Sir," said the countryman, replying to the movement, "but I do not want that yet; a gentleman's word like yours would go a great way. I have no one but God and your honor to look to, and He has already raised me a friend where I had no right to expect it; all I want is employment such as I can take; if I had people to look to me the case would be changed, but I have not: as I said before, I have only God and you."

"You have another person whom you have not counted on, and whom I regret to say your countrymen, individually considered, rarely look to, *I mean yourself!*" said Colonel Leslie.

"What can a poor fellow do in a great place like this without friends?" replied O'Reardon.

"Do not mistake me," answered Colonel Leslie, "I have no desire to withdraw my offer of assistance; I only wish to convince you that if Irishmen depended more on themselves and less upon others, it would be one great step towards success; you acted to-day from the impulse of your own feelings, did you not?"

"You spoke the true word there, anyhow," replied Harry, looking modestly down on the carpet.

"Well, my good friend, if you always did so you would get on famously."

O'Reardon smiled, while he said "Not *always*, Sir; my feelings have got me into many scrapes. The worst was when I hurled a gauger into a marl hole, thirty feet deep, and left him there!"

"My God!" exclaimed the Englishman, "did you murder him!"

"Oh! no murder at all, Sir, I only threw him over, and I know he got out—for a reason I had; he'd have sworn his life against me at the next assizes, only he was afraid of the country!" Colonel Leslie threw up his eyes at the idea of a country being in such a state that a man dare not swear to the truth, and felt again convinced of the difficulty of legislating for a people—even the bettermost sort of whom either pursued the madman's course, and argue *right* from *wrong* principles; or the idiot's, arguing *wrong* from *right* ones.

He had not been long enough in Ireland to learn that in those days gaugers were as much hunted as tythe-proctors are in the present.

"Will you then," said Colonel Leslie, shifting his ground,—thinking doubtless he had better let the *feeling* question alone,—“Will you then tell me exactly what you want?”

"I would manage a gentleman's farm as a sort of agent like; I would go into a merchant's house and keep books."

"You can read and write then?" interrupted the Colonel.

"Thank God, I can, Sir, though I say it myself, and well; or I would tutor young gentlemen, teach them English and the like, and a trifle of Latin."

"You wish, in fact, for the situation of a gentleman?" said the Colonel.

"What else, Sir! no one belonging to me ever thought of any other; and why should I demean myself?"

"I really fear you are not suited for what you have mentioned, and, under any circumstances, such situations are difficult to be obtained: however I will try."

Colonel Leslie, like the generality of his countrymen, kept his word; he did try, and he did succeed to his own satisfaction, but not quite to Harry's, who at the end of three months dispatched a letter, of which the following is an exact copy, to his mother.

"My dear mother,—I told you in my last of the luck I had, and how Colonel Leslie got me to a merchant's, where, mother, your son was to do as he was bid, and learn trade; for trade it is, for all their boasting; I was to write out bills, and make parcels, and so I did, and my handwriting was greatly praised, and from eight in the morning till any time at night, there I was stuck up upon a high stool in a place darker than our cow-shed, until my heart ached and my eyes grew sore for want of the light of heaven; and the air, mother, would poison a chimney-sweep: but it is not that only that has come over me; if you but knew how I miss the sun and the smell of the fresh hay, and the blessing of my poor mother, and the respect of the neighbours. Still I knew what I left, though I did not quite know what I was coming to.

"I bore it all, though my back was growing like the bow of a bill-hook, until a messenger left, and then the master asked me to *carry out parcels*: now, mother, I might have done it if a *born* gentleman had asked it, because no one knows me here; but who do you think the merchant is? A tinker's son!

"I could not stomach it, so I left with about forty thirteens in my pocket, and the anger of the only friend I had in the world: I don't know how it is, but the English have mighty queer notions, so shocking fond of money, and have no feeling for those who have nothing to be proud of but the drop of blood in their veins. Colonel Leslie does not say so, but I am sure he thinks me an empty fool! Still, mother, dear, I am your

own child, not on account of the folly, but the pride : sure they'd have flesh and blood the same as a stone, to be trod on ; but keep a good heart, mother, I'm off for Liverpool to-morrow morning, and the world's before me, and my life is young ! Do any remember me now ? Do you ever see little Moyna Roden ?

“ My dear Mother, till death,

“ I am your affectionate, dutiful Son.

“ Dublin, I'm thinking, is much as you left it thirty years ago.”

When Harry arrived in Liverpool he presented two letters of introduction which he had obtained—one was to a grocer, the other to a builder : but Harry would neither weigh out figs nor carry a hod ; how could the grocer or builder serve him ? He stood upon his pride ; but at length his limbs failed him, and he stared starvation in the face until it nearly out-stared him. Poor Harry ! it was a trial he could ill brook ; for he was not of an idle disposition, and he could still less endure to be classed with the *mere* Irish, whose conduct in England is, in nine cases out of ten, anything but creditable to their country. And here I would entreat my English friends not to judge of the real character of the Irish by the specimens they too often meet with ; the worst generally leave their own country, and imbibe vices which are easily acquired, while virtues, more difficult both to gain and practise, are beyond their reach. In their own land, they are certainly more civil and obliging than they are in England—more upright, too, and kind to each other. They throw off the restraint which their priests command in Ireland, and having experienced the harshness, and become emancipated from the only law whose legitimacy they ever acknowledge, they are very unlikely to take up any other, much less one they have been taught to hate in their youth. If Harry was uncomfortable in the confined room of a Dublin office, what must he have suffered from the atmosphere where a dozen human beings were crowded together in a wretched cellar or heated garret ! His feelings, poor fellow, were sufficiently bitter, when he thought of the green fields and freedom of his dear home ; compelled to pledge even the white waistcoat—pretty Moyna's gift—and to herd with the lowest of the low, who hated him because he was unlike themselves. After undergoing nearly a month of this severe discipline, his pride for the time began to give way, and he would have accepted any employment to save him from starvation. “ Sure nobody knows me,” quoth our adventurer, “ and it 'ill never travel home ; and I'm thinking if it did, none of the neighbours would believe that Harry O'Reardon and his pride had parted company !” Still the fates were against him ; it was in vain that he applied to grocers, cheesemongers, and master bricklayers—those who had known him before knew his pride : the English cannot sympathise with any pride but that of wealth ; and those to whom he was a stranger did not require assistance. He haunted the neighbourhood of the dock-yards, but employment he could not procure. Poor Harry ! the person he most frequently thought of was his own Moyna—the love that lives through adversity is love indeed !

• He wandered one morning along the London-road, beating the green hedges with his stick, and whistling—not from want of thought, but through thoughtfulness—a sort of musical accompaniment set by sad-

ness, when he was aroused from his musing by an accident, which from his position he distinctly saw. A gentleman driving a phaeton persisted, very properly, in keeping to his own side of the road, while a servant, driving an Irish jaunting-car (luckily an empty one), kept pertinaciously to the wrong, and thus a concussion ensued between the meeting vehicles. Harry was the only person in sight, and was called upon simultaneously by both parties to witness the event.

The gentleman was a quiet, resolute Englishman. The servant, a boisterous Irishman; evidently more newly caught than even our friend Harry.

"I was on my own side of the way," said the gentleman, "and you drove directly against me."

"I was at the same side of the way as you, I own—I'll own to that," replied Paddy; "but, sure, wasn't the road wide enough? Wasn't it as easy for you to turn up it as me? Sure I left the whole road to you, and what more did you want? To be turning me off the taste of way I had, and I so long on it!"

"What do you mean by being *long* on it? and what has that to do with your being on the wrong side?" said the gentleman.

"Sure ye can't deny you just left Liverpool, and I'm on the road from Birmingham since Tuesday; and my master says, says he, 'Mick,' says he, 'whatever you do, keep to the right side,' and I done his bidding, in spite of every thing said to me as I came along, and sorra a thing happened me till now."

"You hear, my good man," said the gentleman, folding up the dash-leather of his phaeton, which the step of the car had torn to pieces, and appealing to Harry O'Reardon; "you hear he confesses he kept to the wrong side of the road?"

"I confess to no such thing," exclaimed the irritated driver; "I say I kept to the right side, and I maintain it." The gentleman smiled contemptuously.

"A magistrate will settle it, that's all, my fine fellow, and teach you what I suppose no Irishman ever learned yet—the right from the wrong."

"A magistrate!" exclaimed the youth, "why, thin, sure it isn't for a bit of a scratch like that you'd be coming the law over us; and as to larning, faith, Sir, I'm noways more knowing than my countrymen—so I can't learn."

At this moment two policemen came up, and without any further parley, the English gentleman consigned the mistaken driver to their custody.

"Won't you listen to rason!" shouted Paddy; "won't you listen to rason? Set your bit of a scratch against mine—my master's, I mean; look at the damage done by your car to mine—see the step of the beautiful craythur all scrawled and riz, and it on its way as a present to master's own sister. To take the law of me for nothing! Well, faith, maybe it's enough of it you'd have before you die, plaze God—after my fair offer, too! Well, the blessed Virgin send me safe home! After that—Oh! Mick Toole, Mick Toole, to think you, or one belonging to you, should ever come to a court of justice!—Oh! to think of my being murdered after this manner!"

But his appeal was in vain; the gentleman cared much less about the

damage done to his carriage than for the necessity of proving that he was *right* by being on the *left* side of the road, and insisted on Harry O'Reardon accompanying him back to Liverpool. Harry had his national prejudice also against a "coort" of justice, but he went with a hope that it might lead to something; that as a car brought a little luck to him in Dublin, a car might bring him "a trifle more" in Liverpool. When he entered the office the magistrate was occupied in investigating a burglary that had been committed in a private house the night before; two young women and a man were placed in the dock, one of the females was weeping bitterly, the other stood by her side apparently quite unconcerned, quite heedless of the proceedings. The case had been brought home to the man and the woman whose effrontery so disgusted the magistrate; it was the old story over again: the hardened creature had been some time connected with a gang of thieves, and had introduced one of them occasionally into her master's house as her brother. One night he managed to conceal himself in the house, and perpetrate (with the assistance of his accomplice) a very complete robbery; as I have stated, their guilt was sufficiently proved, and they were committed for trial; and then the magistrate asked the trembling, weeping girl what she had to say in her defence, as there was every reason to believe she was an accessory after the fact. She withdrew her hands from her face, and, looking with an imploring countenance towards the judge, she replied,

"God! he knows, my Lord, I am as innocent as the child just born."

How the voice shrilled through Harry! The strong man trembled like a wounded bird, he could neither speak nor move; he stretched forward, but he could not see her face, his eyes felt hardened in their sockets, and he would scarcely suffer himself to breathe; he longed to rush to her side, but his feet were rooted to the earth; again he heard her sobbings—it was Moyna! A mist obstructed his sight, the court turned round and round, he could not hear what the magistrate said, but, when she again spoke, the tones of her beloved voice smote upon his heart.

"I can't prove it, my Lord, to man; but if your honour will have patience with a poor girl away from her own country, maybe the Almighty would make it clear to you for the sake of the thruth."

The magistrate was of a kindly nature, he had not been long in office, and he did listen.

"Please your honour, I felt lonely at home and didn't get my health well, so our minister's daughter (please your honour, though I'm an Irishwoman I'm a Protestant) said to me, 'Moyna,' said she, 'I'm going to Wales for two months, and if you like I will take you as my maid instead of one of my father's servants, for you're handy with the needle —'"

"Never mind that," said the magistrate, "but come to the point at once."

"She was coming to the *point*, your worship," said the Liverpool court-jester, "she had just got hold of the *needle*."

The magistrate smiled and frowned, and Harry O'Reardon thought the punster the greatest brute the Almighty had ever created; how horribly does a pun rasp against agitated feelings!

"I came with her, your honour, but I didn't get much good of the change of air; there was a heaviness in me, and a weight over my heart."

"Young woman, young woman," interrupted the magistrate, "I don't sit here to hear about girls' hearts."

"I ask your honour's pardon then," she replied, curtsying, "but it's in the fault all through, and I can't get on without it."

"Go on," said the magistrate, and though he smiled he did not then frown.

"Thank your honour. Miss Dalrymple (she's own cousin to the great Sir Hugh Dalrymple) heard of an aunt of hers that was dying in France, and it was her duty to go to her; but the weakness and the pain in my heart hindered me of travelling, and so I stayed in the lodging the good young lady took for me, waiting till she'd come back, and she had not been gone a week when a change for the better came over me, and the woman I lodged with recommended me to Mr. Maberley's, (God help us, we little know what's before us!) and there I had to wait on two young ladies, kind and good they were to me; the worst thing I ever got from them was a smile, and the hardest word a blessing. And oh! Sir, do you think I could injure those, who, though I was a stranger, were like parents to me?"

"Assertion is no proof," said the magistrate, "go on with your story. You saw the misconduct of your fellow servant, did you not?"

"Please your honour I saw nothing that I could call misconduct, believing as I did that *that* man was her brother. I thought once or twice to myself how fortunate she was in having a brother so fond of her, and I told her so."

"You slept with your fellow servant, did you not?"

"I lay in the same bed with her, Sir, but it's little I trouble sleep, for that pain in my heart often comes upon me in the night, and maybe I don't close an eye till the morning."

"It has been clearly proved," said the magistrate, "that on the night in question, when it was nearly twelve, that unfortunate girl got out of her chamber window, which opened on the leads, walked along those leads to another window, which fastened on the outside, and entered the stable loft where she had concealed her pretended brother, remained there a few minutes, and then both entered by the window she had at first opened. You say you do not sleep soundly, how then could all this have taken place without your knowledge?"

"Please your honour," replied the girl blushing burning crimson, "please your honour, I was not in it."

"What! what do you mean?" inquired the magistrate, whom she had evidently deeply interested, "what do you mean? were you not in the house, in your room that night?"

"Part of the night, please your honour, I *was* in the house, and part, *that part*, I was not."

Harry O'Reardon felt a cold dew burst upon his temples, and his heart grew faint.

"Here's depravity!" exclaimed the magistrate. "A young woman confesses with all the apparent innocence and modesty in the world that she is out of her master's house at twelve o'clock at night, in such a place as Liverpool. What is the world come to! But go on—go on; and mind—mind you speak the truth—the entire truth."

"Sir," said Moyna, looking perplexed, and yet dignified, "I have

done nothing to be ashamed of—and my mother, on her dying bed, could say (though it's little, thank God, she knows where I'm standing this blessed day) that I never told a lie in my life. The same window that my fellow-servant got out of, as your honour says,—for I did not see her,—I had stolen from with a bating heart, when it wanted a quarter to twelve; but for no harm, your honour—no harm in life!”

“Where did you go to?”

Moyna blushed still more deeply than before.

“I'd rather not tell, please your honour, for you won't get at the sense of it, or have any sort of belief in it—only maybe laugh at me altogether.”

“Sense!—belief!” repeated the man of justice, shaking his wig, which doubtless felt insulted at its divination being questioned; “this is impertinent. If you do not tell I shall commit you for trial.”

Moyna paled, and then looked up to his face with a sweetly serious expression of countenance, which seemed to say, “*Could you do it?*” She then spoke in a low and trembling tone.

“Why, then, first of all (saving your presence), I tied my garters across in three knots, and laid them under my head, where they are still—the head of the bed, I mean, if it has not been disturbed—and Ellen was lying fast asleep at the same time, at least so I thought—then I slipped on my clothes, and took care not to look at the glass, though the lamp *foreint* the window made it as light as day; and I stepped out of the window, taking my three handfuls of flax-seed in my apron, and a little bottle full of cold water in my hand. Your honour knows the back of Mr. Maberley's house faces the churchyard; so I walked along the leads, and let myself down into it, as the three-quarter chimes were going. I then walked three times round the churchyard, and told over the charm, while I threw the seed,—not, please your honour, that I have any great faith in it, and my father would be very mad with me if he thought I gave way to a thing of the sort; but somehow when the mind's not easy—your honour can think of yourself—you take to anything, however small, that gives a morsel of hope;—then the clock struck, and I took a mouthful of cold water, and—your honour may believe me or not as you think fit and right—but as I walked for the second time round the church—your honour knows the corner that turns to the street—there——”

Her voice, which was so very low that but for the intense silence in the court it could not have been at all heard, now sank into a whisper, and she trembled so exceedingly that one of the people offered her a glass of water.

“Please your honour,” she continued, when a little revived—“please your honour, I'll never try to work a charm of a Hallow-eve night again! It may come and go for me for ever! I'm done with it! for there *he* stood in company with another man at the corner, looking over the church wall——”

“He! Who?” interrupted the magistrate—“one of the burglars? housebreakers?”

“Oh no,” said Moyna, clasping her hands energetically, “he's nothing of that sort, nor never was, nor one belonging to him—never—never—never! *Him* I was thinking of, your honour, to my sorrow and my shame, is now to be forced to save my character, by owning to my foolishness in an English court of justice!”

"Moyna! Moyna!" exclaimed Harry O'Reardon, rushing forward, and overturning a policeman by the energy of his movements; "Moyna, lay no blame to the charm, for it was *me* you saw! Moyna, was it not *me* you thought of?"

The English assembly caught Harry's enthusiasm at the very moment that he caught Moyna to his bosom; and the English gentleman, who would not yield the eighth of an inch of his right to the correct side of the road, felt his eyes uncomfortably moist and misty. After the lapse of a few minutes, O'Reardon glanced from Moyna's beautiful face to his own thread-bare coat, and desiring that no shadow of suspicion should for a moment rest upon her, he drew himself up and addressed the magistrate.

"Plase your honour, I was uncomfortable last night in my bed, and I don't deny but I thought a good deal of the different way I *used* to spend Holly-eve, and so I got up and dressed myself, and as it was a fine night I wandered down to the near churchyard, and at the far corner of the wall I saw a policeman looking over it; and as I had a small acquaintance with him I asked him what he was looking at, and he told me he had been for ever so long watching a young woman who kept going round and round the churchyard. And then I looked over, little thinking who it was; and as the lamp shone on me, she saw me distinctly enough, for when she came opposite she screamed, but before the policeman could get over to her she had disappeared."

"Can you tell me what policeman witnessed this?" inquired the magistrate; "because, if Moyna was really in the churchyard at the hour the robbery was committed, and engaged in the foolish superstitions that have been described, there is not even presumptive evidence against her."

"I saw her," said the officer O'Reardon had tumbled over; "I was on duty, your worship, and observed her before this man came and spoke to me. I thought she was crazed at first; but there's no being up to the ways of these wild *Hirish*. The next time," he added, turning to O'Reardon, "that you intend to walk over a man, it would be as well that you pulled the nails out of your brogues."

"I feel it my duty to state thus publicly," said Mr. Maberley, who was present, "so perfectly convinced am I of Moyna's innocence, that I am quite willing she should remain at my house until Miss Dalrymple's return. We must, however, cure her of her superstition, and inquire into the character of the apparition that disturbed her midnight walk. The Liverpool churchyards are not, I fear, as safe for those excursions as the Irish ones."

Moyna blushed, and cried, and curtsied, but was too much overpowered by her mingled feelings to speak. Harry remained in court to give his evidence, and felt, notwithstanding his threadbare coat, as if his star had passed the horizon. I hope he was right.

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

BY L. E. L.

What seek I here to gather into words?
 The scenes that rise before me as I turn
 The pages of old times. A word—a name—
 Conjures the past before me, till it grows
 More actual than the present: that—
 But with the common eyes of daily life,
 Imperfect and impatient; but the past
 Out of imagination works its truth,
 And grows distinct with poetry.

I.

PETRARCH'S DREAM.

Rosy as a waking bride
 By her royal lover's side,
 Flows the Sorgia's haunted tide
 Through the laurel grove,—
 Through the grove which Petrarch gave.
 All that can escape the grave—
 Fame, and song, and love.

He had left a feverish bed
 For the wild flowers at his head,
 And the dew the green leaves shed
 O'er his charmed sleep:
 From his hand had dropp'd the scroll
 To which Virgil left his soul
 Through long years to keep.

Passion on that cheek had wrought,
 Its own paleness had it brought;
 Passion marks the lines of thought:
 We must feel to think.
 Care and toil had flung their shade
 Over that bright head, now laid
 By the river's brink.

Youth that, like a fever, burns;
 Struggle, scorning what it earns;
 Knowledge, loathing as it learns;
 Worn and wasted heart!
 And a song whose secrets are
 In its innermost despair;—
 Such the poet's part!

But what rises to efface
 Time's dark shadows from that face?
 Doth the heart its image trace
 In the morning dream?
 Yes; it is its light that shines
 Far amid the dusky pines,
 By the Sorgia's stream.

Flowers up-springing, bright and sweet,
 At the pressure of their feet,
 As the summer came to greet
 Each white waving hand.
 Round them kindles the dark air;
 Golden with their golden hair,
 Glide a lovely band.

Spirits, starry Spirits, they,
 That attend the radiant day,
 When the freed soul burst the clay
 Of its prison wall:
 Distant visions they appear;
 For we only dream of, here,
 Things ethereal.

But one glideth gently nigh,
 Human love within her eye,—
 Love that is too true to die,—
 That is heaven's own.
 Let the angel's first look dwell
 Where the mortal loved so well,
 Ere yet life was flown.

To that angel-look was given
 All that ever yet from heaven
 Purified the earthly leaven
 Of a beating heart.
 She hath breathed of hope and love,
 As they warm the world above;—
 She must now depart.

Aye, I say that love hath power
 On the spirit's dying hour,
 Sharing its immortal dower,
 Mastering its doom:
 For that fair and mystic dream
 By the Sorgia's hallow'd stream,
 Kindled from the tomb.

II.

THE BANQUET OF ASPASIA AND PERICLES.

Waken'd by the small white fingers,
 Which its chords obey,
 On the air the music lingers
 Of a low and languid lay
 From a soft Ionian lyre;—
 Purple curtains hang the walls,
 And the dying daylight falls
 O'er the marble pedestals
 Of the pillars that aspire,
 In honour of Aspasia,
 The bright Athenian bride.

There are statues white and solemn,
 Olden gods are they;
 And the wreath'd Corinthian column
 Guardeth their array.
 Lovely that acanthus wreath,
 Drooping round the graceful girth:
 All the fairest things of earth,
 Art's creations have their birth—
 Still from love and death.
 They are gather'd for Aspasia,
 The bright Athenian bride.

There are gold and silver vases
Where carved victories shine ;
While within the sunlight blazes
Of the fragrant Teian wine,
Or the sunny Cyprian isle.
From the garlands on each brow
Take they early roses now ;
And each rose-leaf bears a vow,
As they pledge the radiant smile
Of the beautiful Aspasia,
The bright Athenian bride.

With the spoils of nations splendid
Is that stately feast ;
By her youthful slaves attended—
Beauties from the East,
With their large black dewy eyes.
Though their dark hair sweeps the ground,
Every heavy tress is wound
With the white sea-pearl around ;
For no queen in Persia vies
With the proud Aspasia,
The bright Athenian bride.

One hath caught mine eye—the fairest ;
’Tis a Theban girl :
Though a downcast look thou wearest,
And nor flower nor pearl
Winds thy auburn hair among :
With a white, unsandall’d foot,
Leaning languid on thy lute,
Weareth thy soft lip, though mute,
Smiles yet sadder than thy song.
Can grief come nigh Aspasia,
The bright Athenian bride ?

On an ivory couch reclining
Doth the bride appear ;
In her eyes the light is shining,
For her chief is near ;—
And her smile grows bright to gaze
On the stately Pericles,
Lord of the Athenian seas,
And of Greece’s destinies.
Glorious, in those ancient days,
Was the lover of Aspasia,
The bright Athenian bride.

Round her small head, perfume-breathing
Was a myrtle stem,
Fitter for her bright hair’s wreathing
Than or gold or gem ;
For the myrtle breathes of love.
O’er her cheek, so purely white,
From her dark eyes came such light
As is, on a summer night,
With the moon above.
Fair as moonlight was Aspasia,
The bright Athenian bride.

These fair visions have departed,
 Like a poet's dream,
 Leaving us pale and faint-hearted
 By life's common stream,
 Whence all lovelier light hath fled.
 Not so : they have left behind
 Memory to the kindling mind,
 With bright fantasies combined.
 Still the poet's dream is fed
 By the beauty of *Aspasia*,
 The bright Athenian bride.

III.

RIENZI SHOWING NINA THE TOMB OF HIS BROTHER.

It was hidden in a wild wood
 Of the larch and pine ;
 It had been unto his childhood
 Solitude and shrine,—
 There he dream'd the hours away.
 On the boughs the wood-dove hover'd,
 With her mournful song ;
 And the ground with moss was cover'd,
 Where a small brook danced along
 Like a fairy child at play.
 Thither did Rienzi bring
 The loved and lovely one ;
 There was the stately Nina woo'd,
 There was she won.

Reeds and water-flags were growing
 By the green morass ;
 While the fresh wild flowers were blowing
 In the pleasant grass,
 Cool, and sweet, and very fair.
 Though the wild wind planted them
 With a careless wing,
 Yet kind Nature granted them
 All the gifts of Spring.
 Nought they needed human care.
 They grew lovelier in the looks
 Of that lovely one ;
 While the Roman maid was woo'd,
 While she was won.

In the pines, a soft L-wailing
 Stirr'd the fringed leaves,
 Like a lute whose song is falling,
 Loving, while it grieves
 So to die upon the wind.
 Ivy garlanded the laurel,
 Drooping mournfully ;
 Poet—warrior—read the moral
 Of the victor's tree,
 Lonely still amid its kind !

Yet what dreams of both are blent
In the soft tale now begun,
Which the radiant Nina woo'd,
And which Nina won.

There a cypress raised to heaven
Its sepulchral head,
Like a stately column given
By the summer to the dead ;—
There the young Rienzi slept.
In that grave his brother laid him,
'Neath the evening star ;
While revenge and sorrow made him
What earth's great ones are ;—
Long, drear vigils there he kept.
Now a sweeter one was lit
By the setting sun ;
While that lady bright was woo'd,
While she was won.

By the grey cross o'er his brother,
By his heart's first care,
Did Rienzi ask another
In that heart to share.
To that maiden's feet he brought
All his early youth's affection,
All his early years ;
All whose tender recollection
Only speaks in tears.
Thus to share his soul he sought :
All life's loveliest feelings grew
Round that lovely one ;—
Thus was the bright Nina woo'd,
Thus was she won.

Ah ! the glorious mind's aspiring
Needeth some repose—
Some sweet object for desiring,
Where its wings may close.
Wrapp'd in purple shadows, Rome
Rose afar off like a vision—
Stately, dark, and high ;
But a softer one had risen
'Neath that twilight sky.
While the full heart found a home,
There were mighty words and hopes
Shared with his beloved one ;—
Thus was the bright Nina woo'd,
Thus was she won.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

THE state of religion in the United States is a difficult and dangerous subject to touch upon; yet it cannot be wholly omitted even in a hasty fugitive sketch. The zealous, the bigoted, and the hypocritic are rancorous or severe in proportion to the extent of the impressions stamped on weak or enthusiastic minds, or of danger to the worldly interests of the traders in sanctity. However, as I sincerely respect the creed of every "true man," his forms and ceremonies, so long as they continue merely spiritual, and only meddle with the spurious trappings attached to it by human depravity and folly, I have but to hope for, or dispense with, indulgence.

At the period when America acquired her independence, intolerance had disappeared from every country where the slightest portion of political liberty had been enjoyed, and religious freedom had too equally divided the people into sects, to allow any one to assume a predominant power. Had such a state of things occurred a century or two earlier, one-half would have butchered the other. America now enjoys more religious freedom than ever fell to the lot of Christian man; notwithstanding there exists a large portion of that intolerance which springs from ignorance and imbecility, united with brutality, she enjoys the circulation of the scriptures to an extent that ought to prove exceedingly grateful even to a Roden or a Bexley; and yet as if to show the futility of human wisdom, and the weakness of human efforts, the result has not tended to the extension of faith, or the improvement of morals. But in fact the state of society is caused by such a complication of causes and events, as no man can trace uninterruptedly to their effects, without the aid of imagination; and as I prefer the smallest portion of truth to the most ingenious systems and conjectures, I shall content myself with describing the state of things, as far as my observation and information extended, and giving the causes whenever they appear obvious.

In remote or infant settlements people take religious instruction as it offers, or as it suits—starvation or repletion; but in the ancient settlements, and more particularly in New England, it is considered a matter required by prudence, good taste, and fashion, if not by stronger feelings, for every father of a family, or man of business, to attach himself to some congregation. The more conspicuous his situation, the more imperative the rule; and none can be exempt but those "who hang loose on society;" who are independent in their circumstances, and have none to whom they want to show an example. But of those who subscribe, some never attend, and many do so rarely; the more obscure may neglect appearances, but the more wealthy dare not. The fact is proved by the disproportion of the sexes in places of worship, for females rarely miss attendance; and taking the relative numbers at four to one, above three-fourths of the men must be absent. Among the Methodists, and some others of the more zealous and less fashionable congregations, the disproportion is not so great; but I have myself, in an episcopal church, counted five women to one man. In theatres the disproportion lies the other way. Now the cause of this indifference to worship in the male sex is no secret to me, however reluctant I feel to enter on such a forbidden subject—it is unbelief; and I feel convinced from my own acquaintance with men, their habits and opinions, that one-half of the male population of the United States do not believe in the Christian revelation. This could not be ascertained by hasty tourists, who see but the surface of things; men do not hasten to lay bare their minds, in a matter which may injure, but cannot benefit them; though it must be admitted that travelling companions are

generally the most open and communicative. Of the unbelievers, probably not more than half freely admit their unbelief; but many may safely be classed in the same division from some act, expression, or even a look. The firm believers are for the most part attentive to their religious duties, and include nearly all the Catholics, Methodists, Independents, &c., who cannot avow infidelity without drawing down on themselves expulsion and disgrace.

In the best society in private houses, and in the company of ladies, men, whatever their sentiments may be, are under the restraints of prudence, deference, and good breeding; but in hotels, boarding-houses, and all public receptacles, they speak out freely. It was my chance at a boarding-house in New York to be placed at table between a noted disciple of Tom Paine and an elder of the Dutch Church. The elder was certainly shy of meddling with the Painite, who was an over-match for him in fluency and strength of lungs; but I have seen the churchman roused by some sallies against priestcraft, and a pretty storm followed. One night at a hotel, at a late hour, when fifteen or twenty of the inmates were collected for bed, theological disputes arose. There were medical, legal, and commercial men present; I took no part in the conversation, and there was but one who decidedly defended Christianity, (even the hotel assistants arranged themselves on the other side;) and he told me afterwards in private, that "he as little believed those things as the rest of them, but there was no use in blazing out his sentiments in public; it might injure him in his business or his domestic arrangements." On another occasion, when in the store of a man whom I knew to be a regular attendant in church, the merits of his pastor being alluded to, I asked him if his were the doctrines he approved of? He replied, that "All doctrines were alike to him;" giving me to understand pretty plainly, by hints and shrugs, that he discredited the whole fabric. I asked him why he went to church? and his reply was, "Oh! I go with my little wife, she likes to go, and it helps to pass a Sunday forenoon." But it is needless to multiply instances; such things every day occurred: I have heard schoolboys comparing prophecies, examining miracles, and weighing what they were pleased to term inconsistencies.

Now it is not to be doubted that English high churchmen will ascribe this state of things in America to the want of an established church, and adduce the more faithful state of England as a corroborative proof: however, it is my business to state the matter fairly, whatever systems may be opposed or upheld by it; and then let them draw what inferences they can.

In England no discussion opposed to the truth of revelation, either by lectures or printing, has ever been allowed; and though occasionally such things have been heard of, yet they have always been attended with the risk of punishment, of legal disqualifications, and certain disgrace. Moreover, the great body of the people are not sufficiently informed to set up for philosophers; they have not had time or opportunity to read pernicious writings, and are generally ignorant of the first rudiments of infidelity: so that open professors of deism are only to be heard occasionally in taverns, inns, and stage coaches; where persons are either very intimate, or total strangers to each other, and consequently will not, or cannot tell tales. In effect, those restrictions on unlimited inquiry, and placing every man without the pale of the laws who acknowledged his unbelief—though savouring somewhat of the Catholic priesthood depriving their flocks of the Bible,—have had salutary effects, and it will be wise to continue them.

In America the case has been widely different; in most of the States every man publishes, reads, and delivers in public whatever strictures he pleases, either on the Bible or on the laws of the land: neither treason nor heresy being known to the constitution. A sermon or lecture on deism is delivered every sabbath in Tammány Hall, New York, admittance about threepence each; I have never attended it, but I believe it is not usually crowded, notwithstanding the lowness of the entrance money; probably there is nothing new to be said on the subject. There are the "Free Inquirer," and some few

other deistical papers published, but nothing in quantity in comparison with the religious and temperance publications. The number of religious tracts, journals, magazines, and other periodicals constantly issuing from the press, would be perhaps sufficient to keep the whole population in constant reading; but yet the majority, when they do read, have the bad taste to prefer politics and novels. The religious portion of the Americans leave nothing undone to induce their fellow-countrymen to join their ranks. Money is subscribed in abundance, Bibles circulated gratis, or at a very trifling price, tracts and other papers sent gratis to every quarter of the Union, revivals and camp meetings held in every quarter, custom is withdrawn from open infidels—and what is the consequence? The result is that all religious communities are in a flourishing condition, though supported voluntarily; that religious worship is honorable as well as creditable; but that morals on the whole stand at a low ebb, and one quarter at least of the male population are acknowledged Deists or Atheists, and that the Catholics being restrained from investigating the grounds of their faith, remain the most faithful.

It cannot surely be asserted that this result is owing to the want of Bibles, and of all sorts of religious works, of preaching and lectures, even to satiety; of want of clergy selected for their zeal, learning, and eloquence; nor can it be advanced that men being compelled unjustly to support a faith which they abhor, are disgusted with religion in general, and repay themselves by religious abstinence, what has been wrung from them by religious rapacity. No, it is owing to the unrestrained liberty of hearing, reading, and judging for themselves. The religious publications with which the library tables groan are hardly looked at, and speedily become waste paper; while the few copies circulated of the philosophical or deistical papers are paid for, and pass from hand to hand. No ecclesiastical power could possibly exist in a country where the civil authority is hardly feared, and only partially obeyed; where man manufactures laws for his own uses, and wears them loosely; and reads and converses about priests and priestcraft, superstition, idolatry, and fanaticism. One man told me that his pious brother begged of him as a favour to read the Bible, and he would be convinced; and that accordingly he did read it carefully through, and was convinced, but not in the way his brother expected: another very well-behaved man told me that he had been struck down at a camp meeting when very young; that he had suffered great agonies of terror and remorse, but had for some years past been settled down into deism. It is generally understood that those sudden conversions take place with young and inexperienced persons, chiefly females, who are taken as it were by surprise; and that the majority of them eventually shake off those impressions, or scatter themselves among the miscellaneous crowd that “hang loosely on” religion; such as Deists, Atheists, Unitarians, Swedenborgians, Jumpers, or some peculiar faith of their own, which cannot be classed with any.

Such has been the result of allowing free inquiry; of furnishing Bibles with, or without, all sorts of comments; of preachers, missionaries, and religious associations without end; of numerous religious sects, each urging forward his own faith, perplexing and confounding man by the variety offered for his selection; of rousing at once feelings, reason, the passions, and worldly interests;—the mingled torrent in its extreme force has suffered but little to settle down in calmness, steadiness, and moderation; but has thrown up in abundance at both sides infidelity and fanaticism. The Catholics alone, being held aloof from the contest by church discipline, are in a great degree exempt from these extremes, and preserve the medium course with unassuming moderation, and unmeddling caution.

Although the constitution of the United States does not admit of intolerance and persecution, a portion of these hateful properties nevertheless exist—the produce of imbecility, ignorance, and fanaticism, strengthened by democratic licence. The case of Avery must, or ought to be, matter of history; I shall therefore not enlarge upon it, but merely note its striking features. He was charged with the murder of a young female with whom he was re-

ported to have cohabited, on the strongest circumstantial evidence ; but was discharged by the magistrates before whom the inquiry was held, after a very flimsy and smothered investigation. He was a Methodist preacher : this fact was alleged to be the cause of his liberation, by persons who were not of that persuasion ; and the magistrates felt themselves compelled, after a re-examination, to commit him for trial. The Methodists, during the whole course of the proceeding, and after his acquittal, appeared to consider him guiltless ; —for their females ministered to him in prison, and he resumed his preaching on his discharge ; —yet on such a supposition it is difficult to account for their conduct, for it is notorious that they did all in their power to select a jury, to keep witnesses out of the way, and to prevent their being subpoenaed, and opposed by every means in their power the elucidation of the truth. Such conduct in England would have only served to cover themselves with infamy, and to have strengthened the case against their protégé. However, it may be urged in their behalf, that the violence of his persecutors was such, and the prejudice against him so great, that a fair trial was hopeless, and that stratagem and deceit were allowable to counteract persecution, and to assist justice. The trial lasted, I believe, for a fortnight or three weeks ; an enormous mass of evidence was produced, the greater part of which was irrelevant ; but the general result of the whole on the public mind was, that the girl was certainly murdered, and that guilt was sufficiently proved against him, and no shadow of suspicion against any other person ; and his friends were obliged to admit that there was a great deal in his conduct that required clearing up. The jury acquitted him on the ground of giving him the benefit of the smallest doubt ; and without any of the promised clearing up of mysteries, he immediately returned to his occupation of preaching, till driven from it by public clamour. The Methodists said that, having been acquitted by a jury, it was the duty of every one to hold him guiltless, as if his guilt or innocence had been merely a legal, not also a moral question, and as though they themselves had not done all in their power to impede the inquiry. The last account of him was that he was in the situation of an ostler at an inn.

Now this affair proves, throughout, the strength of prejudice and of bigotry, the bitterness of party spirit, the callousness to public opinion, which in England is almost omnipotent ; the strange compromise of religion and morals ; and the irrational and wilful blindness of intellect in the descendants of the self-seeking, witch-burning, hard-hearted Puritans of other days. It shows that truth and justice require ages of good government to establish, a mass of moral weight to strengthen, and the refinement, intelligence, education, and leisure of a higher class to guide and keep aloof from the fangs of ignorance, bigotry, and faction.

The destruction of the Ursuline convent in Massachusetts is too glaring a sign of the times to be overlooked, affording us, as it does in our own day, a spectacle of the bigotry and intolerance of the third century engrafted on the democracy of the nineteenth. A foolish and worthless girl having been charitably received into the convent, and instructed, thought fit, lightly, and most probably, hypocritically, to assume the Catholic faith. Whether any spiritual or temporal arguments were practised on her is of little importance ; the zealous of all sects would, I believe, consider it their duty to do so.

However, Miss Reed again changed her mind, and published a catchpenny production, into which she had stuffed all the stories she had ever heard respecting convents, ascribing a whole catalogue of atrocities to her benefactors. Nothing could have been easier than to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the charges, but that would have been deferring vengeance ; and when has it ever happened that a mob paused to reflect, or to investigate ? This democratic rabble, drunk with fanaticism, and probably with whiskey, burnt down the convent in the dead hour of night, from which the wretched and unprotected females fled nearly naked into the fields.

For this lawless outrage, in which a great number of persons were openly and notoriously engaged, a conviction could only be obtained against one individual, and he, I believe, got off from punishment at the solicitation of the superior. In such cases witnesses will not come forward; juries convict, or judges condemn, if they can find a loophole to escape through. The world has never yet witnessed a more detestable union than that of bigotry and brutality.

The thirst of praise, and the impatience of blame, for which the Americans are so conspicuous, extend even to the altar and the pulpit; and a preacher had best be cautious how he charges the people he is among with their besetting sins, however glaring they may appear. He may charge them generally with being in a sinful and fallen state; but he had better say nothing about their drunkenness, licentiousness, and ruffianism; for the more striking the truth, the more intolerable it would prove. Through every part of the United States they will tell you that New Orleans is the greatest hell on the surface of the earth; and the first step towards working a reform is to state the case as it is, in its unvarnished deformity. To endure being told of our faults is a step towards amendment, but it is a step which the New Orleans people have not attained to; nor even to the European philosophy of indifference. A Mr. Parker was appointed to a congregation in New Orleans, but previous to his taking possession of his church he attended some public religious meetings in the north, at which he hazarded certain observations on the state of that city, not having the fear of reporters before his eyes. At present I do not recollect either what he admits having said, or is reported to have said, but the amount of it was, that he was going to a place where his services were much wanted, that he was going to attack the devil in his stronghold, and had need to gird up his loins for the encounter. As soon as these speeches had reached the parties whom they most concerned, Parker became in their eyes a spiritual Trollope; they gave themselves the trouble of raising a commotion, quite sufficient had the city been besieged, or a third of it consumed by an incendiary; the daily papers teemed with animadversions and threats in case he ventured there. Alarmed by the impending storms, the modern Jonas, not daring to denounce further the modern Nineveh, denied, or explained away the most obnoxious passages, which he ascribed to incorrect reports; in fact, he denied having spoken the truth, which was the very head and front of his offence; and he had documents drawn up, asserting the same, and signed by a number of respectable individuals. Having, as he conceived, propitiated the New Orleans people, and admitted their excellence to an extent that one might imagine left little scope for his labours, he ventured among them in person, but he had yet to experience the implacable dispositions of his countrymen, whether levelled against player or preacher; and after some fruitless efforts to be heard from the pulpit, he gave up the contest, and probably has carried his theological acquirements among some persons who acknowledged themselves sinners—if he could find any such.

Revivals and camp meetings evidently derive their strength from persevering and continuous efforts, which preachers are enabled to make by relieving each other; whilst excitement is never suffered to cool, nor reason to act, till the body or mind, or both, are laid prostrate, exhausted, and helpless. The young, the enthusiastic, the timid, and the inexperienced, become the plants of grace, whatever fruits they may eventually bring forth; those inured to the cares and struggles of life rarely "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven." In other words, the inhabitant of the woods is more likely to be caught than the dweller in cities, the young than the old, the female than the male. I have heard many Americans assert that Mrs. Trollope, however severe she had been in some things, did not at all exaggerate in her description of revivals in general, though in cities, among well educated people, they are rather more temperate. I have heard descriptions from young rakes of the manner in which young females have exposed them-

selves, hardly fit to be repeated. However desirable that such information should prove a more calumny—from the number and respectability of the sources by which it has been corroborated, I do not see how it can be doubted. I have been informed by persons experienced in these matters, that about one-half of the attendants at a camp-meeting may be considered as actuated by devotional motives; and the other portion by pleasure, novelty, and seeing the world. By a young person, growing up in the woods, whose nearest neighbour lives ten miles off, the spectacle is looked forward to for months as a scene of crowd and bustle; exploring the wilderness, dwelling in tents, midnight watchings, and hopes of adventure, render it to them more anxiously exciting than the yearly fair in England, or the birth-day ball. But whatever motives or expectations collect them together, certain it is that it ends by making some of them saints, and some sinners.

I was very desirous of witnessing a camp-meeting, and set out with the intention of riding twenty miles through almost pathless woods for that purpose; but my horse, which I had hired, proving a very sorry animal, I was easily prevailed on to turn about with a party of acquaintances I met returning. One of the party, an elderly Frenchman, who invited us into his house on the road-side, being questioned by his wife, a young American, as to what he had been witnessing, gave her a description that, with the aid of his mimicry and broken English, threw her into such fits of laughter, as, considering her very interesting situation, seemed rather alarming. The poor Frenchman stopped suddenly and ran to her crying, "Dare, stop, my wife; c'est fini, I won't say no more." Several bachelors of my acquaintance remained at this encampment, avowedly from licentious motives.

It cannot be doubted that man in a political and moral sense is such as laws and other temporal circumstances have formed him; and the state of America is quite sufficient to prove, were proof necessary, that religion also assumes a bearing and a colour derivable, as far as our understandings can penetrate, from the same source. In no other civilized country have such exertions ever been made by man to promote religious faith and observances; and the result is that, though it contains a number of devout and moral people, it displays as low a state of morals, on the whole, as any Christian country, and a more considerable portion of infidelity. Now since this state of things cannot have arisen from a want of all that could be done to persuade, it must consequently have sprung from a deficiency in the exercise of coercion, or from causes apparently unconnected with the subject. Within the recollection of many of the present generation, people have been compelled in England to enter the churches during service, or placed in the stocks for refusing; and at the present moment, as I have previously observed, no language or writings publicly questioning Christian revelation are permitted; from which we might infer that sober and rational religion is promoted by discipline, had we not other matters to take into our calculation. But the Americans having carved out their own independence, having no privileged orders, prescriptive right, or venerable institutions, to obstruct or embarrass not only declined to impose on themselves an established church, but even left the general system of Christianity to its own merits; with the exception of a few puritanical communities in New England. The spirit of Christianity I do not think has declined on the whole in consequence, but it has certainly become limited to fewer in number, though probably in increased proportions; for that which was cast away by some was snatched up by others, during the perpetual excitement of religious agitation. At the same time the slight restraint, and the uncertain enforcement of the laws, must have encouraged a relaxed discipline in crimes, morals, and religion. But even had it been practicable to have enforced ecclesiastical restraint, ever since the consummation of American independence,—with democratic licence the result must have been nearly similar; for men are infinitely more coerced by human than by divine laws.

The Americans studied, examined, and preached the Scriptures with the
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same freedom and confidence with which they founded a constitution; and both their civil and religious institutions are uncertain and insecure,—

“A breath can make them, as a breath has made,”—

and to form a comparison between them and their ancestral nation, from their sacred ordinances only, would be unfair and absurd; but compare them in all things, and the conclusion must be, that America, under a restrictive and firm system, had needed no established church, and, as she has been governed, could have reaped no benefit from it; and that England, under a “fierce democracy,” could not have upheld one, and as she has been, with a purer administration than any other country, and a stronger public moral sense, the good it has done is at least questionable.

Having occasionally alluded to the licence to crime, and partial administration of the laws, so largely conducive to outrage, assassination, and that capricious ruffianism called rail-riding, Lynch-law, &c., now so prevalent, I shall proceed to point out instances, and show the roots of the evil. The gentleman who was so brutally and unjustly cast into a dungeon in New Orleans, having inquired respecting his taking an action, was, to his astonishment, informed that, in point of law, an action would lie; but that, had he been treated ten times worse, and had he, instead of being a stranger, been a citizen, he could not procure the slightest redress through the agency of the laws: the pistol or the dagger offered the only road to right himself, if he valued revenge more than risking life. He replied, “That his life belonged to his family, and that such a mode of vengeance was contrary to his principles and habits.” “Then you had better have stayed away from New Orleans,” was the reply.

In Pensacola Florida, a man was actually hung for murder by form of law, about two years ago; but even then the pure spirit of equity had been violated, for denial of justice was the source of the crime. A poor but well-behaved Irish emigrant was struggling to support, by his industry, his wife and children, and had succeeded so far as to have acquired a house. I do not recollect whether every instalment had been paid up, but that is of little importance in a rising settlement, because property will always sell at a profit, and the usual mortgage is sufficient security. The mayor had taken a deadly enmity to the man, and having some slight official excuse to harass him, he commenced an attack on him, which he pursued with the most determined rancour. Whatever legal grounds he had to act upon soon failed; but that was of little consequence to him, for he pursued his course just the same, in defiance of law and justice, and supported by the high hand of irresponsible power: till the poor man, his wife and children, were houseless beggars. The Irishman took the course usually practised, and recommended on similar occasions, that is, he shot the mayor dead. Had he killed an honest, but a less popular man, there would have probably been little rout made about it, but to shoot a mayor, the chosen favourite of the people, who drinks his dram, and chews his quid with every friendly voter, and strictly enforces the laws and regulations against his enemies—the minority! The poor Irishman was tried, convicted, and condemned: he admitted that he had committed murder, and ought to suffer, but he died asserting that the mayor had deserved death, and that although he himself was guilty in the sight of Heaven, he had been the instrument of the most righteous and wholesome justice, and would repeat it, was it still to be done. Several individuals of Pensacola who, I presume, had not belonged to the mayor’s party, told me that he had deserved to be shot.

But it is unnecessary to give to every crime a “local habitation and a name,” and it might possibly do an injury somewhere; so I will relate one or two adventures anonymously. In a certain town, two strong, violent, and dangerous characters had a quarrel, and fought; and he that was worsted shortly afterwards went to the victor’s house in the woods about dusk, accompanied by two or three of his drunken parasites, and demanded admittance: but the other, having seen them coming, secured his windows and

doors, and being well armed, set them at defiance. However, the chief assailant, in perambulating the house, which was built of frame and plank, discovered a hole, which had been caused by a knot falling out, and beheld his prey standing at a short distance before it. He instantly placed his pistol to the orifice, and shot the man through the body; after which the whole party broke into the house, and hacked, and mutilated the inanimate body. On the following morning the *butcher* attended at his stall in the market, though the affair was notorious; but in the course of the forenoon justice became aware that something must be done, and the police were told to arrest the parties. The principal actor treated them all as a parcel of Dogberrys, refused to be taken, and they had the politeness not to press the matter: so he quietly arranged his affairs, took leave of his friends, mounted his horse, and removed to a neighbouring county. His accessories submitted peaceably to be brought before the mayor, but none of them having actually killed the man, they were at once liberated: and people in general congratulated themselves at having two bad characters the fewer among them.

Two young men in the same employment had a quarrel; one being armed, and the other not. The armed man struck the first blow, and when the other retaliated, he drew his knife, and, pursuing the unarmed man, who turned and ran, he stabbed him in the back, and again, when he wheeled round, repeated the blow in front. An inquest followed, this being in a city more particularly eminent for civilization; and the assassin gave bail in 10,000 dollars to stand his trial. He was tried, and pronounced not guilty. Everybody knew that it was not intended to hurt him, but supposed that it would be necessary to find him guilty of manslaughter: at all events there were a sufficient number of *flaws in the indictment* to have saved him six times over. This rencontre also serves to exemplify the unbridled rage and settled rancour so often attendant on the unrestrained education of boys in America: while we look in vain for the noble atonement, or bitter remorse, which are generally supposed to follow such ebullitions; for the habits, conversation, and incidents around render them callous to such refined feelings, long before they themselves get personally into such practices.

I could relate a vast number of similar transactions which occurred under my own eye, at Montgomery, Mobile, Columbus, Natchez, New Orleans; in villages, forests, and steam-boats. In Montgomery a man cracked a joke on an acquaintance, which, as he saw it had hit him in a place where he was particularly vulnerable, he endeavoured to soften down as much as possible, but in vain; the thin-skinned miscreant went home and supplied himself with a cow hide and a sword-cane: and, meeting the other, who was an inoffensive young man, on horseback, within the town during daylight, he first struck him with the cow-hide, and, as the rider attempted to return the blow, he ran him through the body. Nothing came of it; and the brute probably still pollutes the soil: he cannot pollute the people who endure him.

It is common to hear men spoken of as having stabbed a man at such a place: or as having shot a little boy to take vengeance on his father; or of having bit off a piece of a man's nose, or lip, or a joint of his finger, or gouged out an eye; and I have seen many persons so mutilated. The local papers do not dare to notice these matters, and the distant publications do not hear of them. Peaceable and orderly people generally avoid all unnecessary intercourse with such characters, as far as they can, without giving offence; but intercourse in America is so much in public, that society can only be shunned to a very contracted extent. The best chance of safety consists in being always well armed, or at least when you have had a dispute with any one, and in declaring your readiness, at any time, to inflict instant death on an aggressor. Conversing one day with a lawyer who had been a judge, respecting the lawless state of the community, he showed me the handle of a dagger in his bosom, and said, "As I know that any man who chooses may kill me with impunity, I carry this dagger that I may be beforehand with him in killing."

Duelling is a foolish mode enough of settling differences, it is a relic of barbarous ages; but they were the ages of chivalry; and it must be admitted that it requires a considerable degree of courage, and gives to honour a higher value than to life. A duel sometimes takes place at Washington, among the notables of the land; and more are fought during a winter in New Orleans than, perhaps, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, though but a small portion of the quarrels which take place there are so disposed of. This assertion will of course seem a gross exaggeration—the licence of a traveller—not being yet corroborated to such a sweeping extent. Tourists do not remain long enough in that devoted city to learn everything; the newspapers do not publish one-half, and most of what they do notice they do not honestly enter into the merits of: nor does one-tenth of it find its way to Europe. Traders in their annual excursions to the north do, indeed, speak out among their friends; hence the horror so much entertained of the place. The greater number of dissensions are respecting females of light character, of which there are a considerable number in that city: though none but the lowest and most desperate of these degraded beings will venture themselves into the smaller and still more barbarous settlements: for in those last-mentioned places they cannot always protect their accepted companion from being dragged out of bed, and stabbed by some drunken candidate for their favours; and locks or bolts afford them no protection.

I will now proceed to show instances of the un-chivalric, or usual modes of following up quarrels in the United States; and I will begin by extracting, verbatim, accounts of two, from a New Orleans paper, dated the 3th Feb., 1835, both of which occurred (with probably several other minor affairs) on the previous day:—

“Scandalous Outrage.”—We feel grieved and mortified, as Christians of Louisiana, to be under the necessity of recording an act of violence, which we think disgraceful to our society and State. With the original causes of the affair we have at this moment nothing to do. The facts which we are bound to give to the public are simply as follow:—

“Yesterday morning, about the hour the House of Representatives were to be called to order, the Speaker, Mr. Alcee Labranche, entered the hall, when he was assailed by John R. Grymes, Esq., who raised his cane to strike him. Mr. Labranche, to defend himself, drew a small pocket-pistol, which he discharged at his assailant, without effect. Mr. Grymes then drew from his bosom a horse-pistol, which he levelled at Mr. Labranche and fired.

“The pistol proved to have been loaded with a ball and buck-shot. The ball passed between two Members, grazed the forehead of Mr. C. Lavergne, a Member, and entered the wall of the hall. Two of the buck-shot took effect, and were lodged in the arm and hand of Mr. Labranche.

“These are all the details of the affair necessary to make it perfectly understood. It is in itself an outrage the most unpardonable; for, whatever may have been Mr. Grymes’s cause of grievance, he cannot, by any argument or pretext, excuse himself in having entered the legislative hall to attack one of its Members, the Speaker, with pistols, thus showing a disrespect to that whole body—to the State, indeed—and endangering the lives of other persons disconnected with the affair.

“The House, with a proper spirit, appointed, by resolution, a Committee to report this day upon the step to be taken to punish this scandalous breach of privilege, after which they adjourned.

“The natural excitement created upon the occasion is very great, and, for our own part, we cannot refrain from expressing the hope, that the House will adopt such measures as will, for the future, preserve their Members from outrage and insult.”

“New Orleans, Feb. 5.

“Another Affray.”—We are again under the necessity of recording another of those acts of violence which are a disgrace to our city. Yesterday morning, as we have learned the facts, a Mr. Daussat made an assault with a

cane upon Mr. Samuel Knox, in Camp-street; Knox took the cane from his assailant, and with it beat him; and while so doing Daussat drew a pistol, which he discharged at Knox. The ball took effect, passing through the neck of Knox; the wound is considered dangerous. The assailant, Daussat, was almost immediately arrested."

An affray took place in a neighbouring State between a senator and a high official character, both, of course, from their stations, very popular individuals; and, as I have before observed, among the chief qualifications for such a distinction, they possessed strength and boldness. As leaders of different parties, they had reflected on each other, were known to be mortal enemies, and a desperate rencontre was hourly expected. At length they met about noon, in the most public street of the town of —, and happy were those who were at hand at the time. The senator, who was on horseback, observing his antagonist approaching on foot, dismounted, and rushing to meet the official, discharged his pistol, and wounded him. They then closed, and the wounded man bit off a joint of the senator's fore-finger; after which they were separated, without further damage. They are still rivals, and still meet in public, but hold no verbal communications, and avoid all allusions to each other. But such a fight is mainly compared to others: for instance. — A young man who had been grossly insulted by another (who, however, offered apologies, which were rejected) watched for an opportunity, which he obtained, for entering a coffee-room, and observing the other sitting with his back to him, smoking a cigar, he took up a decanter of liquor off the counter, and smashed it on the head of the unguarded smoker, who, however, had intended to keep a sharp look-out. He then bestrode the prostrate man, and grasping a handful of his hair on each temple, he thrust a thumb into each of his eyes; which the other, who soon came to his senses, endeavoured to protect with both his hands. The assailant had several friends, who stood by, and would allow no interference; but I do not believe that he wished himself to complete the gouging, though he wanted to make the other beg for mercy. However, on the by-standers crying out "Enough," he suffered himself to be taken away; and I assisted in his removal. I speak of American gentlemen!

An acquaintance of mine had been cow-hided by a hot-headed blockhead, a friend of his, who had taken offence at a silly joke, unnecessary to mention; and who, as usual on occasions of violence, had taken the precaution to be surrounded by his friends, for the purpose of preventing immediate retaliation. Every one believed that a speedy and deadly vengeance would be taken; and a pretty general surprise arose, when, after some days, it was found that the captain had taken his departure unhurt. Some said that Mr. — had no *pluck*; others hinted that he could "bide his time;" but he told me himself "That no favourable opportunity had offered—that, one morning, being informed that Captain — had gone down town, he pursued him, but seeing his wife leaning on his arm he could not do that which he had intended." Some would not have been so scrupulous; however, he acted wisely, for to have shot a man in the presence of his wife, though it might have been palliated by his friends, would have generally been injurious to him, even among Americans. However, vengeance may yet fall when least expected. In such a state of society I wonder that men do not contrive to have a small looking-glass suspended before one eye, to reflect objects advancing on their rear, whilst with the other optic they reconnoitre the front and flanks.

Having mentioned rail-riding, I will give an explanation of the term, not being aware of any publication in which it is to be found. Rail-riding is an humble branch of Lynch-law, which holds a proportion to its parent stock, in about the same ratio as that which a Court of Requests holds to a Court of Chancery. An individual becomes obnoxious to a few in a confined circle; a sister has complained to a brother of his rudeness—perhaps indifference;

or he has bullied some one who fears singly to resent it, so the small knot of friends send him a notice to quit by a certain hour. Should he disregard this, the next step is to mount him on a rail, and to half carry, half drag him through the streets, and out of town. After this come tarring and feathering, scourging, ducking, shooting, and hanging.

The conversation of Americans relates much less to intellectual subjects than that of Europeans, and much more to corporeal. Political, theological, and legal matters are, indeed, sufficiently prominent; but when they are exhausted, and it becomes necessary to choose a fancy topic, they do not enter upon science and the belles lettres: no; personal strength, whipping, hitting a mark with a ball, wounding, maiming, or carving, are most eagerly discussed.

"I say, Joe, I can whip you."

"No; I'll be God-d—d if you can."

"I'll be God-d—d to h—I if I can't."

"I whipped Abner Miller, and he could whip a dozen on ye," (accompanied by a jocose punch on the ribs.)

"Abner Miller! why, he could double you up, and fold you down."

"Well, come, let us take a glass anyhow."

"I don't care if I do, old chap."

Now this conversation bears no resemblance to that of the best society in the old settlements, nor to the purest branches which shoot out from them into the remotest parts, (with exceptions, however, for many of them affect low conduct for popularity.) No; such language is rather mechanical,—but, mechanics are gentlemen, and, when not in their working dress, are hardly to be distinguished from lawyers, doctors, store-keepers, &c., the usual society one falls in with.

While I was crossing the Atlantic I find that striking specimens of Lynch-law were then in course of display at Vicksburg, Natchez, Columbus, Mississippi, &c., which throw mine in the background; such as hanging missionaries and gamblers who had dared to win people's money, and blacks who could not help themselves. In fact, such a system must produce such fruit, whilst briars produce blackberries; and were I to delay the writing of this paper till I could include the last of them, I should have to wait till despotism or some vigorous government became stronger than the mob. However, "I guess" I have sufficiently dwelt on such matters in the South; but lest readers should fancy that such insubordination and impunity were confined to the New, the Southern, and the Slave States, I will in my next paper trouble them with a few examples from the North. And then, as the most interesting events have found their way into the publications of the day, I shall give the preference to extracts from them.

THE FISH, THE MAN, AND THE SPIRIT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

TO FISH.

You strange, astonish'd-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouth'd, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste; *
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,
Some round, some flat, some long, all defilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste;

* From a fine line in the poems of Drummond of Hawthornden, speaking of the sea:—

"To roaring element with people dumb."

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do? What life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

A FISH ANSWERS.

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
For ever stare! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou, that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body and most ridiculous pace
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long-useless-finn'd, haired, upright, unwet, slow!
O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,
How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth? What particle canst share
Of the only blessed life, the watery?
I sometimes see 'st ye an actual pair
Go by!! link'd fin by fin!!! most odiously.

THE FISH TURNS INTO A MAN, AND THEN INTO A SPIRIT,
AND AGAIN SPEAKS.

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love;
For difference must itself by difference prove,
And, with sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.
One of the spirits am I, that at their will
Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visiter of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves,
Boundless in hope, honour'd with pangs austere,
Heav'n-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:—
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold sweet silver life, wrapp'd in round waves,
Quick'en'd with touches of transporting fear.

[As the transition from the ludicrous to the grave, in these verses, might otherwise appear too violent, the reader will permit me to explain how they arose. The first sonnet was suggested by a friend's laughing at a description I was giving him of the general aspect of fish (in which, by the way, if anybody is curious, let him get acquainted with them in Mr. Yarrell's excellent work on "*British Fishes*," now in course of publication); the second sonnet, being a lover of fair play, I thought but a just retort to be allowed to those fellow-creatures of ours, who so differ with us in eyeballs and opinions; and the third, not liking to leave a quarrel unsettled, and having a tendency to push a speculation as far as it will go, especially into those calm and heavenward regions from which we always return the better, if we calmly enter them, naturally became as serious as the peace of mind is, with which all speculations conclude that have harmony and lovingness for their real object. The fish, in his retort, speaks too knowingly of his human banterer, for a fish; but it will be seen, that a Spirit animates him for the purpose.]

AN ANECDOTE :—SAD, BUT TRUE.

THERE are people in the world who stoutly deny the possibility of any one dying or going mad through love. Tell them a story in confirmation of it, and they will only laugh in your face and deride your weak credulity ; nor is it to be wondered at that among mankind there should be some who would rather abridge than multiply the passages by which the life and peace of human beings make their escape ; and who would consequently rather believe that the best and noblest properties of our nature would hardly be made use of to injure or destroy it.

Yet, in spite of all that, love can both kill and render insane, as this narrative will show. All the writer has to say is, that every word of it is true ; and, should any one be disposed to doubt a single part of the statement here given, he may have his doubt removed by inquiring, through the Editor, into the particulars of the case himself. In the quarter where the unhappy individual lately resided, the *facts* are well known ; the reader will, however, excuse the necessity which causes the names of some of the persons and places to be feigned.

In 1824, or thereabouts, Dr. Spring, upon taking his medical diploma at the University of Edinburgh, commenced his profession in London. Like other medical men he had to combat—and he combated with success—the difficulties which seem to lie in heaps upon the threshold of a medical man's career. The brilliancy of his course at the University, and the singularity of his scholastic habits had, however, combined to render the introduction of Dr. Spring into the great world of London rather more favourable than falls to the general lot. Great learning under an agreeable manner and modest deportment lent its assistance to bring him into public notice. His lectures were spoken of as the master-pieces of the day ; his opinions were quoted and criticised by the leading journals ; and, by the time he had stood two years, he began to be employed by the highest classes of society. At the end of the third his receipts amounted to nine hundred a-year, and among his patients there were those who had inserted his name in their wills for small legacies in proof of their estimation of his faithful attention during their illness and decay.

While walking onward on a path of flowers he was called in to prescribe for a young lady who had been taken suddenly ill of typhus fever. Under his skilful treatment she speedily recovered, to the great joy of her father : she was an only child, and heir to a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. As she considered her life might perhaps be owing to the skill of Dr. Spring, she felt from the day of her illness the deepest feeling of gratitude towards him ; which, in process of time, began to lose itself in the still nobler quality of love. This change was not unperceived by him, and, having constant opportunities of conversing with her, allowed him by the absence of her father throughout the day, he did not fail to promote its growth. Ere long he was as deep in the tender passion as the lady herself ; and vows were sealed between them that they should one day be man and wife.

Meanwhile Dr. Spring's fame was not stationary ; though his affections were confined to one spot, and wandered not from the house of his devoted Louisa day or night, his mind was intent upon the duties of his

profession. At length his prospects assumed a form so apparently prosperous that the happy lovers thought they might with safety venture to marry. Independent of his professional income, Dr. Spring had an annuity of two hundred pounds: whether Louisa would receive any portion of her fortune before the death of her father was yet to be ascertained, as his consent to the marriage still remained to be asked; and as he was a person of the most despotic temper and forbidding manner it was by no means an easy undertaking for either of the parties to make the necessary disclosure to him! Hesitation could not long dwell in company with so many ardent hopes and wishes as possessed the breast of Dr. Spring; the first favourable opportunity of addressing a few words in private to the lady's father was seized to communicate the affair. Without a moment's consideration, or the alteration of a single feature, the old gentleman pronounced his refusal; his daughter might, it was true, marry, but if she did, not one farthing of his money should ever go into her possession.

There was nothing in this harsh reply very astonishing to Dr. Spring, who had long perceived that Louisa's father loved his money first, and his daughter next. Neither was it very appalling to a physician of his celebrity and income to be told that he should receive nothing with his wife; though there was, to a sensitive mind, as his was, something exceedingly painful in the circumstance of causing a daughter to forfeit her father's favour and her own fortune in order to make him happy. He was well aware they could live comfortably together on a thousand a-year, in a quiet way, in town; but Louisa had hitherto been accustomed to her own carriage. He loved her too well, moreover, to put her in a new and a worse position, which must be the consequence of his marrying her at such a time: these considerations occupied his thoughts for some weeks. They were all discussed between them; and the result after all was, that they should be married within a month.

Matters being thus arranged, Dr. Spring took a house and furnished it, in one of the most fashionable squares, and formally acquainted Louisa's father that he should be united to his daughter on such a day. This intelligence seems to have excited some dormant sparks of parental regard, which had before lain entirely buried under a mass of worldly cares; for the tidings no sooner reached his ear, than he ordered Dr. Spring to leave his house, and never again to enter it. As there was no alternative, Dr. Spring bowed and withdrew; still trusting that Louisa might be able to mollify his anger, and overcome his opposition to their union. In this he was destined to be disappointed. the old man became more and more averse to it; and in order to cut off all intercourse, for a time at least, he hurried his daughter away to the Continent, where he determined to stay a twelvemonth. He took pains, also, to prevent all letters passing between her and Dr. Spring. The love of gain at length brought him home; and as he found his business greatly in arrear, he was under the necessity of leaving his daughter to the custody of her own discretion for several hours a-day. Her affection had undergone no change during the lapse of time she had been debarred from hearing anything of Dr. Spring; the first twopenny-post after her arrival in town carried a letter to his house, assuring him of the constancy of her attachment, and expressing the hope that his affection would never be shaken. Some weeks transpired before this letter came

into his hands, in consequence, as his answer informed her, of his having abandoned his practice in London, and become family physician to a noble Lord, who was afflicted with insanity in a remote part of the country. Distress and despair had united to commend this step to Dr. Spring, shortly after the news of Louisa's departure for the Continent had reached him. For ten weeks had the post been charged with the most impassioned letters ever penned by lover's hand to the object of his adoration; but no answer being returned to console, or dispel the anguish of his heart, it was stung with bitter disappointment. He concluded, therefore—for what does not a *dead silence* between lovers lead them both to dread and conclude?—that his Louisa had been led, by that obedience which is due to a father, to break the sacred vows by which they were bound together; and the conclusion was so terrible to him, that he could no longer pursue the duties of his profession in a steady or satisfactory manner. Thus had it become impossible for their union now to take place. Before, he had a tolerable certainty of a fixed income of a thousand a-year, with the most flattering prospect of rising to eminence in his profession; now he had accepted a situation of five hundred a-year, not capable of any improvement or augmentation; affording only, perhaps, a ray of hope, that when his services were no longer available to his noble patient, a small pension might repay them after his death—which was not supposed to be far off. Louisa's sorrow, upon finding the possibility of their marrying thus almost extinguished, was so great, that her life was considered to be placed in great danger for some months; by the hands of a mutual friend, letters, however, began again to pass between them. The vermilion resumed its place upon her cheek, and her downcast countenance was seen again to beam with its wonted light. In a short time her natural vivacity returned, and her solitary hours were gladdened by the airs of the harp, which had stood unstrung and wrapt up in the corner of the room for about two years.

In this manner seven years passed away. Again and again had they each repeated their vows of constancy, by letters. But as a personal interview might have involved Louisa in misery with respect to her father, it was deemed advisable by both to rest satisfied with an epistolary intercourse during all that period.

Some years of this period were spent by Dr. Spring upon the Continent with his noble patient, to whom travelling had been recommended. But being at length freed from his charge by the hand of death, he returned by a circuitous route, of much interest to any one but a corresponding lover, to his own country. The remarkable buoyancy of his disposition showed itself however at times, on his way homeward. In a cottage by Mont Blanc he sat for two or three days, and wrote an account of the insects and plants which he had discovered in his ascent to the top of it. Other times were employed in visiting the ancient abodes of poets, and statesmen, and philosophers who had left a name behind them; Curiosity led him even to visit the scene of the labours of that extraordinary divine and philanthropist, Oberlin. The devotion with which the aged inhabitants of the place talked of their late pastor seemed to have had no small share in turning the mind of Dr. Spring to what had not before sufficiently engaged his attention—religion. As a science he had considered Christianity, but in no other light. He, consequently,

reaped none of the benefits which are to be derived from it as it affects the principles of action, as it consoles the heart in its afflictions, as it regulates and tempers the affections, and as it restrains the unruly passions. This was his own view of the matter; and often have his friends heard him describe and lament the mistake in this respect into which he, like too many of his profession, had fallen.

It was upon his return that the writer of these pages became acquainted with him. He had chosen as a place of residence a small house in which he lodged, next door to mine. For several months nothing in the way of intercourse passed between us beyond a look at each other. At last he contrived to make an act of kindness which he wished to do for a poor woman, who had had his professional services for nothing, the ground of an introduction. An aversion, which it is needless here to account for, to become acquainted with a stranger, such as he was, had led me to avoid some slight overtures that had been before made to me of intimacy with him. This gradually decayed as I saw and knew more of the individual, who had appeared to me hitherto under very disadvantageous colours for himself. I soon found him to be a man of great talents and learning; and what probably helped to plant him more deeply in my regard, I found him labouring under a heavy depression which originated in his notions of religion. At first I thought him an infidel; but this idea did not long continue. Yet his notions were of a very mixed sort. The desire of discovering something new and philosophical in the Scriptures had led him into an endless misconstruction of the text, and to the formation of the wildest views of the Christian system. The most simple things with him were converted into a mystery and a difficulty; his mode of interpretation acted in confounding his understanding to such a degree, that the more he read of the Bible the more he was bewildered.

Upon his application to me for the best remedy which I could recommend to one in such a condition, I put into his hands "*Butler's Analogy*." In a few weeks he had made himself perfect master of the argument of that great and difficult work; nor could anything exceed the interest which he took in studying its pages. Other books of a religious character he devoured with an equal avidity, till a more confirmed and sound member of the Church did not and could not exist.

As he considered himself indebted to me for much of the happiness of mind he now enjoyed, he dragged me by degrees into an acquaintance with his love-affair, as well as the other incidents of his life which have been alluded to. I say *dragged*, for if there be anything in the affairs of another which a prudent man would wish to have kept from his knowledge, it is the subject of that person's loves. Louisa's name had become as familiar to me, though I had never seen her, as if she had been my own sister or wife. Petrarch may have written more beautiful, but certainly not more numerous, odes to the deity of his affections in the retreat of Vaucluse than Dr. Spring did to his Louisa, while he wandered over the mountains of Switzerland, and loitered in the cities of Italy. Every muse had been invoked, every poet of ancient days had been propitiated, to aid the inspiration which was to describe the virtues and paint the beauty of Louisa. These productions it became, as a matter of course, my duty to read; and though there was enough of genius and imagination in them to prevent languor and dullness from

seizing the eye that perused them, I yet could not help sometimes wishing—for such is the monotony and similarity of all love-affairs—that the fire had had them to consume, rather than I to read.

When my acquaintance with Dr. Spring had attained its full height, he informed me that, as soon as the father of Louisa died, he hoped to be married to her. Nothing could persuade him of the possibility of any change in her affections towards him having taken place since he last saw her, though I did not think her later letters betokened a very high degree of attachment. The happy event which was to deliver them both from the miseries of a compulsory separation at length came. The old man died, and was buried, and—

About six in the morning in the month of April I was awaked by a violent rapping at my door by Dr. Spring. He called to bid me good-by for awhile, as he was going up to town to arrange the time and circumstances of his marriage with Louisa. I never saw happiness more perfectly depicted than it was in the look of Dr. Spring at that moment. He held in his hand a letter from his beloved Louisa, acquainting him of the particulars of her father's death, and requesting him to attend the funeral. But while he was dilating on the raptures which were before him, the coach drove up and carried him away from me, to muse alone with himself on his meeting at the end of his journey with the object upon which all his thoughts were concentrated; and had been for so many years.

The journey only took four hours; yet short as it was, and full of life and health as Dr. Spring was when he parted from my door at six in the morning, before he reached the place of his destination he had undergone a complete change. The first house he went to in London was that of his own father, who had resided there for some years in circumstances rather reduced. Aware that he would profit by his son's prosperity, and conscious of his own need of help, he saw with no small emotion the death of Louisa's father in the newspaper. But his joy was of short duration, for instead of seeing his son in a situation to marry, he was doomed to behold him in the afflicting one of a maniac, fitted only for the society of the insane. Nor could hope, with all its flattery, betray the stricken old man into a momentary belief that his son's insanity was only of a temporary kind. He might have argued that as none of his former kindred had ever been affected with such a disease, excitement might be the cause of his son's painful state, and that a few days might restore him to his former soundness. But no such consoling thought could arise in his breast to allay its troubles or its fears. It was but necessary to see the frantic eye and listen to the distracted words of Dr. Spring, to perceive that his mind was a complete wreck. All recollection had expired. He appeared quite unconscious of what had brought him to London, and, after a very short stay with his father, set out again for the place he had been residing at in Sussex. He could not remain there long at liberty with safety, and so it was arranged among his friends that he should be sent to a madhouse, where he might be kept from taking away his own life, which he had frequently spoken of doing. There he remains at this hour, in the same deranged state as he appeared to his father, on his arrival in town, to be made, as he expected at starting, happy for life. Like other men in his situation he can talk of his former friends and employments, at intervals, with as

much fluency and accuracy as if he had the fullest use of his faculties. He can talk with all the energy of enthusiasm about the charms of his Louisa; he can write verses on her excellencies, and speak with calm sobriety on his future marriage with her. Yet there are periods when the greatest vigilance is requisite to prevent him from dashing his brains out against the walls of his room, and when he would destroy the very persons who are set to hinder him from destroying himself. The slightest appearance of alteration for the better is not even hoped for by the medical attendants who have been consulted about his case. They all agree that his is a case of incurable insanity. They allow he may be able to exercise, to the astonishment of his friends, the greater part of the mental faculties, *separately*, as insane persons often, indeed generally, do to a surprising extent, but never to combine the operations of his mind so as to produce those results which are the peculiar proof and distinguishing effect of sanity.

Now, gentle reader, I do not profess to tell you how it comes to pass that love should be the cause of converting a wise and a learned and an accomplished man into a poor bedlamite. I merely vouch for the fact that love can and does, as is here shown, produce such an effect. And I would beg you further, kind reader, not to confound this case with that of many foolish or giddy young men and women, weltering in the torrid zones of their teens, who are either jilted by the dear objects of their attachment, or bereft of them by the untimely stroke of death. In this case, Dr. Spring loved Louisa, and Louisa loved Dr. Spring most cordially and sincerely. His affection had stood the test of at least ten years; hers had stood the same test of time, and the offers of two baronets and a Peer. Suspicion, or fear, or disappointment, could therefore have no place in his breast, no share in causing the derangement of his mind. He left his home in the morning to receive into his arms the woman of his deepest adoration, in perfect health of mind and body; but the thought of transport was too great, and had been too long pent up. It proved too strong for him, and, before noon, like an overloaded gun, it burst and destroyed the thing that contained it.

P.S.—A month has elapsed since the foregoing was written; and during that month the life of Dr. Spring has terminated. The news of his death has just been communicated to me. For two weeks previous to his death—which was accelerated by no violence on his part—it appears that he enjoyed the most perfect composure of mind. He talked to the keeper of the house of his faith and hope in strains of fervour and delight but seldom heard there. No doubt preyed upon his spirits or shook his belief, that, when he died, he should enter upon another state of existence, such as the Bible reveals, and such as conscience either looks to with joy or fear. And with words of sober desire, that mercy might be extended to his departing spirit, he closed his eyes in resignation to the Almighty's will, in peace with all on earth, but the memory of his former errors, the worn-out victim of love.

R. B.

March, 1836.

THE ELEMENTS OF CONVERSATION ;

OR, TALKING MADE EASY.

IN my preceding lectures upon this interesting subject, I have confined my examples to single words. As the pupil advances in the course it will be proper that he should be carried into "phrases" and "expressions" of every-day use, the meanings and intentions of which, however, vary according to the society in which they are employed.

A list of these may easily be furnished; and when any of them are called into play, they will be found eminently advantageous in the way of bringing the tyro forward. Suppose we begin with single words, which, in all their blessed singleness, convey a phraseological meaning. A lady tells her companion that she expects a blue, a bore, a lion, and a tiger. The innocent and unworldly, if he did not expect a blue boar, as well as the two other ferocious animals, would be puzzled to understand what she meant. It is therefore necessary for the pupil to be ready.

He immediately chimes in, and after observing upon the dissimilar synonyme of a "blue woman being deep read," which is not the worse joke for having been sported very frequently before, he begins a discussion upon learned ladies, and expresses, as is natural enough, his abhorrence of all such monstrosities, taking care, however, to make a just and due distinction between the pretenders and the sages. In such a case as this, have your laugh at the strange *miladies* who go about exhibiting themselves; trace all their oddities and strangenesses, give them credit where it is due, but suddenly contrast all their fly-catching attributes with the profound knowledge and boundless learning of such a woman as Mrs. Somerville—compare the manners of the individuals, and put before your friend the frivolity of the blue of the circulating library in opposition to the wisdom of the unassuming sage and philosopher. There is not, perhaps, in the known world another such woman as Mrs. Somerville; yet live with her in the ordinary course of society, speak to her on any subject (within your own depth), and you will find her the gentle, unaffected being who would, without one single attribute beyond those which any other lady might bring into company, be one of the most agreeable companions in the world.

Oppose to this again the jabber of the haggard pretenders—the bubble-bubble jargon which rolls and rattles over their lips all about what *they* do, and what they do *not* do—an affectation of simplicity in the liking of frivolities, as if *that* were the affectation—poor bodies! it really is enough to make a horse sick to see the numberless centres of small circles giving themselves airs, laying down laws, proclaiming opinions, and fulminating their *dicta* as if anybody on earth, out of their own peculiar spheres of absurdity, cared one straw about what they either said or did.

These pedestal ladies have always a coterie of worshippers, and the wars which rage between the different sects, touching their several idols, are anything but civil. You must not occupy a sufficient period of time to enter into all the various views and motives of these parties, but take it for granted, and say so, in your best manner, that two of these

blues arriving from opposite factions in one room are likely to finish the evening much after the manner of the Kilkenny cats, whose interview in a sawpit terminated by their so decidedly demolishing each other that nothing was found of either of them in the morning but their two tails. Here you may sport, if you suppose your friend understands Latin, or if she do not, the old "Non tali," or any other slight joke likely to bring you out of your subject.

With respect to the lion—tale again—that may be male or female, but of course you will be prepared to give an account of all the noble animals of the breed with which you have fallen in. A lion may be a prince—a slight, slim slice of an illustrious family—dark, dingy, whiskered, and smoke-dried—a black stock round his neck, collarless, and a slip of red riband in his button-hole. He is a lion who roars not—he is tame and gentle, affable and condescending, and shows his teeth under his black mustachios without any notion of biting. Then you have a fat tawny fellow, with a gold tissue turban, copious trowsers, and turned-up slippers—he is equally quiet, he grins too, and salaams, and says "Thank you" in English, without exactly knowing what it means. At this sort of lion ladies love to look, and talk of him neutrally—"How good-natured it is!" "What fine eyes it has got!" and so on—call him an ambassador if he be but a cow-doctor, and you are always sure to have some ferreting, sucking *aspirant* for something ready to go about with him and stir him up with a long pole for nothing.

By the way tell your fair friend that a Long Pole is of himself an excellent lion—a Prince Worrywoski, or a Count Chimneysweepinski, or anything of that sort. A Pole is always interesting, nobody knows why, because the people who talk most about them know as much of them as Capt. Sir John Ross does about the Pole he went to look after. If your fair friend should sigh and affect sentiment about these Poles, just ask her where Poland is, and what it is?—that, as Major Downing says, will catawampously stump her.

Then there are clerical lions, literary lions, artistical lions, legal lions—a den. What lion can be more charming than Sidney Smith?—not the lion of Acre, G.C.D.K.—but the witty priest, P.P., Peter Plimley. There is not his match in the empire. Somebody nearly as witty as himself told him the other evening that Madame de Genlis, in her better days, became so fastidious, that she would not permit the works of male and female authors to rest upon the same shelves in her book-cases. "I presume," said the lion, "she did not want to increase her library."

A poetical lion is the very deuce,—a writer of sonnets to half rose-leaves, "Lines to a Mole on Eliza's Cheek," "To a Butterfly hovering over Louisa's Jasmine;"—a sort of cub, who comes out with a sky-blue under-waistcoat, and turquoise studs stuck in the front of his shirt; with flaxen hair curled round his forehead, half a score little rings upon his fingers, and a chain or two round his neck, and all that sort of thing. Him your fair friend will quite dote upon; and if, by any chance, he should be able to sing his own words to some other body's tune, and play upon what Miss Scroggs, of Bernard-street, calls the forte-piano, an universal fever seizes the whole party: they pester the poor wretch to death to sing that "once more;" and even then will not permit him to escape from the house without giving them his autograph half-a-dozen times, to put in their different albums.

A tiger is a different kind of thing. A tiger is a dressed-out man, who looks as if he had put on everything he had in the world for the particular occasion upon which you see him; and he grins, and talks extremely loud, and throws himself into all sorts of attitudes; and his conversation is made up of bits of something, intelligible perhaps to some two or three of his companions and intimates (if he have so many); but utterly Hebraical to the rest of the world. These animals are chiefly raffis, who have been made somebodies by coming into ready-made fortunes, and who think, by swagger and impudence, to make people forget whence they sprang; or perhaps are fools enough to fancy that the native dunghill is unknown to those who are sufficiently mean to tolerate their society for the sake of getting what they can out of them.

Whenever you hear of a "good creature," you will have an opportunity of descanting upon all the fools of whom you have either a slight or intimate knowledge. A good creature means a sort of drawling, dronish animal, who, if he be a bachelor, is likely to remain so all his life; and if he be a husband, is very likely to be trifled with. Foote, in his character of Jerry Sneak (borrowed, with that of Bruin, from the "Fribble" and "Bisket" of Shadwell), has portrayed, in very vivid colours, the "good creature" of his day. He is a sort of man who will go on the box of his own carriage home from a *fête* out of town in an evening, in order to make room for an agreeable friend, who prefers joining the party with his wife in the inside. He will wait up at a ball—having danced, and having to be on a Committee of the House of Commons at ten o'clock in the morning—merely because his better half wishes to stay, and he feels it his duty not to leave her behind: it being doubtful, at the same time, whether he would not gratify her infinitely more by going home. He never objects to anything that is done in his own family, and pays all bills without grumbling. If he is a *very* good creature indeed, he never goes into any room in his house without knocking at the door. Of these you will find many: in such a crowd it may seem invidious to name a few; but you may, if you recollect one or two cases in point, instance them to your adorning friend.

What a "charming woman" is, one of our really most charming women, Mrs. Blackwood, has already celebrated in song. It seems a pity that some other talented pen has not given us the *beau-ideal* of a "delightful man." A delightful man, in the common acceptance of the word, is full of anecdote, accomplishment, vivacity, mingled with occasional tenderness; softness of manner at one time, *brusquerie* at another. If he should fortunately have been involved in one or two affairs which have brought either his name into court or his person into the field, so much the better. The similarly spelt but differently applied words, gallantry and gallantry, seem to have the greatest attractions for what the clerks and apprentices call the "females;" and it is strange enough that women, who are themselves so good, that the worst woman that ever lived would be thought a very "delightful man," are so prone to palliate and patronize the particular vices and foibles of their male friends, the objects and results of which must be their own "undoing."

A "good man" is a very equivocal phrase. In the city it means a rich one: in humble life, a woman calls her husband her "good man;" but then in humble life the husband calls his wife his "mistress," not

in that sense which to many would be particularly disagreeable, but really as acknowledging his servitude. A "good woman" is always most scandalously represented without a head, which might, in other days, have been considered a good joke; moreover, the sign, as I believe, has been confined to oil-shops, whether with any reference to pickles I cannot sufficiently well ascertain to advise the pupil to go into the subject at any considerable length or depth.

Talking of ladies, you must be particularly careful in using the phrase "of a certain age," because it means an "uncertain age;" indeed, the less you dabble in this sort of subject the better. There are a great many most delightful women who would pass muster as much younger than many of their friends, if they had not provided proofs against themselves in the shape of long-legged sons and flirting daughters "out." In such cases, of course, you have no doubt left, whereof to give them the benefit. It may therefore not be amiss to mistake the daughter for the lady's sister; or, if it be not too strong a measure, affect to believe her son to be her brother.

Amongst the animals to be encountered, and therefore talked of, and of which the specimens are even more numerous than the lions or the tigers, are the bores. The family is much more extensive—the varieties of the species are incalculably numerous. A political bore is, perhaps, the worst of all. He is a sort of important dunce who, knowing nothing, undertakes to supply you with all his own surmises and guesses upon affairs in general; and who, by way of intelligence, favours you with a new version of a paragraph which appeared in the preceding day's newspaper—winding up all his drawling, by a serious declaration that he never has changed his opinion since he was quite a young man, and that he never shall, let what may happen.

A club bore is a peripatetic person, who wanders about from table to table, repeating as many times as he can find pairs of ears to receive it, something which he considers remarkably good; and which, as he does not register the names of all the recipients, if you are particularly lucky, you will hear twice or three times in the same day. He also finds fault perpetually, and appeals to anybody he comes near for a justification of his censures. He finally winds-up, by bringing himself to anchor in what he considers the most agreeable party in the room; and concludes his perambulations by ordering some agreeable beverage, the imbibation of which will occupy the whole period which the friends he has broken in upon had allotted for an agreeable *tête-à-tête*.

An ill-used bore is, however, still worse. This is a man who is either in the army or the navy, or perhaps in some civil office under the government; and who has either been superseded, or tried, or passed over, or neglected, as he himself thinks, and who has written several voluminous letters to his official superiors, which have produced sundry unsatisfactory answers. These he carries about in an inside coat-pocket, numbered from 1 to 27 inclusive, tied up with a piece of red tape; the moment he nails you, out they come, and you have either to pick out the hieroglyphics of his hand-writing in fourteen drafts of his own letters, and attentively read the thirteen replies which make up the number, or listen to his perusal of the whole mass, illustrated by innumerable anecdotes of himself and of his persecutors; upon all which he requests your candid opinion, which, if you gave it him,

would inevitably secure you a prominent place in the list of his enemies and oppressors.

The "matter-of-fact" bore is a very common character. He begins by telling you, in the midst of a heavy shower, that it is a very wet day, and favours you by mentioning that a north-easterly wind is extremely disagreeable. His abstract propositions, when he launches into conversation, are very much of the same character with his meteorological remarks. "I have always felt assured," says he, "that sincerity is not to be expected in men of a worldly character; I own that candour is a most estimable quality, and I have no doubt that there *are* men who have as great a dislike of duplicity as myself. But then all minds are not alike—no more than faces; and in those, it must be admitted, the variety is most surprising. I suppose one may venture to assert, that incalculably great as are the multitudes by which the world is peopled, there are no two countenances so exactly similar, that, when brought to a comparison, the difference would not be distinguishable. This is what I tell Mrs. B., when she cries out against the insincerity of mankind. We cannot expect perfection in human beings; at least if we did, it not only would be unreasonable, but—as far as I believe—we should be sadly disappointed."

Then there are the scientific bores—men of great talent and attainments, but who devote themselves to some particular branch of science, and entertain the most sovereign contempt for everything which is not in some way connected with *that*. The worst of these bores is, that they have satellites—bores of a smaller calibre, who think it necessary to use all the same terms and affect the same feelings as their exemplars; and who sicken one with the gravity and importance of their manner and conversation, assumed only to give them the appearance of understanding that which they pretend to comprehend, merely to give them a "name."

Theatrical bores are splendid specimens of the species; so are musical bores—rather, perhaps, the more oppressive of the two: inasmuch as they sing as well as say, and practise as well as preach. In short, the bores are, as I have already said, inexhaustible; nobody dislikes hearing them cut up—take your choice, therefore, and go to work accordingly; assuring yourself, as a principle of action, that you may not only with security—but triumphant success—hash, grill, or carbonado the bores of any one class, for the amusement and edification of those of every other.

The words vulgar, genteel, elegant, famous, uncommon, particular, nice, agreeable, horrid, afflicting, oppressive, although adjectives in themselves, may, by force of application, operate substantively; these, well-shuffled, will afford you a great field of action.

The word vulgar does not mean that any particular thing is in itself vulgar, but that certain things become vulgar when done by certain persons. For instance, tripe is a vulgar dish, and, eaten by people who cannot afford anything dearer, is detestable. Tripe in a ducal mansion, embosomed in "a massive silver tureen," is no longer vulgar; nor is eating it considered a vulgarity: the duke likes it better than anything in the world, and because he is known not to be forced to fill his stomach with cheap food, his taste for tripe is universally admired, and his example implicitly followed by his applauding guests. §

Travelling on the outside of a stage-coach, if a tradesman's wife or

daughter do such a thing, is horridly vulgar; or if the tradesman himself, in order to save half his fare, sacrifices himself an unwilling victim to the sun and dust, and the danger of breaking his limbs or his neck, he is pitied and even laughed at. The aristocrat who mounts the roof establishes the worst place on the vehicle as the best, and exhibits his sovereign contempt for the plebeians inside by thumping and thundering with his feet over their heads whenever it is his misfortune to be cold and his desire to be warm. The pit at the playhouse is vulgar. The stalls in the pit at the Opera House are fashionable. It is vulgar to go to White Conduit House or Hornsey Wood. It is fashionable to go to the Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich, or the Artichoke at Blackwall.

Genteel is a word, the use of which would annihilate a whole family. It is very genteel to keep a four-wheeled double-bodied phaeton drawn by one horse, and it is very genteel to live in the New Road, or at Knightsbridge, or in Kentish Town, and to wear smart bonnets at church; to go to the boxes at Astley's; to sit at the drawing-room windows and affect to work and read, and look out at the passengers. It is genteel to go to Gravesend or Richmond on Sunday, and to carry out refreshments in a basket for the use of the family; such visitors, however, are called in those places "Nose-bags," and are considered "genteel" only by the most liberal of the landlords at the different inns. Silk stockings embroidered over the instep, and made very pink, with saudalled shoes, are *very genteel* for walking about Greenwich Park or Windmill Hill. Trowsers for ladies with flounces at the ancles are *uncommon* genteel.

The word *uncommon*—the adverb abbreviated—is of itself a most expressive one, it speaks volumes. "A pretty woman *that*," says A. to B.;—"Uncommon!" replies B. to A. "Is that wine good?" asks C.—"Uncommon!" answers D. In fact it is universal. "Famous" has had its day. When it was in vogue it certainly was more perverted than word ever was from its real meaning. That Shakespeare was famous, or that Rome was famous, every body will admit; but such is the force of fashion and prejudice, that we were accustomed to use the word by which their fame was expressed as descriptive of a quality totally disconnected with its real meaning. A man would say "That Jack Simkins is a famous fellow. I never heard of him till yesterday." And upon the same principle people talked of a "famous" room, and of a "famous" house, merely in relation to their size or situation, and not to any particular character that they had obtained or any reputation they might have acquired.

The word *awful* is more a Scotticism than an Anglicism. Our northern brothers talk of an awful hot day, or an awful long sermon. "Awful pause!" said one of them during a lull in conversation at dinner. "You think so, do you?" said the lady of the house; "you'd have thought them worse if you had seen them before I washed them."

"Oppressive" is to be applied to those sort of men who, like alarm-bells, never stop when once set off until they are down, and who, believing that incessant volubility and uncheckable rapidity of enunciation are proofs of great taste and wonderful readiness, talk to every body they meet of every thing without giving their hearers time to listen long enough to comprehend the meaning of the noise which they make—even if it have any,

All these "varieties," which custom produces in words as nature does in animals, should be well understood, because a misuse or misconstruction of any them may lead to serious consequences.

The phrase "I cannot make it out," is one getting somewhat obsolete; but nevertheless it requires a little care. For instance, a lady says to her friend, "I got your note begging me to meet you at Howell and James's yesterday, at five o'clock. I assure you I would have come, but I could not make it out." A novice would perhaps imagine that it was the note the lady could not make out, an expression formerly used with regard to unintelligible writing—not so; the note she read and understood. It was the *engagement* she could not "make out." Why? is another question; upon which the fewer inquiries you make the better—I only guard you against the confusion of words.

There are two nearly slang phrases, and which you may never, unless in certain, and I hope very select, circles, hear from woman's lips, although it may so happen that they reach woman's ears;—these are, "coming it" and "going it." In common parlance, when they *are* understood, they convey the exact distinction between saying and doing a thing. Of a man who gives you a description of his own prowess—his own success—his great connexions—his numerous opportunities, and their equally numerous results—it is said, "By Jove, he is *coming it* strong!"—a sort of half-and-half imputation that his Tongue and Truth are running a race, and that Tongue is the favourite. This, however, is harmless; it does no great mischief to himself, and, if his character be well known, not much more to anybody else. The other case,—that of a gentleman of six hundred a-year *uncertain*, who keeps two or three carriages, half a score horses, and as many servants, plays high, lives splendidly, gives dinners which startle Ude, wine that makes Crocky jealous, and astonishes the natives for a certain time,—is the reverse of the former; and everybody who rides his horses, eats his *entrées*, and swallows his Champagne, in the brief intervals of riding, eating, and drinking, exclaims, "I say, he is *going it*!" The results of the two cases come off very *phraseologically*. The affairs of the gentleman who is in the habit of "coming it" usually *come* to nothing; and the gentleman who is accustomed to "go it" generally ends by *going* himself altogether.

There are phraseological anomalies which it is as well to observe. "Upright" and "downright," in their usual acceptation, are synonymous. People say of a worthy, honest, sober-minded citizen, that he is an excellent, upright, downright honest man; but if they wish to add something by way of climax to his virtues, they say also that he is a straightforward man; and this is invariably told you of a steady-going worthy. How far being all at once upright, downright, and straightforward is consistent with steady going, we leave ladies and gentlemen who have the delights of steam-packets before their eyes to determine; yet *ainsi va la phrase*.

"*Creature*" and "*person*" must be attended to as words capable of various uses. A good creature is an amiable, inoffensive twaddler, who does little odd jobs for one; who will make up a party for one's gratification without being in the slightest degree interested in it himself. A nice person is somebody one knows very little of, but who conducts either himself or herself without any glaring impropriety, and

does nothing but assent to every proposition made in society. You ought always to have one or two nice persons in a party, inasmuch as they will be found infinitely less nice than their neighbours, and will fall into all the suggestions of their companions.

Never "my Lord" or "my Lady" a nobleman or noblewoman more than once in a day, unless you wish to be taken for a footman; and never talk of a "gentleman;"—"I and another gentleman were going to the Opera,"—"I met a gentleman who told me *this*;" or "a gentleman called on me, and told me *that*." This peculiarity of expression would seem to infer that the man whom you met, or who called upon you, *was* a gentleman, and that you are not. Call ladies, ladies; but never call a gentleman, however much of a gentleman he be, more than a man; and if you wish to live in any society above that of chimney-sweepers, never call a woman a "female."

Conventional expressions must be well noticed. A *déjeûner*, called so from being the first and earliest meal of the day, according to modern acceptation, is the third, and sometimes the last, inasmuch as, in well-regulated society, it begins at about seven o'clock in the evening, and lasts till four the next morning. In a similar way, the word "early" upon a card interdicts your visit till after midnight; and the words "small party" ensure a crowd so great as to render moving impossible in any of the rooms, even if you succeed in reaching the top of the staircase.

The peculiar duties of toadies and gooseberry-pickers are too well known to need any explanation. Anybody who requires enlightenment will be sure to find one of either class in every well-regulated family. A "tame man" is also essential in an establishment,—a middle-aged person, perhaps on the half-pay of the army, married, but whose wife is an invalid,—a perfect "gentleman," but thoroughly safe, who has to take care of one's daughters, and find their shawls, and call up the carriage. He is an ambidextrous "creature," inasmuch as, while he is performing these essential offices in the evening, he is always to be kept dangling and dawdling about the house in the day-time, to spoil *tête-à-têtes*, which are not considered judicious for the misses; or, if occasion require, to keep a sharp look-out after the other class of dandies who call upon the mamma. He is also to sit at the bottom of the table, and carve, if wanted. It is only in the particular of being useful to both husband and wife that the *tame man* differs from the *gooseberry-picker*.

Never inquire who anybody is, if you happen not to know: there are secrets in all families. Everybody has a cousin, or a niece, or a nephew—Cardinals always have. Never talk of any unhappy event which has occurred,—a suicide, a crim.-con., or even an execution, or anything of the kind, because, in a well-regulated society of a dozen people, the chances are that the "cap fits;" and now that introductions are superseded, and that every man must feel his own way, the less you hazard in the way of general observation the better.

Always keep in mind that admirable scene in one of Foote's farces—"The Nabob"—in which the hero, Sir Matthew Mite, says to the mayor and deputation from the borough of Brib'em, which he is anxious to represent in Parliameff,—

"The man who breaks his word with such faithful and honest adherents richly deserves a halter. Gentlemen, in my opinion he deserves to be hanged.

Touchit. Hush, Sir Matthew !—have a care what you say.

Mite. What is the matter ?

T. You see the fat man there behind : he will be returning officer at the election.

M. What then ?

T. On a gibbet at the end of our town there hangs a smuggler for robbing the custom-house.

M. Well ?

T. The mayor's own brother, your honour. Now perhaps he may be jealous that you meant to throw some reflection on him or his family.

M. Not unlikely.—I say, Gentlemen, whoever violates his promise to such faithful friends as you are, in my poor opinion deserves to be d — d.

T. That's right, Sir Matthew, stick to that ; for though the Christian club may have some fear of the gallows, they don't value the other thing a farthing."

The illustration, which I have softened down with a prudence and propriety quite meritorious, is not a bad one for my position, and with this, for the present, I terminate my paper, promising a continuation of my hints for conversation at the earliest possible period.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

The New Cook on trial at Fleming House.

My Lords, an objection I've plump'd on ;
Your sentence must yet be delay'd :
The hearing can't take place at Brompton,
The venue 's improperly laid.

When Dutchmen in England are warring,
To check of oppression the fears,
The jury's half English, half foreign,
The nobleman's tried by his peers.

That lawyer is reckon'd half-witted
Who fails what I mention to know ;
The culprit is often acquitted
By pleading the *locus in quò*.

Then nonsuit this case ; be impartial,
And send it to Portsmouth instead :
In trying a *cook* by court-martial,
The court must be held at *Spithead*.

Blue Ink.

You ask me, Edward what I think
Of this new fashionable ink ?
I'll answer briefly, Ned,
Methinks it will be always blue ;
At all events, when used by you,
It never will be red.

REFLECTIONS ON SOME OF THE GREAT MEN OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

IT is a "discipline of humanity" to look back upon a reign like that of Charles the First, and consider the circumstances that made the actors in it what they were; the mixture of good and ill in almost all of them, (most probably in all, if we knew all,) and how they failed and succeeded, in whatsoever they really did fail or succeed in, according to the earnestness with which they pursued their object, and its fitness for the sanction of their fellow-creatures. I beg leave to say, if I may say it without immodesty, and upon the strength of my own earnestness, that I use none of these words at random; and that I take the closing sentence in particular to contain matter worthy of serious reflection.

Considerations of this kind are the more interesting, inasmuch as they take us among those private portions of men's lives with which history is not sufficiently conversant. History, indeed, will most probably be written, by-and-by, in a far different spirit than it has yet evinced, even in the hands of the most philosophic; among whom, for example, is not to be counted Hume, setting aside even his partialities, and notwithstanding his just claims to the reputation of a philosophical temper in his miscellaneous writings. Hume occupies himself, almost as exclusively as any other historian, in saying little but of wars, and courts, and church governments, and what have been exclusively called "public matters;" as if the private and daily well-being of the community were not only the sole end of all public matters, but necessary to be constantly and strikingly kept in view, for fear the public agents should forget that sole end, and be induced by the sounds of their own voices, their courtesies to one another, and the glitter of their state, to think that everything really important begins and ends with themselves. It will no longer do to regard the majority as little better than subject-matter to talk about and to work with—a minor humanity, that may take its chance as it can.

As a small, and yet really voluminous specimen of Hume's unphilosophical spirit in his history, and his failing to look at public matters with domestic eyes, it may be observed that he thinks it necessary to make a sort of *dandy* apology for mentioning the celebrated anecdote of the cake-burning in the history of King Alfred. There are other anecdotes which he might have obtained from the same authentic source, and of the existence of which he has not given a hint, though they are absolutely necessary to a thorough understanding of the character of that great man; a man, whom prosperity, as well as adversity, had tried in fires, of which his admirers, in general, know nothing, and which showed him to be made of the commonest clay with us all, before suffering and self-reflection had exalted it. The curious reader may find them in the life left us of him by his friend Bishop Asser, or in the passages translated from it by Mr Sharon Turner in his valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons. I should not be content with referring to them here; but space, and the immediate subject, will not allow me to do more.

To take Charles the First himself as a specimen of the way in which

histories have been generally written : the authors do not tell us half enough of his private history, or the circumstances of his birth and breeding ; not excepting the panegyrists who so naturally and justly tell more than others of his taste for the fine arts, and the readiness of his discourse. A true vindicator of him, just to him and to all, would begin with tracing the mingled weakness and elegance of his character to his father, the son of the clever Mary and the foolish Darnley,—the horn-king, shattered before his birth by the murder of Rizzio ; he would then refer to the “ king-craft,” on which this father piqued himself, and which the son had not strength of mind to avoid ; to the grosser paternal follies, which he *did* avoid, (for children, not unintelligent, generally go counter to the vices for which they see their parents despised ;) to the masques and other elegancies of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones ; to the ascendancy of Buckingham, whose mixture of openness and generosity with his insolence, and, above all, whose presence of mind and address, resulting from the admiration caused by his beauty, gave him an advantage over less heartily constituted natures ; to the book-learning, which was cultivated in Charles as a younger brother not expecting the throne ; to the defects of his person, (for his legs were somewhat bowed,) which tend to make a man at once bashful and obstinate,—bashful from the fear of contempt, and obstinate in resenting it ; and last, perhaps not least, to the early government of his mother, Anne of Denmark, who appears to have been a woman of the most commonplace order, anxious only for ordinary pleasures and petty rights, and most probably letting her child have his way whenever it suited her indolence, and violently contesting power with him when the whim took her to make herself “ respected.”

Now, for the same reason that one would like to know how the people in Charles's reign passed their daily lives, of whatsoever rank,—what they did from morning to night—and how they suffered, or profited, in those ordinary moments of which existence is made up, from the administration of “ public affairs,” (*their* affairs, that is to say,) it would be pleasant to know more about the private life of Charles also,—himself a private individual as far as he was a man, and far more interesting to our *final* sympathies under that aspect, then inasmuch as he was a king ; for royalty is a sort of match for adversity, let it be treated never so ill. Its exclusive character gives its exclusive aids. In holding itself aloof from us, or treating us imperiously, it tells us that it can afford to do so, and accordingly we so leave it ; but when the tears come, or ordinary human smiles, or when we picture to ourselves the daily amount of cares, pleasures, and pastimes, and consider how far royalty allows or deprives its possessor of these, then it is that we learn best how to feel for the man, notwithstanding the splendour, or in despite of the drawbacks, of the king. Every king, the most kingly, spends his time far more as a fellow-creature than a sovereign ; eats, drinks, laughs, reads, thinks, or does not think, and has his passions and humours, his inferiorities or superiorities to those about him, just like ourselves ; and the real historical estimate of the most historical character is correct, therefore, in proportion as we know most of the human being, under the circumstances in which the far greater part of its life is passed. It would be pleasant to hear all which the real historian of Charles could discover for us, by his research either into character or documents ; and I will venture to add, that not only in Charles's instance, but in that of every public person

on record, whose name is frequent in books, or who has written a book himself, far more might be known than is related, and far more, too, worth knowing. More might be gleaned even out of the wits and poets, than cursory readers have any notion of.

How many circumstances, for instance, are related of Charles that do not convey a twentieth part of the information respecting his character, and that of his queen, Henrietta Maria, as that single one mentioned by Swift, in his instances of "Mean and Great Figures,"—of his making a present to her of a buckle before all the court, and unfortunately fixing it awkwardly in her bosom, so as to scratch her : upon which she tore it out in a passion, and trampled it under foot !

Milton has been unjustly accused of taunting Charles with being a lover of Shakspeare. He taunts him in the passage where the mention is made, but not with the circumstance itself. Strange taunt, indeed, it would have been from Milton—making allowance for party exasperation, which certainly had not always the best effect on the taste of the great poet. Think, for a moment, of these two men, Milton and Charles the First, so different in their opinions, their position, and the whole public course of their lives ; and yet consider how much they would have had, and did have in common, if you take away the circumstances of rank, and leave them their humanity alone. *I will not swear that Milton was not a greater royalist at heart than the king.* He came of a severer stock (his grandfather disinherited his father for differing with him in religion)—he had the most royal, and dominant, and even military notions of *heaven*—his domestic government, I fear, was arbitrary and unconciliating, certainly did not render him beloved ; and though his principles tended to republicanism and to puritanism (so much so to the latter as to injure the universality of his love of the beautiful, and make him intolerant even to the painted church-windows which he described so exquisitely in his youth), yet he always takes care, not merely to intimate his approbation of "orders and degrees," but to show the highest possible sense of his own claims to distinction, and of the segregation of such men from the "herd" and the "vulgar." And when circumstances led him to inquire into the doctrines of divorce, nay, of polygamy, his puritanism did not at all stand in the way of his patriarchal will and pleasure. His sympathy with his fellow-creatures was not as thorough-going and unrestricted as his will ; nor did he pretend that it was. You might as soon fancy him "waking the night-owl in a catch" *in propria personâ*, as writing the account of those who did in the comedy. What then ? Am I blind to the merits of the great poet, because he was not so great a one as Shakspeare ? Or am I insensible to his dignity as a man and a lover of his country ? Not so ; but I would have fair-play to all, that no human being may unhand-somely remain angry with his fellow-creatures, for not appearing to be so good or great as himself—that he may know them to be all more or less the creatures of circumstance, and engaged in an affecting struggle to see what they can make of this earth they inhabit. If they struggle for themselves only, they fail somehow, either in their cause, or their personal consolations ; if they struggle for all, they are sure to realize some comfort. I am thankful for Milton's breeding, inasmuch as it helped to make him a man of principle and an immortal writer ; but I am bound also to take into consideration that part of Charles's breeding

which rendered him a victim to his father's king-craft, and disturbed the better part of his nature; nor can I help thinking that, if that nature had been left to itself, it would have appeared to be of a less arbitrary kind than Milton's—less exacting and self-sufficing—more sociable. Charles would have been more of what is called the "good fellow." Whether this, in private life, would have left him any eminence, is another question. He would probably have been a respectable country-gentleman—a little wilful or so, a little angry and amazed when matters went against him in the vestry or on the magistrate's bench; but not foolish otherwise, nor given to inelegant pleasures. It is rare, even for the rarest men, to be at once hearty, unassuming good-fellows and great serious thinkers, as Shakspeare was.

Look at the men thus, on both sides, during this great period, and consider, from what has transpired of their private characters, which among them you would have chosen *as a select body for the final judges of your political destiny*, the object being to settle what was most agreeable, best-natured, and least egotistical, for the whole world. If this be the test (and I, for one, though as hearty a lover of freedom as any man, know of no better), I think it is pretty clear what sort of persons they were whom an unprejudiced yet cordial reader of history would not choose, and who are those that he would. The former would be those least respected or most hated by the opposite party, and least beloved by their own. The latter, the reverse in all instances. Among the former would be Laud, Prynne, Strafford, Harrison, Cromwell, Haslerigg, and Hyde (at least after he had become "Clarendon," and showed himself confirmed in his pride, luxury, and insincerity). Among the latter I should name Selden, Hutchinson, Godolphin, Marvell, Cowley, Sunderland, perhaps Henry Cromwell, certainly the admirable Falkland, and (according to my own convictions) Hampden, whose memory it is high time to rescue from the gratuitous obloquy of Clarendon's assertion about his having "a heart to conceive, and a hand to execute, any mischief;" a charge which has been solely kept alive by party-spirit, by the classical elegance of its phraseology, and the commonplace and envious foundation of it upon Hampden's "courtesy to all men." Clarendon's manners were hot and imperious; he felt that more courteous manners on his own part would have been a violence done to his nature, and hypocritical; and he therefore assumed that such was the case with Hampden—a *non sequitur* equally vain and foolish. Clarendon's faults have at length transpired in their true colours to posterity, in the pages of Pepys, Ellis, and others. His talents remain great and admirable; but he saw the faults of his own party far better than those of his own character, and must often have excited the contempt as well as anger of the very debauchees of the court. What must Charles the Second, while his minister was venturing to lecture him on his women and his expenses, have thought of *his* expenses, of his corrupt means of recruiting them, and, above all, of his fat and corpulence, and great eating, and gout?—evidences of sensuality, which the peripatetic and well-shaped king must have looked upon as far less pardonable in a gentleman, than the attendance he dined upon the *Clevelands* and *Portsmouths*.

Those who wish to see some new passages in the histories of the great men of this period, will do well to read a volume just pub-

lished by Dr. Lardner in his "Cabinet Cyclopædia," containing the "*Lives of Sir John Eliot and Lord Strafford*."* On the face of it it possesses more than the usual attractions of the series, for one of its most interesting anecdotes (Pym's formidable non-farewell to Strafford), is told on the very title-page in the shape of an excellent engraving after a curious and expressive design by Mr. Cattermole; and in the course of it we are presented with another literal evidence of the author's having done his work *con amore*, in a fac-simile of the elaborate manuscript title-page of a treatise written by Sir John Eliot during his imprisonment,—*an analysis and ample specimens of which treatise are for the first time given to the world*. The book contains also several passages from letters of Eliot and Hampden, now for the first time published; in the life of Wentworth, the question of his "apostacy" is satisfactorily concluded in the negative, and a number of interesting quotations given us from letters of his; and what is most curious of all, here, *for the first time*, is presented to the world *a life of Eliot himself*, who, though one of the most remarkable and influential of the great spirits that commenced the revolution of that age, has not yet made his appearance in any of our general Biographies, not even in Chalmers or Gorton.

It will be as well on this account to give a brief sketch of his story here:—He was of an old West of England family, ancestor of the present Earl of St. Germain's; and became the most prominent, earnest, eloquent, and appalling denouncer of the favourite Buckingham, and of those arbitrary measures which led to the civil war. He had such passionate influence on the House of Commons, and so annoyed and irritated the king, that the first moment Charles thought he could dispense with a Parliament, he had him brought before the Council-table for "words spoken in the House." Eliot denied his right to bring him to the account; but as the Parliament was now dissolved, and his own formidable "words" could no longer defend him, the upshot was that he was imprisoned in the Tower, and died there after an imprisonment of upwards of three years. His comforts were not much consulted in his imprisonment, and he attributed the first cause of his death to a cold. He was told several times that his condition might be lightened, if he would submit himself and beg pardon, which he refused to do; and though latterly persuaded to petition the king for a temporary change of air, he did it in so cold a manner that it did not succeed, and he declined to make it humbler. The king refused even to let his body be taken into Cornwall to be buried; but we do not think with his biographer that this was done out of spite. Eliot was very popular in Cornwall. The whole county had petitioned for his release, and most likely it was apprehended that there would be such an ostentatious welcome given to his body as might have told against the Court. In short, the struggle between Eliot and Charles was between two obstinate men, both of whom thought themselves in the right; and as one would not give in, neither would the other. Eliot was a man of principle; but it seems clear that his temperament had in it a violence which, though admirably modified by his understanding and his good intentions, naturally diminishes something of our sympathy by the strength and self-

* *Lives of Eminent British Statesmen*, Vol. II. By John Forster, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

sufficiency of its resentment; though, on the other hand, its struggle with itself was the foundation of the most affecting part of the patriot's philosophy, and manifestly produced the treatise, in the publication of which Mr. Forster has obliged the world. This treatise is entitled "The Monarchy of Man, written by Sir John Eliot during his last imprisonment;" and is an eloquent and exalted attempt to show that it is in a man's power, however situated, to be lord of himself, and of the infinite regions of thought and will. The idea of still *ruling* somehow or other, might have shown the gallant sufferer which way his nature inveterately tended, had he looked into it still closer; for it is plain enough that he does not write thus stoically, as Marcus Antonius did, out of a sense of the necessity of counteracting any softness in his disposition, so much as to vindicate its unyielding dignity and to keep himself on a level with those who fancied they had subdued him. Poor, high-minded Sir John Eliot! and so he died out of inability to fit his "Monarchy" to the throne of a prison!—nobly, however, and all the better for his aspirations.

To show the truly gallant nature of some of these aspirations, and with what hearty generosity of spirit Eliot waived his right of making out a good case for groaning and lamenting, an extract here follows respecting the indulgence of sorrow—a species of egotism to which he gives no quarter. The reasoning indeed is very just and profound.

"Sorrow approaches next," (we quote from the biographer's analysis,) "and this is described as the worst and least excusable of the impediments yet named (to self-government and happiness)." "For yet," Eliot says, "fear has some resource of safety, and hope has some desire of happiness." "These," he strikingly continues, "have somewhat for justification and apology, at least for excuse and extenuation of their evils. But sorrow only is inferior to them all. No argument can be made for her defence; she can pretend neither to happiness, nor safety, nor to what might be subversive to either. As the professed enemy to both, her banners are displayed—she fights against all safety and bids defiance unto happiness; her ends, her arts, are in contestation of them both. Reason has nothing to allege why sorrow should be used; it propounds no advantage in the *end*, no advantage in the *act*, but the mere satisfaction of itself, the sole expletion of that humour; therefore it is the most improper of all others, as incomparably the worst, and that likewise the effects and consequence on the body will show." The conclusion of the subject is a subtle treatment of the selfishness of sorrow. "It is not called forth," he says, "by the misfortunes of our friends, for that feeling is pity; nor by the triumphs of our enemies, for that is envy. Sorrow is selfishness." For the privation of whatever we hold dear, of whatever is in a tender estimation, Eliot suggests nobler and better remedies.

It seems a startling thing to pronounce that "sorrow is selfishness," since so many excellent people have been very unhappy; but on reflection it will be seen that our enduring philosopher is right—that unhappiness and sorrow are very different things; and that the one still generously seeks happiness for its own sake and that of others, while sorrow betrays its selfishness by its temper and sullenness. An unhappiness of this kind, it may be added, is a mark of want of ideas and resources; and shows that we should have been ill qualified to please others, had we ourselves been pleased never so much.

Hampden makes a very amiable figure in this Life of Eliot, not by any elaborate attempt of the author to show him in that light, but by the passages now first published from his own letters. They render it still more incumbent upon the ghost of Clarendon, or upon any body who chooses to speak for that ingenious and crafty personage, to shew cause why such amiableness must needs have a bad and mischievous construction put upon it. Clarendon often reminds one of the barrister in the jest-book, who after vainly attempting to browbeat a witness and make him injure his own character, tells him in a significant manner that "he may get down," adding, with a nod to the audience, "a pretty fellow that!" Speaking of Hampden, Mr. Forster justly reckons it as "one proof of the virtuous character of this great man having already dawned, that Eliot had intrusted to him the care of his two sons." Both Eliot and Hampden were beautiful letter-writers; and it is to be much regretted that we have not more of their correspondence. Hampden sent Eliot books for his treatise; and, as Mr. Forster, with delicate perception of his own, says, "delicately rallies him to his labours."

"Make good use of the bookes you shall receive from mee, and of your time; be sure you shall render a strict account of both to your ever assured friend."—(p. 118). Hampden knew he could not do better than keep a prisoner's thoughts occupied.

"As the work progressed" (continues Mr. Forster) "it was sent in portions to Hampden, who criticised it, and, as I shall show, gave value to his praise by occasional objection. 'And that to satisfy you, not myself, but that by obeying you in a command so contrary to my own disposition, you may be sure how large a power you have over John Hampden.'"

This indeed is in the best style of that "flowing courtesy" which Clarendon has contrived to turn into matter of reproach! Here is Hampden taking charge of the two sons of an anxious father (a very anxious charge, and one that turned out especially so in this instance), comforting the prisoner with small attentions as well as great, and modestly guarding against the least possible assumption of a right to take the measure of his powers, though he will do so, he says, at his own risk, in order to show his love. Such a man is more like one of "all conscience and tender heart," than of heart and hand for any mischief. Conscience indeed might carry him into the field of battle; but so it did his truly noble opponent, Lord Falkland; and when he was mortally wounded, Charles himself, be it remembered, sent his own surgeon to attend him; which a prince who thought himself so much in the right would certainly have done to no rebellious subject, whom he did not respect as one thinking himself in the right also. At least, if it might be construed into a bit of his "king-craft," I, for one, have enough belief the existence of good among all parties most unaffectedly not to be of that opinion. Charles was a gentleman; and there are moments when the flower of that character rises in triumphant beauty over every other consideration, and rejoices to become visible in the eyes of those that resemble it. The worst action of Charles's life was the forfeiture of his word with Strafford; for as to all his other word-breakings, fatal to him and to so many others as they were, and unbefitting the more advanced ideas of what is right and becoming, unquestionably he was

educated to think them a part of his trade-royal; and fancied they no more committed his abstract character for truth, than a dealer's excuses to his customers. But if Strafford had been as amiable and conscientious a man as Hampden, and by that means had got more truly into the heart of his master (which I doubt if he ever entered at all), I verily believe Charles would never have had occasion to blush for having given him up. Strafford, after all, was but a kind of hard and unpopular servant,—unpopular, I mean, at court as well as with the people; and in spite of his flatteries, the airs he gave himself must often have annoyed his master, and startled his self-love. Hampden would have been a friend, acceptable with everybody he had come in contact with, and not to be sacrificed but by the abandonment of the same feelings with which Charles loved his family, and respected the daily grounds of his most familiar consolations.

It appears to me, I confess (if I ought to run into these individual criticisms, thus speaking in my own name), that our eloquent, and perhaps I may add, vehement biographer,—who nevertheless has contrived to deal out a singular measure of impartiality, considering he is the recorder of such a period, and writes with so much warmth,—has over-estimated the character of Wentworth Earl of Strafford, both for dignity and abilities. He is aware of his faults, and denounces them; but is nevertheless so warmed, as he proceeds, into an admiration of his energy, and a sympathy with his elevation and power, that admitting, as all readers must, a large measure of brain in Wentworth, and a superabundance of energy, I cannot but think that the admiration takes too much the place of objection, and that the despot by nature, as well as by office, is held out to us too instinctively as a man fitter for our regard than dissatisfaction. The readers, we think, will be inclined to pronounce that the author's heart is with Eliot, but that he has something in his temperament which is with Strafford. Should reflection finally aid the two in seeing fair play to the great suffering men of those times (for almost all the great ones suffered more or less, of whatever party) he will turn out to be just such a biographer as they wanted; for both on the side of his strength and his weakness, he will have known what it is to "relish all sharply, passion'd as they."*

* As a specimen of the occasional eloquence to be found in this first published volume of a writer, who exhibits many proofs of advanced discrimination, and other valuable powers of authorship, the following deeply-felt passage may be given respecting the day when Charles sent down a message to the House, desiring it to enter upon "no new business," and the Speaker was ordered by him to interrupt "aspersions on Ministers of State:"—

"Events, for passions include events, now crowded together to work their own good work; and the great statesman (Sir John Eliot), the author, as it were, of that awful event, may be conceived to have been the only one who beheld it from the vantage ground of a sober consciousness and control. Into that message his genius had thrown a forecast of the future. The after-terrors he did not live to see, but now concentrated in the present spot were all their intense and feroid elements. THEY STRUGGLED IN THEIR BIRTH WITH TEARS. I do not know whether it may not be thought indecorous and unseemly now for statesmen to shed tears, but I consider the weeping of that memorable day, that 'black and doleful Thursday,' to have been the precursor of an awful resolve. Had these great men entertained a less severe sense of their coming duty, no such present weakness had been shown. The monarchy, and its cherished associations of centuries, now trembled in the balance." 'Sir Robert Philips spoke,' says a member of the House, writing to his friend the day after, 'and mingled his words with weeping; Sir Edward Coke, over-

Lucky would it have been for Strafford had he had as much heart as our author to perplex, and ultimately enlighten his temperament. Nay, a little sheer occasional weakness (different from that extreme of will which in its consequences amounted to it) would have done him good. Had he been dilatory now and then, or omitted doing something that he had promised, or otherwise rendered it necessary to subject himself to his equals or inferiors, and conciliate their good will, it might have been his salvation. But he went on, making enemies of all the world, even of his own party, except where his notions of what was due to *himself* influenced him to stand by them; and the consequence was, he walked, like an arrogant, eye-lifting giant, into a pit, and perished miserably.

Let the reader be kind enough to understand me. I am not for taking want of success, in its every-day sense, as the criterion of what is good in a man; no, nor of what deserves to be called even successful. To do so were to blaspheme some of the most sacred names registered in the heart of man. By success, I mean either the success of a cause, for which a man has conscientiously exerted himself; or such jewels of consolation as are left in his possession by conscientious *want* of success; or lastly, such success itself, in the ordinary sense of the word, (the most desirable, God knows, of all!) which has not injured a man's heart by the way, but conducts him by fortunate paths into a noble rest. On the other hand, as to those who succeed in none of those ways, I do not wish to be understood as contumeliously judging them, or as considering them apart from those excuses of circumstance and education, which every one needs more or less, and which, the more they are needed, show the fellow-creature in a light so much the more to be pitied and excused, as long as he does not throw away pity and excuse by a hardness of heart which proves them to be wasted upon him. But it is perilous to admit into the mind, as objects of its admiration, images of mere energy and will, which represent the brute force of things, or at all events, which set it up as the chief worker, to the displacing of the calm firmness of a Jove, in favour of the loud violence of Mars. Strafford proclaimed the ascendancy of sheer force and violence—he gloried in it—hung his faith round its neck—was himself loud-voiced (literally so), bearing down argument by physical violence in his very talk—brow-beating his own council-table, and declining (or not knowing how) to conciliate a powerful queen and her favourites. It is true, this was his system; he thought it the only good one for reinstating the king in his authority, or rather for making it purely despotic; and it is claimed for him that he should be judged accordingly. We are desired to consider, not whether his system was to be wished for in the abstract, but whether it was the fit one for his purpose, supposing (as in charity it *may* be supposed) that his ultimate purpose was good, and that he thought a despotic government the best for the many, as well as for the few. Well then, judging him accordingly, it appears to me that his system was a very shallow one; for in such a country as ours it neither did, nor could

come with passion, seeing the desolation that was like to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began to speak, through the abundance of tears; yea, the Speaker in his speech could not refrain from weeping and shedding of tears; besides a great many, whose great griefs made them dumb and silent.

“A deep silence (continues Mr. Forster) concluded this storm, and the few words that broke the silence, startled the House into its accustomed attitude of resolution and composure.”—p. 80.

succeed. Strafford split upon the common rock of all inordinate self-lovers : he took himself, or a few like him, for the only understandings extant, and did not see that where any decent measure of education exists, there must be millions of understandings formidably prepared to resist him, and millions more of wills, as strong as his own, all prepared to seize the first opportunity for his destruction. Great Britain, in the time of Charles the First and Milton and Eliot, was not Persia, or Barbary, or Hindostan. It is possible that a man might have won his way into despotism by artful shows of kindness, and a cultivation of the humours of others (such as Hyde attributed to Hampden) ; or he might have gained it for a time by military prowess and services, as Cromwell did afterwards ; but to force it upon a nation full of stout, energetic, reflecting men, who had already begun to look sternly into the weaknesses of government, and had grown up in the manly schools of Luther and Raleigh,—the thing was utterly senseless and impracticable, and only showed the inordinate vanity of the speculator. Strafford wanted imagination and heart ; and in wanting these, he wanted the first elements of wisdom for others, and for himself. He had no sympathies beyond what touched his egotism, and no resources out of the pale of action and ascendancy. He was a very vain man ; for pride (contrary to what the popular fallacy says of the distinction between it and vanity) includes vanity. Pride is so vain a thing, that it dispenses with the ordinary shows of vanity, only out of a more immeasurable self-sufficiency and conceit ; and this is the reason why pride is often so mean. You can offend it with your pretensions, by daring to remind it that there is any measure for its own, apart from the standard it has set up ; but by no voluntary exercise of its will can it offend itself ; because itself is all-sufficient to itself, and reconciles whatsoever of dirty or degrading it admits into the purifying tabernacle of its own glorification.

But Wentworth had his excuses. He was evidently the son of either a very foolish father or foolish mother, perhaps both ; and he was brought up in unmeasured notions of the importance of himself and his family. Hence he lorded it over his father, and his brothers and sisters ; was at variance with such of them as did not minister to his vanity by obsequiousness ; intrigued for ascendancy and obtained it in a county where the local government was singularly corrupt and arbitrary ; opposed the court, only to make a better bargain with it ; was as mean, and full of thanks almost lachrymose, for the least attentions from the King, as he was insolent to the rest of the world ; became a lord, a lord-lieutenant, and a despot ; was an upholder of Church and State, and a man of indiscriminate gallantry ; an eloquent speaker, yet not content without spoiling his eloquence by arrogance ; did good to Ireland in giving it the linen-trade (for he was an excellent financier, and would have made a capital man of business under a better system) ; did it infinite harm otherwise, in maintaining the pernicious notion that it was to be everlastingly treated as a conquered country ; showed an invincible energy in the midst of the most painful illnesses and infirmities ; and, finally, by his senseless pride, and a heaping-up of the secret resentments of almost all men, “ friends ” as well as enemies, brought himself to the block, and has become a lesson to the world of the nonentity of the greatest abilities unaccompanied with a due sense of the importance of one’s fellow-creatures.

As to his "apostacy," our author has finally delivered him from the spirit of the charge, but only on the strength of another baseness, and at the expense of the letter of it. He has shown that Wentworth never was with the Parliament at heart; and that he protested, with vehement eloquence, against the arbitrary measures of the court, only to enable himself the better to take his stand for carrying every one of them into effect!

But Mr. Forster has shown him also writing letters from the country about the tranquil enjoyments of a garden, and others to those who had the care of his children, evincing a playful and fatherly tenderness. For these, and for all the other fetchings-out of the human being, both in Strafford's and Eliot's life, thanks and praise be to his biographer. Oh, every man, the most arbitrary as well as the most just, has a human corner in his heart, which circumstances, *best for all, and those only*, will soften, and increase, and help to colour and ennoble all the rest of it, if not thwarted by such as make him think of himself alone! It is true, the first thing which a selfish man will love, if he love anything besides himself, will be his children, because they are self-reflexions of him, and a sort of continuation of his personal identity. Still, they are not quite himself; they are a step out of the mere personal and identical creature; and by learning an interest in them as human beings, he may learn to sympathize with the rest of his fellow-creatures. But it is curious to see, in those fatherly letters of the two men, the different views of good which Strafford and Eliot entertained for their children. Eliot consigns his to the care of Hampden, and talks of nothing but their learning and morals. Strafford commits his to flattering dependents and to great ladies, and confines himself to their clothes, their dancing, their French, and the fine houses and estates he has secured for them.

In what ended all this violence and worldly solicitude? The earldom of Strafford became extinct in the next generation; the estates were carried by females into other families; and Wentworth House, Yorkshire, is now in possession of a popular Whig lord (Fitzwilliam) whose grandfather married a descendant of one of his daughters. The family of the Eliots is still flourishing in the person of the Earl of St. Germans, though, curiously enough, in the Tory interest. But a Tory of these days is not, of necessity, one that would terrify the stately patriotism of Sir John Eliot at having him for a representative; neither, indeed, could the family pride even of Strafford be hurt by seeing himself represented by a Fitzwilliam. But think of what all his most darling projects have come to,—his despotic government, his ruling "without Parliament," his male representation, *himself!* *In nothing did he succeed except in the least selfish part of his affections, his daughters; and in the speculation which was most for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, the Irish linen-trade.* All the proud, selfish, violent remainder went into the dust. He had not the comfort of a handsome retrospect, nor a sense of the adherence even of those he had most served. The courtiers, whose pockets he had filled, forsook him; his very master forsook him; no consolation remained for him but the fellow-wretchedness of poor, doating Laud, the pity of private friends, and his love for his children—which last was, as it deserved to be, his best, and latest, and only real stay. On the other hand, Eliot had all the resources of a more tranquil lover of books, of principles to look back upon which he had never gainsaid, of the respect of the most

respected men of his time, and of a cheerful and pious philosophy. Instead of having to complain of being forsaken by a king, he felt himself to be a match for a king by his endurance; and he asserted the "monarchy of man." But, above all, he succeeded in his cause. His spirit may have indeed beheld it flourishing even in a royal shape, accompanied at the same time by the universal desecration of "the enormous faith of many made for one." Strafford, Cromwell, and Charles's sons, impeded this cause for a time; but a new Revolution proclaimed it—it set the House of Brunswick on the throne; has commenced a career of justice, even to Ireland; and though perplexed at this instant in its look towards that quarter, will yet, it is to be hoped, find as quiet a means of uniting all "orders" for its completion, as it will assuredly find some means or other; for the history of the civilized world, since the greater diffusion of knowledge, has rendered this maxim incontrovertible,—that power is strong and ultimately successful, in proportion to its sympathy with the opinion of the majority; and since all decently-educated persons have in some measure become sovereigns, the grand point is how to make the sovereign of them all a true *king of kings*; which is to be done, not by denying them, as if they were children, anything which they have really set their hearts on, but by treating them like men that have both sense and power, and thus encouraging them to retain the willing childhood of gratified and wise hearts—that noble childhood and sincerest manhood, which will continue to respect a king and his ornaments too, as surely as it does the blue in the sky or the golden processions of the stars, if more officious worshippers will but let it.

DEVEREUX, BY THE AUTHOR OF "PELHAM."

MR. BULWER's mind is—like all great minds—a progressive one. Every one of his works represents a mental epoch. In "Pelham" we have his impressions; in the "Disowned" his feelings; and in "Devereux" his thoughts. "Pelham" was the satire of a young and clever man thrown early into society, feeling its hollowness with the intuition of talent, and taking refuge in sarcasm, to whose keenness truth gave depth. It was written with that gaiety—the first of all our emotions to abandon us—whose light vanishes from youth even before its bloom. From the first it was singularly misunderstood; for irony, like the language of the ancient oracles, needs to be explained to the many. But "Pelham" has long since taken its place at the head of modern satires on modern life, and the earlier judgments passed on its merits have merged in general admiration. "To use," as Canning says, "a simile of dissimilitude,"—"the cradle of genius is surrounded, like that of Sophocles, by a swarm—not of bees, but of wasps."

"Devereux" united the wit of "Pelham" with the poetry of the "Disowned," but with more of mental analysis than either. The character of the hero is a masterpiece of moral investigation; and herein consists one of the greatest charms of Mr. Bulwer's writings. There are a thousand subtle and shrinking emotions, which

"Men name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other:"

over these he has the mastery of perfect knowledge. We recognize feelings that we had deemed known but to ourselves, and the charm of discovery is blended with that of sympathy. The language that expresses what we had before felt is so familiar, that we only wonder why we had never used it. There is an intense consciousness of self in genius:—Why does Mr. Bulwer give the quick sensation and the passionate emotion with such home truth? Because he has first felt them himself, and keenly felt. It is a most extraordinary fallacy to say that the writer who makes others feel does not feel himself. How then has he obtained his knowledge? It is a strange thing to speak a language understood by all but the speaker. Out of his own heart the poet translates the sensations of others. We may say of genius, what some French writer says of love, "*Un egoisme en deux personnes!*"—it is an egotism between the writer and the reader.

We do not mean to say that in all imaginative works the author is his own creation, and "I the hero of each little tale;" but though the action be not, the sentiment must be all his own. A sufficient distinction is not made between the narrative and the sensitive portion of a work: the narrative belongs to the external world; it combines the given materials of observation; it forms the clay model into which the soul must enter. Now that kindling spirit must be communicated from the ethereal world within—the writer must animate with his own sensations. He may combine circumstances different from those which excited his own emotions, but those emotions must have been first experienced. Mr. Bulwer never could have drawn the shy, the susceptible, yet proud and reserved Devereux, unless his own feeling had given the key to such a character.

The introduction of Lord Bolingbroke is a leading feature in "*Devereux.*" The analysis of this character is pursued in the noblest spirit; it is history based on the actual and the generous, and in the majority of judgments, admiration is the portal of truth: common-minded people always depreciate. They forget that it is only by looking up that we see heaven. Where our own motives are low, we always suppose the motives of others to be low also. Such are the real levellers—they refer all things

"To the small circle of their mean desires."

But an Arabian tradition occurs to us just in point. The Mahommedans hold that, on the night *Leiteth-ul-eadr*, the firmament opens for a minute, and the glory of God appears visible to the eyes of those who are so happy as to behold it; at which juncture whatever is asked of God by the fortunate beholder of the mysteries of that critical moment is instantly granted. A Mulatto girl having heard of this superstition resolved to try its efficacy. She was quite out of love with her own woolly locks, and imagining that she wanted nothing to make her thought pretty but a good head of hair, took her supper in her hand presently after sunset, and without letting any body into her secret, stole away and shut herself up in the uppermost apartment of the house and went upon the watch. She had the good fortune to direct her optics to the right quarter, and the patience to look long and steadily, till she plainly beheld the beams of celestial glory darting through the firmament, and the resolution to cry out with all her might, "Oh Lord!

make my head big"—a figurative expression for a good head of hair*. Now we are too much given to form our judgments as the Mulatto girl did her wishes—small, selfish and mean; and quite insensible to the beauty and glory which lie beyond us.

Mr. Bulwer's estimate of Bolingbroke is of a higher order. He does justice to those splendid abilities which wanted only a fitting sphere, and to which we firmly believe success would have been like sunshine, ripening and perfecting. The great mistake of his life was his adherence to the Stuart cause. Voltaire says, "It is well to be born clever, better to be born rich, but best to be born fortunate." A more ill-fated race than the House of Stuart never existed—and that ill-fortune they communicated to their adherents. It shows to an extraordinary degree the hold that feudal prejudices had taken, when fidelity to the Stuarts was for so many years a religion of honour. The principles of government were strangely mistaken, when personal allegiance was considered the foundation of the social contract. The duty of the subject to the monarch is very different from that of the soldier to his general. Obedience, being honour, was the basis of the feudal system; such a principle was no foundation of freedom.

"What is grey with time becomes religion."

To this picturesque creed we must ascribe the devotion shown to the Stuart cause; there was nothing to warrant it in the personal character of the four English monarchs. The first James was an imbecile pedant, cruel, as the weak are, from fear. The first Charles was obstinate, hypocritical, and cruel also: the second Charles was indolent, profligate, and cruel again; while the second James, to all the bad qualities inherent in his race, added a blindness and bigotry peculiarly his own. The principal events of each reign were connected with the scaffold; the noble head of Raleigh fell first; then, in Strafford, Charles gave up his true and trusted friend. Russell and Sidney were sacrifices to Charles the Second's hoarded vengeance; and our English annals have scarcely a more sanguinary period than James the Second's brief reign. The future is like an obstinate child, the past teaches, but it will not learn: the ingratitude which Bolingbroke experienced from the court of St. Germain was only a "thrice-told tale." It must, however, be confessed that, when Bolingbroke found his return to his own country only to be obtained by bribing the low avarice of the new monarch's German mistress, he might be pardoned for doubting whether the change of dynasty was a change for the best. Posterity has, however, been the gainer, by his later years having been given to the study rather than the office; an intellect like his belongs rather to the future than the present. We all remember Swift's admirable illustration of why the coarser order of mind is better suited than one of finer calibre to ordinary use. "Take," said he, "this paper-knife: it is blunt and common-looking; but it gets through those thick quires of paper with all dispatch. But take you a

* We must give the conclusion of the story. Unfortunately for the Mulatto, her prayer "Make my head big," was taken literally, for early in the morning the neighbours were disturbed by the terrible noise she made, and they were forced to hasten to her assistance with tools proper to break down the walls about her ear; in order to get her head in at the window, it being grown to a monstrous magnitude—I forget how many bushels in circumference!

razor, and its fine edge will scarce serve the purpose, and very probably cut your fingers into the bargain."

Sir Robert Walpole was the very antipodes of Bolingbroke—the one was the shrewd, sensible man of the world; the other the man of genius. Walpole inspires no enthusiasm, because he never felt it; whereas our interest in Bolingbroke takes a tone of poetry: still we lean to the belief that Walpole was the minister best fitted to his time. He preserved peace, he encouraged trade, and we best feel his worth by a comparison with his immediate successors: his worst fault was contempt of his kind; though "every man has his price" was too much justified by the political profligacy of the day. It is difficult for the keen-sighted minister, surrounded by small deceits and selfish motives, to think well of "the venal tribe" whom he has to hurry through. He has no time to make allowances,—as Mr. Bulwer himself says, "It is in solitude that we learn benevolence!"

One of the most exquisite portions of "*Devereux*" is that given to the history of Isaura. No writer enters into the poetry of woman's nature like Mr. Bulwer; she is with him—

"A beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth."

It is one of the social errors of to-day—and error is the mother of misery—its feminine position. Women are the poetry of life, and as such should be kept apart from the coarse and commonplace. The natural and the actual are now at variance; and herein is shown the tenderness and delicate perception of our author; he always places his heroine in circumstances that call forth the true and the beautiful. We see Isaura, first, the sole happiness of a widowed father—a loving, patient, gentle child. Next as the bride, all the energies of her nature devoted to one object—affectionate, enthusiastic, feeling the whole current of her being wrapped up in another. He is perfectly aware that affection alone shows "how divine a thing a woman may be made;" and it is in that faith he works out his loveliest creations. Though all treat of it, not one writer knows how to write about love; they lower into commonplace, or run into exaggeration. Mr. Bulwer writes with a deep and true sympathy, because he has a keen sensibility to the exalted and refined. Religion is only another word for belief; and, above all things, the heart has its religion.

We have left ourselves but little space for the other characters. We can do no more than allude to Montrieul, the most vivid personification ever drawn of the individual merged in a system. We can only point attention to the poetry of pain, as embodied in Aubrey, who is a poem in himself. But we must remark the utterly different species of talent shown in drawing a character like Sir William Devereux,—so simple, so kindly, whose very weaknesses are matters of affectionate interest. The death-bed of that benevolent old man is one of the most touching scenes that we know. But *Devereux* is a book to be read and re-read;—we lay it down, as we do all Mr. Bulwer's writings, with a more enlarged and exalted idea of human nature;—we are the better for having dwelt among his creations. Mr. Bulwer's great merit and his great charm is, that he appeals to our highest and noblest class of emotions. He redeems, with the spiritual and the beautiful, our selfish and ordinary world: he writes in the light and the warmth of the heart.

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 PORTRAITS OF NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS.—NO. 1.

THE THEATRICAL LESSEE.

THE theatrical lessee is a practical logician. Being destitute of money, he enters into contracts, binding himself to pay some fifty thousand pounds per annum: being equally destitute of morals, he undertakes to provide rational entertainment for a "discerning public." Peculiarly innocent of all idea of the uses and objects of the stage, he resolves upon taking the drama under his special protection. In short, having nothing to lose, he determines to risk all he is worth; being *Dogberry*, he becomes constable of the watch, as the "most desartless man." He regards Shakspeare as an author properly honoured in having his statue erected *outside* the theatre: he confesses that if "Hamlet" were now to be offered him, an entirely new play, he would not produce it—unless, perhaps, the author undertook to appear as the Ghost. As an indifferently bad actor, even Shakspeare would have a claim upon him. He evinces his understanding of the scope and principle of the drama, when he observes, "We don't want *literature*, we want *pieces*."—He objects to all productions that have much "talk" in them; they only tend to encourage the high-priced actors. First-rate performers he looks upon as necessary evils, and he engages them—one at a time, at short intervals: third-rates are his favourites, because they show by their acting that the "regular drama" sends people to sleep,—they *prove* that Shakspeare "don't draw!" That is the only point which he conscientiously struggles to establish—that the public despises excellence; and upon the truth of his proposition *his* chance of being tolerated depends. He may, however, be brought to forgive an actor for being a genius, always providing that he is not likewise a gentleman: the actor who introduces gentlemanly habits into the theatre is supposed to offer a personal insult to the lessee. In like manner he resents, as becomingly as he can, the impertinent superiority of the few ladies of his company who obstinately maintain the singularity of unsullied virtue; purity of character he considers to be a disgrace to his establishment. His remonstrance is,—“I may as well shut up my theatre at once, if common decency is to be observed.” The interests of the stage require that every pretty actress should listen to honourable green-room proposals, and submit to a change of viscounts occasionally, at the suggestion, and for the accommodation, of the lessee. The qualifications of an actress are thought to depend upon the question—not “what she can do?” but—“whose cab brought her to the theatre?” The actor he engages on the strength of his lungs, the actress on the strength of her legs. If compelled, by perverse fortune, to come to terms with the first tragedian of the day, and to engage him for the entire season, the lessee resorts to every imaginable expedient of personal and professional annoyance, of low insult and irritation, to drive him from the theatre in disgust, just at the moment when the example of his high name and the exercise of his fine genius are supposed to be no longer essentially requisite. He begins by “biting his thumb” to provoke, and ends by biting the finger of the irritated. If we take the portrait of the Lessee in another attitude, we find him instructing counsel to prove him “a rogue and a vagabond according to

Act of Parliament,"—proclaiming himself a violator of the law, in having acted forbidden tragedies and comedies, and showing that the man who had lent him the purchase-money can have no partnership in the profits of illegality. The lessee closes the house for his own advantage and accommodation, and stops one-third of the company's salary; he replies to the general remonstrance, however, with the assurance that all who demand it shall be paid—and those who ask find him better than his word, for he not only discharges their claims, but them also. The lessee has one favourite plan—to reduce salaries when business falls off; he has another favourite plan—to forget to raise them again when business revives. His statesmanship consists in making his actors take share in his losses, and not in his gains. His idea of attraction is opposed to every law of physics; for, when his audiences are scanty, he thinks his company too numerous: the public will not come, and he proceeds to discharge some of his actors: his treasury is low, and he takes decisive steps to diminish the receipts. A blank box-book suggests to him the propriety, not of adding to, but of lessening the attraction; when a forty-horse power is not enough, says the lessee, a thirty must be tried. The lessee's sayings and doings all tend consistently to one point—all tend to lower public taste, to taint public morals, to lessen public amusement; to subvert the stage, to degrade the actor, to destroy the very profession; to dishonour the drama, to repress imagination, and dry up the springs of human sympathy; to make the existing generation scoff where their fathers admired and revered, and to render a noble and humanizing art a mere convenience for ignorant pretension, licentious intrigue, and sordid speculation.

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

THE Oldest Inhabitant's mind is a blank memorandum-book—his head is a wallet "wherein he puts alms for oblivion." His experience convinces him, more and more every day, that London is situate on the banks of Lethc. Ask him for the date of an event, and, if of modern occurrence, he has a distinct recollection of having forgotten it; if referable to a remoter period, he forgets whether he remembers it or not. He knows that he is of an ancient family, but cannot, for his life, tell what has become of his ancestors: he conjectures with much shrewdness that his forefathers must be dead. His father, who was a soldier, had been, he thinks, in the same regiment with the celebrated Captain Shandy, and knew him well. His crest is a fore-finger with a piece of thread fastened round it,—his motto, "Non mi ricordo." He thinks he can recollect having seen his grandmother when she was a little girl, and is quite positive that his parents died *without issue*. He is puzzled to know when, where, and how he acquired possession of a daughter; and conceives that his son must now be quite old enough to be his own father. He, however, distinctly remembers the events of his boyhood; the name of the head master of Christ's hospital in those days was the Rev. Cornelius Nepos; one of his schoolfellows was called Alcibiades: he is not certain that Julius Cæsar was in the same class with himself, but he has a vague notion that they were a good deal in each other's company. He is confident that he passed a considerable portion of his time, when a lad, at a place called Troy—though he cannot now call to mind the

county in which it is situate. 'Among the minor matters that' perplex him is the circumstance, that one corner of his pocket-handkerchief is always *tied in a knot*, and he never can tell why. His memory belongs rather to the past century than to the present. Of all the days in the year yesterday perplexes him most; old events are newest in his mind, the past brightens as it grows remote, and, as he facetiously remarks, he can hardly get a glimpse of Time till he is out of sight. Thus—he cherishes a settled conviction that her Majesty Queen Anne has actually departed this life; although on the tenth of last November he was wholly at a loss to guess why the Lord Mayor's show (at which he was present) was put off the day before. Of all public characters of to the past generation, he best remembers the person of *Junius*. Robinson Crusoe he never saw but once, and cannot speak as to the accuracy of his portraits. He has a lively sense of the excitement created by the shocking murder of Mrs. Brownrigg, who was hanged in a coalhole by her two infamous apprentices; and tells you of the public sympathy which formerly existed in favour of a young man named Gregory Barnwell, who was inhumanly stabbed by his own uncle at Peckham. He is also quite clear in the matter of Warren Hastings, only he is not positive whether that gentleman was tried, or transported, for seven years. The latest London event of any note which he unhesitatingly remembers, is the grand gathering in the City, when the Allied Sovereigns, with the veteran Blucher and the Duke of Marlborough, dined with Sir Richard Whittington in Guildhall. Indeed, there are few events that he would not be able to recollect, if he could but call them to mind. His memory has but one defect, a want of retentiveness. Yet, after all, he remembers Garrick's maiden speech in Parliament, and retains his first impression of the inimitable beauty of Munden's *Macbeth*. His health is often drunk in the City; this is spoiling a fine compliment; they should drink—his *memory*!

THE EDITOR. (BY ONE).

THE Editor is the dupe of Destiny. His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take-in. His land of promise is a moving bog. His bed of roses is a high-backed chair stuffed with thorns. His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles. His honours resolve themselves into a capital hoax; his pleasures are heavy penalties; his pride is the snuff of a candle; his power, but volumes of smoke. The Editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone—the ten thousand pretenders about town notwithstanding—is indeed the identical martyr commonly talked of as the Most Ill-used Individual. He seems to govern opinion, and is in reality a victim to the opinions of others. He incurs more than nine-tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one-tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him—the merits of it are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad article appear, the Editor is unsparingly condemned; if a brilliant one be inserted, Anonymous carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist “in the substitution of *if it be* for *if it is*, and the insertion of the word *however* here and there, to impede the march of a fine style.”

Commas and colons are the points he is reputed to make—his niche of fame is merely a parenthesis—he is but a note of admiration to genius! His life is spent in ushering Clever People into deserved celebrity; he sits, as charioteer, outside the vehicle, in which Prodigious Talents are driven to immortality. It is his fortune to insert all his Contributors in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself “for want of space.” He is always to “go in,” but expires unpublished at last. He bestows present popularity on thousands, without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career is in this life a tale of mystery—“to be continued in the next.” He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiosity then looks out at the corners of its eyes, and with brows and lips pursed-up, querulously ejaculates “Who is he?” If, by any chance, praise instead of censure should be meditated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they design to horsewhip him. Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure they are *not* indebted for their polish to the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or a harsh period in some favourite contribution?—Oh! the Editor has altered it, or neglected to revise the press! But if the Editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice-abused for what he rejects. It is a curious feature of his destiny, that if he strikes out but a single line of an article, whether in verse or prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd, that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be by far the best thing its author ever wrote. Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is the first essential for an editorship, and it is at the same time insisted on, that judgment is exactly the quality which the Editor has not. An author is praised in a review—he is grateful to an individual writer, whose name he has industriously inquired for; an author is condemned in a review—he is unspeakably disgusted with the Editor. Week after week, month after month, the said Editor succours the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent—he pens or promulgates the praises of friends—of their books, pictures, acting, safety-lamps, and steam-paddles—but from the catalogue of golden names his own is an eternal absentee. Greater self-denial was not shown by the late Mr. Massingham of Drury-lane, who held office in the theatre for nearly forty years without once witnessing play or farce! Being solely responsible, the Editor is compelled not only to review, but even to *read*, new volumes. There is another peculiarity in his condition. Of all the MSS. that come before him, it is his fate to peruse only those which will least repay the trouble. Observe; a contributor writes nonsense ten times over, the articles are returned—he sends one much better, it is inserted—a third exhibits a striking improvement—a fourth contains touches of genius—a few more papers are written and accepted, and their author has won a character for assured and established excellence of composition. *It is superfluous to read further.* Of so masterly a style, not another specimen need be perused. The Editor can rely upon his Contributor. His productions were read while they were worthless or indifferent, but they are now so admirable, so full of thoughts “that give delight and hurt not,” that to inspect any more such MSS. would be clearly a waste of time. May it be so with ours!

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Origin of Lenten Entertainments.—It has been the custom, for some years last past, on the nights in Lent when dramatic performances are prohibited, (that is, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the whole of Passion-week,) to get up a *gallimaufry* performance that is not *deemed* dramatic, because it too often contains that which would disgrace any drama, however low. These entertainments are supposed to have originated at the Adelphi Theatre. This is an error: they were only *revived* there. The first attempt of the kind in question was made by the elder Colman at the Haymarket Theatre, in season 1779 or 1780, and produced in substitution of the entertainments called "Foote's Tea *." The performance in question was called "Pasquin's Budget." It was "written and invented" by Charles Dibdin, the lyricist, and consisted of mythological and pantomimic representations of the story of Pandora and Prometheus, and Calypso, Telemachus, and Ulysses; the characters being represented by *puppets*, and the dialogue and songs delivered and sung for them (from behind the scenes and the sides) by Charles Bannister, (who, in his *falsetto*, sang Pandora's *arias* beautifully,) Charles Dibdin, Mrs. Dibdin, John Bannister, Tom Champneys, (a very fine bass,) &c. &c.

There was also an exhibition, then new to this country, entitled *Ombres Chinoise*, effected thus:—The stage was closed up, so as to form a large picture-frame, as used in our dramatic dioramas now. This frame was filled in by black gauze, behind which the performer, disguised either as a bird or beast, sang or said. C. Bannister sang a duet as "a new specimen of the genus *Homo*,"—that is, half a huntsman, half a beau. John Bannister appeared as the "Hampshire Hog," in which he gave an imitation of the grunt and squeak of Quack. This performance, which was produced at considerable expense, failed entirely, from the exertions of the actors and singers being nullified by the deadening intervention of the gauze; yet Mr. Arnold, who was a young man when Colman made this experiment, revived it, with slight alterations, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, at the English Opera House. The result was the same: the audience were dissatisfied, and the speculation failed.

A Character.—Frazer, the Scotch manager, understood better than any one I ever met, the art of sinking in colloquy. He seldom uttered anything without involving an anti-climax. Speaking of a well-known public character, he said, "I can just assure you, Sir, that he's a consummate rascal; and, *moreover*, a mon of a varry indifferent character."

Hogg at the Opera.—When Hogg visited London, a literary friend took him to the Opera, where the Shepherd soon gave unequivocal symptoms of drowsiness; yet to any inquiry implying a doubt of his feeling entertained, he replied, "Eh! I like it gae well, Sir." When he did give his attention to any portion of the performance, his eyes were observed to be fixed on Mr. Costa, the conductor. At length he could restrain his curiosity no longer, but exclaimed, "Wha, and what the de'il's that fallow that keeps aye *fugle-ing* yon?"

Good Humour.—When Foote imitated Sir William Browne, President of the College of Physicians, that gentleman wrote the mimic a complimentary note, saying that his representation was perfect, but that he had forgotten to

* Foote, in 1777 or 1778, sold his share in the theatre, and retired from public life, suffering under the pangs occasioned by a malicious accusation, upon which he had been tried, and honourably acquitted.

wear "a 'muff," and begging his acceptance of one. When Mr. Turnour initiated Yates in a Covent Garden pantomime, some two years since, Mr. Yates, observing that the hat he (Turnour) wore was not characteristic, sent him his own.

Uncertainty of Success.—The "Agreeable Surprise," which, in 1781, 1782, and 1783, drew thousands to the Haymarket, had been damned in Dublin in 1776, under the title of the "Secret Enlarged." The "Castle of Andalusia," by the same author, and for many years one of our most popular operas, shared a similar fate at Covent Garden on its first introduction as "The Banditti," in 1781.

Napoleon and a Mimic (by tradition).—When R——, then in the provinces, was about to personate Napoleon, in the piece called "Waterloo," he very anxiously inquired of all Parisians, and among military men, as to any peculiarities of manner that might have been observable in the Emperor. He got very unsatisfactory information. At length he was introduced to an officer in the 4th Dragoons, who had, during service, two particular opportunities of noticing the idol of France. The Irish captain, however, had little to tell; for he summed up all by saying, "Faith, the prominent trait of his manner was his continually taking snuff." "That," replied R——, "was a *snuffer-tray*, and won't answer my purpose."

How to build a Theatre.—About sixty years since, the laws of *meum et tuum* were, during election time, openly infringed: the instant the polling had concluded, the mob carried off the timber of the hustings *vi et armis*. This led to persons being paid to guard it, between whom and the multitude some dreadful fights frequently ensued. When Old Astley meditated building the Royal Grove (1783-4), he advertised that he would purchase, at a liberal price, the timber that was *rescued* from the mob. Of course the mob took the hint. When timber was brought, Astley was not particular in distinguishing between robber and rescuer; and in one week he had timber enough, at one-tenth its cost price, to erect the Royal Grove. Old Philip chuckled over this piece of chicanery with unabated glee for thirty years afterwards.

O'Neil, Father of Miss O'Neil.—Was the manager of a small strolling company in Ireland: he was an eccentric of the first water. If any member of his company disappointed him, (a common occurrence,) O'Neil had one speech—"Confusion burst his skull, a blackguard!—what will I do? Here, give me a great coat, and I'll double his part with my own." The great coat was the universal panacea, whatever the general costume of the play might be. If the buried Majesty of Denmark complained to Mr. O'Neil of the lack of armour in the wardrobe, the manager would shrug up his shoulders, and, after a pause, exclaim, "Oh, bother! Sure, if you put on a great coat, ye'll do very well." Matters of much greater moment he met with the same coolness. Once proceeding by a barge along a small river, the captain and O'Neil quarrelled, and, in a scuffle, the former knocked the manager overboard. He swam to shore, and called out—"Confusion burst your skull! I suppose you thought I couldn't swim." A knot of novices once joined Mr. O'Neil, and having played some three weeks without receiving any salary, they determined to proceed against him at law. The manager met their demand by a set-off for a considerable sum due by them to him, for spoiling all the plays and farces they appeared in. To avoid this *exposée*, their claim was abandoned.—O'Neil's company seldom exceeded eight or nine in number, acting in barns, &c. In this school—if school it can be called—Miss O'Neil learned the rudiments of her profession. Mrs. Siddons had a similar training. Kean's school was, in his early years, even in a less promising arena.

A Concise Description.—Little M—— brought out a play at the Hay-

market; but the Fates were against him, and the unfortunate comedy went to "that place from whence no comedies return." Liston, who had been in Paris, asked, on his return, what had been doing in his absence. "M—— has had something out," said he. "What was it?" "A failure, in five acts," was the reply.

Origin and Rise of the Minor Theatres.—Now that the claims of the minor theatres to enact the regular drama are so ably advocated by E. L. Bulwer, Esq., and other M.P.s, and that the subject has received so much parliamentary and legislative attention, it is pleasant to recur to the infant incursions of the minors into the paths of the patentees. In 1784, old Astley took legal opinions as to presenting "Billy Button; or, the Tailor riding to Brentford," in which there is usually introduced some vulgar banter between Snip and the Ostler*. A well-known puppet piece, called "The Broken Bridge; or, the Insolent Carpenter," was, though done, thought beyond the latitude of their license†. In this last production, a traveller stands on one side of a river, a carpenter on the other: the half-arch of a broken bridge is between them. The dialogue, which was musical, commenced thus:—

"Traveller.—Hip, holloa! Master Carpenter, how shall I get over?

Fol de rol de rido.

Carpenter (smoking his pipe).—The ducks and the geese they do swim over.

Fol de rol de rido."

These "diverting dialogues," as they were termed, delighted the grandams of the present generation, and attracted crowds to the incommensurable buildings then erected by Astley. Some years afterwards, he obtained a patent for an amphitheatre in Dublin; and a letter is extant from a person in a high official situation in the Irish government, stating "that, after mature deliberation, it was found that *dialogues* formed no part of *equestrian* performances, and therefore could not," &c. In Paris, where Astley went annually, the Lieutenant-Général de Police held him so closely to the terms of the permission granted him by Louis XVI., that he would not suffer even tumblers to appear on a little temporary stage; but Astley defeated him, by fastening a platform on the backs of sixteen horses, and letting his voltigeurs perform there! At Dublin, he crept on year after year, until, in 1792, he was presenting musical farces, which, once sanctioned there, he transported to his amphitheatre in London. What was permitted to him could not but be conceded to his rival at the Royal Circus, (now Surrey,) and his contemporary, Hughes, at Sadler's Wells. Hence arose, through non-intervention, the minor drama. Meanwhile, Daly, manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal, commenced action after action. The pleas were ultimately moved to the English Courts, and the opinion of the twelve Judges taken on a special case. Long before judgment was given Daly was ruined; Astley had made his fortune. The fact is, the former was a man of an atrocious character, universally execrated; the latter was a generous, worthy fellow, respected by all classes, and, as a teacher of riding, driving, &c., personally known to all the nobility of the day, particularly favoured by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and the Duke and Duchess of Gordon,

* For example:—

Tailor.—Ostler, I can't get on the horse's back, he keeps wagging his tail so.

Ostler.—Well, don't you know how to prevent that?

T.—No; how should I?

O.—Why, you're a tailor—stitch it down.

† The license was what is yet granted to travelling *bands*, and called a "trumpeter's license." Disbanded soldiers and maimed sailors at one time got such a protection ere they set forth with their clarionets, flutes, or organs. Astley, who had served under General Elliott, obtained one with his discharge about 1778.

in this country, and by Marie Antoinette in France. All that interest could do for him was done; whilst the feeling against Daly may be judged from the fact that the nobility of Ireland actually set up a theatre, and acted in it themselves, on purpose to drive Daly from Dublin. Having some respect for a very old maxim, I shall only add, that he deserved what he excited.

A Modern Manager.—A certain theatrical despot finding fault with the absence of his stage-manager, said, "I expect my manager to come in with the carpenters, and go out with the gas."

A remarkable Bolster.—An American writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," has this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster, full of rage and jealousy, smothers her."

An actor asking earnestly as to Kean's success in New York, put questions as to how he was received, and whether, at the end of the first soliloquy, there were any vehement demonstrations of delight? "Tell me," said he, "did Kean go off with *éclat*?" "Oh, no!" was the reply; "as usual, at the first entrance o.p."

Kean at Glasgow.—That the inhabitants of Glasgow speak tolerably broad Scotch is certainly no secret. When Kean returned to London from his first northern tour, a friend asked him how he liked the "folk o' Glasgie?" "I liked the town very well," replied Kean; "but as I neither spoke nor understood the language of the natives, I went but little into society."

Tate Wilkinson.—The disjointed state of Wilkinson's memory gave rise to a hundred anecdotes, which were rather what he might have said than what he actually did say. Stories of this sort are generally arranged in a manner too antithetical: this it was that detracted from Mr. Mathews's admirable imitation of the veteran manager. The following sentences, *verbatim et literatim*, were noted down as Tate uttered them:—"But if he (alluding to Melvin) don't come to rehearsal, how can he rehearse? . . . Nor was Hope's Warner what it might have been. . . And a very dull spring meeting it will be. . . No letters from London, and the farce is called at once, is it? . . . If Blacklock runs second even, Mr. E— will be a large winner. . . So call Hope's scenes again." Imagine a pause between each paragraph, such as occurs in the speech of a stutterer, and you have an image of Tate. Well might Mathews say that he seemed to have cut his words separately out of a Dictionary, thrown them loose into a sack, and shook them forth again promiscuously.

Tate's Opinion of Foote.—Being asked what sort of an actor Foote was, he replied, "He was every sort of actor, Sir: he took his colour, tone, and feeling from the person he acted with. The mimicking propensity was so strong in him, that he was always approximating to the manners of the man, woman, or child opposite to him. Had he been left alone with a bear, in a quarter of an hour he'd have been upon all-fours, and longing for a muzzle."

Wilkinson's mind, though in his latter days he was almost in a state of fatuity, was naturally acute, and his opinions upon acting and actors entitled to attention.

A few of Tate's Truisms.—The Irish never make good actors, for they want repose.—[He said this in allusion to Barry; but, in all my experience, I have no reason to impugn the general correctness of his remark.]

The Scotch actors deal in detail; they are not wide enough. They take a corner of a character, and work at that."

• *Shaking Waters**.—An aquatic drama was in production, and Harris

* *Vide* Prompter's phrases.

did not approve of the sea, as indicated by a painted cloth thrown over the stage, and shaken by the carpenters at each side; in this dilemma F——, who was producing the piece, stepped forward and said, "I have it, Sir; we'll hire some little boys, put them under the cloth, and let them move up and down to represent the *adulation* of the waves;" the scheme was tried, the bigger boys received eighteen pence, and the lesser ones a shilling a night. On one particular evening this mechanical Mediterranean was observed to be in unusual commotion; so far so good, but though the moaning of the waters be recognized, their crying and blubbing certainly is not. "What is the matter with the ocean?" asked F——. "Sir," replied the carpenter, "the eighteen-penny waves are licking the shilling ones." F——'s remedy was admirable; he reprobated the delinquent breakers (out), and reduced the remuneration of each to sixpence per night.

A Leader "called" out.—Mr. B——, a provincial manager, who visits several small towns, within forty miles of the metropolis, (Guildford, Reading, Croydon, &c.,) engaged a new leader of the band, a very efficient musician; but this gentleman was eternally teasing Mr. B—— with hopes that he wouldn't go to Croydon. "What has Croydon done to you?" asked the manager. "Are you in debt there?" "No." "Have you a wife there?" "No." A dozen interrogatories were negatived, and the mystery remained unravelled. At length the company actually did go to Croydon, and, sore against his will, the luckless leader too. He had scarcely taken his seat on the first night, when a voice from the gallery exclaimed, "Who sawed the man's legs off?" Next night, and every night after, another, and another caller came, and the last call was louder than the former. At length the leader sent in his resignation. "I can bear it no longer, Sir." "Bear what, Sir?" said Mr. B——, who had never applied the gallery exclamation to his leader. "Why, don't you hear 'em calling out every night, 'Who sawed the man's legs off?'" "To be sure I do, but it's some slang phrase, and what can it matter to you?" "Everything, Sir." "Why, *did you* ever saw a man's legs off?" "Alas! Sir, I was a small undertaker in this town once, and having mismeasured a coffin for the workhouse, I was obliged to cut off the legs of the corpse to put him in it. This got air, and by this cry they hunted me out of town."

Mathews's table pun.—At a certain political dinner, where the viands were found quite insufficient for the company, and a peculiar scramble ensued, one gentleman declared that he, throughout the day, was helped to *bread twice*, and *mustard once*! but no other eatables. "Aye," said Mathews, "I heard there was a great quantity *muster'd*, but very few *fel'd*."

Proving a Will.—When a certain lively actress was left a widow, M—— was asked if she would prove her husband's will. "His will!" replied M——, "He had no will of his own: her will was the Prerogative Court*."

French Eggs.—When a company of English comedians appeared at Paris, in 1827, little B——it, the low comedian, joined them. As he knew nothing of the language or customs of the French, he was not much gratified by his trip. In complaining of it to Wrench, he summed up all with, "And, my dear Ben, would you believe it? the d——d French hens all lay stale eggs."

A Hard Case.—When Mr. J—— was in the Debtors' Prison at Bristol, his wife wrote thus, enumerating his sufferings;—"He is allowed no visitors on Sunday; and, *worse than that*, he is obliged to go to church—a thing which you know he, poor fellow, has never been accustomed to!"

Garrick.—His *actual* first appearance was in 1739, 1740, and part of 1741. A wine merchant at this time, he was one of the City bucks; for, a century

* The place where wills are proved.

since, foppery was more prevalent than now. He was a frequenter of Giffard's theatre, Goodman's-fields, and intimate with Love, of Drury-Lane. That gentleman dramatized Richardson's "Pamela," in which was interpolated a character called Jack Smatter, which was said to be *written*, but was certainly acted, by Garrick at Goodman's-fields in 1740—the bills announcing him, on his appearance in Richard, merely as "a Gentleman." After acting Jack Smatter nine or ten nights, he went to Ipswich, and from thence returned to Goodman's-fields, and made his great hit.—[Told me by Tate Wilkinson, 1790.]

A *Bon-mot* of Garrick's, uttered by him in his dressing-room, the first night of his appearance at Drury, was also recorded by Tate. Garrick having expressed some indifference as to part of his dress, an old Theatre-Royalist bade him "take care, as he (Garrick) was not at Cuckold's Point* now." "No," replied Garrick, looking at his adviser with ineffable contempt, "I perceive I am at Lubber's Hole."

I have heard Henderson and Tate Wilkinson at different times imitate Garrick, and that in the presence of a score of persons who knew the British Roscius intimately. The imitations were pronounced faultless; they were *wholly dissimilar* to each other, being of his manner in distinct characters; and those imitations, more than anything I have ever read or heard, impressed me with a sense of the vast variety of Garrick's powers.

"Garrick was an excellent fencer—a graceful dancer—but he sang like a pig in a gate."—*Tate Wilkinson*.

Wilkinson said Jack Bannister's imitation of Garrick, off the stage, was admirable. "Aye, very likely," said Melvin; "but I want to see an imitation of Garrick whilst acting." "That was an imitation of Garrick *whilst acting*," replied Tate.

Wilkinson's family.—Tate had a son, who gave no brilliant demonstrations of genius in his boyhood. Some one lamenting this to Tate, was cut short with "Pah! pah! Sir—*Brains* are like the *gout*, Sir: they always miss a generation; they go to grandsons, Sir—to grandsons."

Tom and Jerry, and its effects.—To "Tom and Jerry" has been attributed the deterioration of the drama †. By many, if this sweeping charge be not quite correct, it is doubtless perfectly true that it has vulgarized a certain portion of actors, (especially among the minors,) and made them take a pride in perpetuating gibberish that is not language. When a certain lessee took a new theatre, a comedian meeting his acting-manager, the following dialogue occurred:—

Comedian. "So my *nabs* has clapped his *sn* on the *crib*."

Acting Manager. "What *crib*?"

C. "The *crib* yinder." (That is, the theatre hard by.)

A. M. "Yes."

C. "How can I collar him?" (That is, get at his ear.)

A. M. "He isn't so easy to collar."

C. "Well, then, *p'r'aps* you can give me a leg up?" (That is, assist me to mount.)

* This term was intended to designate the city, and, in fact, all London east of Temple-bar, as, at the period it was used, a comedy, reflecting upon the citizens, was annually acted at Christmas.

† Shadwell wrote what may really be termed the original "Tom and Jerry." It is a complete description of day and night scenes a century since,—beating watchmen, throwing waiters out of window, &c. &c. The play is called "The Scourers," and was published in 1720.

Humanity—Choice Epistles.—Among Astley's equestrians were many of the Jewish persuasion, who, when they accompanied him into the provinces generally left their families to "trade a little on der own accounts" in London. A Mr. C—a thus left a wife and large family, whilst he was figuring away at Liverpool; after about six weeks Mrs. C—a wrote a lamentable history of the family affliction, commencing at the very top of a sheet of foolscap, and covering over three sides and a half, with a detail of the garmental and other wants of Lypey, Rachel, &c. &c. This was, through Mr. Villiers the acting manager, then in London, transmitted to Liverpool. Shortly after Mrs. C—a called upon the director, and said—"Look ye here; see vat a villan it is, Mr. Villis." "My name is Villiers," said the manager. "I knows it is, but I says Villis for short—see vat a villan it is; here's de answer;" saying which she produced a large sheet of paper, on the centre of which was written all she ever heard from her lord and master—that is, "*Wright me no more nunsinc* (nonsense).

Tom Dibdin.—Behind the orchestra, or thereabout, there is a retiring room for the band, called the music-room. When Tom Dibdin was stage-manager at Sadler's Wells he overheard an unwonted giggling in this room, accompanied by some uproar; he proceeded thither, but ere he arrived the gigglers had been concealed, and the musicians were hiding the pewter pots and glasses by their instruments. "What on earth are you doing here now?" asked Dibdin. "We came down to look over a quartet," was the reply. "I've heard of many quarts *drank*, but never of any quart *eat*, in this room before," said the punster.

"Jones is going to be married," said M—to Tom. "I'm glad of it," said the dramatist—"and yet I don't know why I should say so, for the poor fellow never did *me* any harm."

Foote and Dr. Johnson.—The English Aristophanes was no favorite with the Doctor; that the dislike was mutual, the following passage from a letter written by Foote, to a friend in Dublin, will prove:—"He (Dr. Johnson) has all the qualities of a bear but its abstinence, all its awkwardness without its agility—in fact, he growls better, but dances worse."

Wewitzer.—This veteran was notorious for what are called good-bad puns. He and Suett sitting one day weather-bound at the Alfred in Oxford-street, Suett began to fidget, and at length Wewitzer announced that the rain had ceased. "Nonsense," said Suett, "you're getting *blind*, my Witzzy; look how its pelting down the gutter." "Well," said Wewitzer, "perhaps I'm wrong, for I never saw a *gutter serene*."

When Mendoza, the celebrated boxer, beat Humphrey, Wewitzer said, "I know now what dining with Duke Humphrey is; but, by the holy Paul, I wouldn't have such a *bellyful* for the sea's worth."

"The Scotch fight best fasting—the English after a good meal," said some one speaking of English characteristics. "The Britons are right to take care of the inside—an *empty sack* can't stand up."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Descriptive Catalogue of Rare and Unedited Roman Coins, from the earliest Period to that of Constantinus Paleologus.

Coins of the Romans relating to Britain. By J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A.

WE know of nothing that gives to history a more important auxiliary than coins, and we believe there is no study more useful and pleasing than numismatology in that point of view. When therefore any coins, or series of coins, bring some new fact to light, add fresh particulars to historic details, help to elucidate obscure passages, or determine controverted points, they are highly valuable, and the study of them is among the most useful that can engage a literary man's attention. We will further add, that in matters of inferior importance they afford a pleasing and valuable subject for contemplation. They display the costume of the times, and the form of the robes and head-dress of the persons represented; and what is more important still, they in some instances illustrate the character of the man, and we know him to have been cruel or benevolent, fierce or gentle, from the aspect which his head exhibits. We speak merely of what the science of physiognomy and Lavater would discover, but we are not aware whether phrenology and Spurzheim have applied them, as yet, to a similar purpose. We will finally add, that we consider it a point of minor importance that they display the state of the arts at the time of their impression, in the countries where they were coined; and, as an inference, we can form a reasonable opinion of the æra of an event, by the degree of excellence in the execution of the medal that represented it.

With this view of the science, we hold the scarcity or the abundance of the specimen, the rudeness or the perfection of the sculpture, the dearth or cheapness of the material, to be of little comparative consequence; and we consider the man who devotes his time to rummaging out defaced bits of brass or gold, and his money to the purchase of a coin because it belonged to some obscure and almost nameless town, to derive his sole gratification from possessing a thing which his neighbour has not, to be about as useful and rational in his pursuits as a member of the Roxburgh Club, whose happiness depended on his possession of an uncut "Elzevir."

The cheapest, rudest, and most abundant of all coins, are those of the Lower Empire, and, for that reason, the most despised and neglected; yet what curious and interesting facts do they not illustrate? The attempted extinction of Christianity on some of the coins of Diocletian and Maximianus—its revival, and becoming the accredited religion of the civilized world, on those of Constantine—the revival of Paganism on those of Julian—the re-establishment of the religion of Christ by Jovian—the adoption of the Christian æra by Gratian—the surmounting the globe with a cross by Theodosius—the introduction of images into churches by Justinian Rhemometus—their exclusion by Leo, and their restoration by Zémiscès,—are events so clearly and consecutively detailed on the coinage of those respective emperors, that the series form a body in themselves of early ecclesiastical history. What illustration also do they not give of the faces and persons of the men? The copious beard of Julian, where, he said, "he suffered pediculi to run about as beasts in a park;" the round and ample shoulders of Jovian, "which no imperial vestment would fit," with sundry other personal marks described by historians, are exhibited in these coins. Yet they are so despised by your genuine collector, that they are rarely admitted into his cabinet. Indeed, there seems an utter hostility to Christian coins, as if every collector had imbibed the pugnacious spirit of old Pinkerton, and affected to despise them as interesting only to persons "who were in duty bound to pray."

We attribute this partly to Mionnet, who, in his Catalogue, has given the

selling price of ancient coins and medals, and regarded the most interesting numismatic remains only as so many Queen Anne's farthings. Little reference is made by Mionnet either to the value of the material or beauty of the execution; the almost exclusive foundation of his valuation is, like that of any other subject of commerce, the abundance or scarcity of the article. He admits but few coins of the Lower Empire into his Catalogue, and of those few he notices no interesting circumstance. He estimates one coin at 1 franc, and *autre semblable* at 100 francs; and there is no reason in the world for the difference of the price, except that the *autre semblable* was not so plenty in the market. For us, we hold a different opinion of such things. We think, generally, that the scarcity of a thing may be held as a proof of its worthlessness—for men do not usually suffer to perish what they think worth preserving; and though this principle may not exactly apply to the present subject, yet we cannot but protest against those who give any price for a worthless thing because it is not common, and reject with scorn the most valuable thing of the same kind, because it is not scarce. With this view before us, we are disposed to include Mr. Akerman's work in our general censure. We see little of his historical or personal illustrations—little of allusion to customs or usages. His book is an English Mionnet—valuable to a collector, but dull to a reader who is not so. He mentions several coins of Clodius* Macer, and gives a fac-simile of a small one in silver, for no reason that we can see, but because Mionnet values it at 300 francs, and he himself knew a gentleman to offer 14 guineas for a similar one. Who cares whether such a personage as Clodius Macer ever existed; or that a fool refused 14 guineas for a bit of silver with his name on it?

His small supplementary work exhibits coins "of metal more attractive." It describes those of the Roman empire that relate to, or were coined in, England. These last are designated by the letters of the exergue; though nothing can be more obscure or uncertain, or more varied, than the conflicting interpretations given of them. The letters P L and P L O N, are supposed to stand for *pecunia Londini*, but this is much disputed. Some suppose that the first means *pecunia Lugduni*, "the money of Lyons;" and even the second is interpreted, *percuta Lugduni in officina noma*, "struck at Lyons in the ninth mintage." Where there is this diversity of opinion nothing can be certain, unless the place be mentioned in the legend. By far the most interesting coin we have ever seen of this description is that which Occo-Bergems, Mediobarbus, and Du Cange, or Du Fresne, as he is otherwise called, suppose to have been struck to commemorate the baptism of Constantine. This has the letters P C L in the exergue, which are fairly interpreted *pecunia Londini cusa*, "money coined at London;" and as Constantine's father was the Governor of Britain, his mother a British woman, and himself, as Baronius and others affirm, born in the country, and so a British man, it was highly probable that this coin, commemorating the baptism of the first Christian sovereign that ever was baptized, was struck in the country of his birth, as a memorial of so important a circumstance. But this coin Mr. Akerman does not take the smallest notice of—perhaps he knew nothing about it; but from his prejudice to Constantine, whose name he says "is hateful to humanity," he would not be better disposed to a Christian coin than Pinkerton. We have not met one in his three volumes noticed as such, or any reference made, or explanation given of the subject, though 300 pages of one volume are devoted to the coins of Christian emperors. There are indeed a few, and very few, incidental allusions to Christian coins. He notices the figures of Pagan deities on those of Jovian as an extraordinary fact, and supposes, justly enough, that these reverses were struck for money of his predecessor, and impressed by the lazy minters on the obverse of the new emperor.

* The name is spelt "Clodions" at the top of the page, but we presume this is a typographical error.

We notice these things in Mr. Akerman's book, because we are not "of his school" in numismatics, and we confess we are rather heterodox in our opinions on the subject. For the rest, the work is well got up, elegantly executed, and, as a "Guide to Collectors," no doubt very valuable.

The Mascarenhas. By the Author of "The Prediction," &c. 3 vols.

We had imagined that, in the novel way, there was literally nothing *new* to be expected: the publication of "The Mascarenhas" has convinced us of our mistake. Combined with a story, every incident of which teems with vigour and novelty, there is an acuteness and delicacy of feeling, rarely displayed; and our only regret is, that the author (a lady, by our craft!) did not exercise her talents upon a subject of more universal interest. We regret this, not for our own sake, but for hers. We fully appreciate the noble daring which prompted her to dash at once into a field of new romance, and arrange incidents, depict characters, and describe scenery with as much felicity as rapidity; yet she must not expect for this book the popularity it most richly deserves. Half our novel readers do not care for the *romance of India*; nor could half our ladies pronounce the proper names with which it abounds. This is no less unfortunate than (the subject considered) it is unavoidable; and we therefore hope our author will forthwith exert her genius upon some story better calculated to satisfy the general reader.

"The Mascarenhas" must have been a work of considerable labour—the notes at the end of the volumes convince us of this; but one of the great perfections of the work is, its freedom from all species of pedantry and affectation. The story bowls onward without let or hindrance, from the commencement to the conclusion; the characters are exquisitely depicted; and the spirited and ever-active Korrily surpasses the favourite of our youth—Morgiana, in the "Forty Thieves," whom, hitherto, we have thought unapproachable in every respect.

The period chosen by the author for the development of her story is "when the Portuguese power in India was in its decline, the Mogul in its meridian, and the Mahratta in its dawn." The ambitious Aurungzebe is skilfully and magnificently introduced: and it would really gladden the hearts of the managers of our great theatres to peruse the gorgeous and glowing descriptions of the pageants and processions with which the volumes abound; indeed, the story would dramatize admirably, and "run triumphantly" (as the play-bills say) through a hundred nights;—Mrs. Keeley as Korrily; (Mrs. Yates is almost too gentle for the character, or we should recommend it to her; but she lacks the *devil* in this sort of ladies;) Keeley as Cuttub, the quaint yet cunning husband; and sweet Ellen Tree as the Princess:—with a little care, her part might be made one of exquisite beauty. We have seldom read a novel more suited to be *melodramed*—for the pathetic mingles with the superb and ther idiculous; the situations are effective, and, in many instances, of *legitimate* dramatic interest. We strongly advise the managers to look to it.

We have said enough to recommend the book to all who put faith in our opinions: it remains for us to impress upon the author's mind the necessity for seizing a more popular subject. Half the labour bestowed on pronounceable names, and a more English story, would have sent "The Mascarenhas" through a second edition in a fortnight.

It requires but little of the spirit of prophecy to foretell that the writer of these volumes, and "Prediction," a former work from the same pen, is destined, ere long, to occupy a very prominent station in literature. Her mind is evidently of a very high order, and she has afforded ample proof that she does not consider Industry an unnecessary associate with Genius. She has the happy art—an art, however, indispensable to success in works of fiction—of exciting a deep and increasing interest in the story as it progresses. The characters introduced are introduced skilfully; none come too often or

stay too long. Each appears when wanted, and departs only to give place to another who is looked for. She does not fill her pages with prolonged or unnecessary dialogues. Her "talking," indeed, is full of point and pithy matter.

We most heartily wish the fair writer the success she so eminently deserves. If it does not follow *immediately* after this work, let her not be discouraged. It may be referred to anything save her own want of power to excite interest, produce pleasure, and convey information. A prosperous course is before her.

Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para across the Andes and down the Amazons. By Lieut. W. Smyth and Mr. F. Lowe.

It is now three centuries and a half since South America was first entered by the Spaniards and Portuguese, the former of whom very shortly after crossed the continent, and saw the Pacific Ocean on the other side. Since that time the coasts all around have been scantily colonized and inhabited, but the interior is as little known as when Cortez and Pizarro first penetrated a few miles into it. This vast space, inclosing an area of many thousand miles, is still in a state of nature, over which the hand of cultivation has never been extended, and the inhabitants are a few scattered tribes of Indians to whom the arts of civilized life are utterly unknown; and this in a region where a good Providence has afforded a soil the richest, and a climate the most delightful, that ever invited a human settlement.

How different is the aspect presented by the northern portion of the American continent, though a more recent discovery! The coast enriched with busy marts where the commerce of the world is carried on—the vast interior intersected with roads and canals, and studded with thriving and populous cities—many millions of civilized men in a high state of moral and religious improvement—all the arts that can adorn and advance society in constant exercise—and this, too, in an uninviting region, generally unfavourable to cultivation, and in a climate marked by great severity.

This striking difference is easily accounted for. The discoverers of the southern continent were a bigoted and superstitious race, extirpating the aboriginal inhabitants under a pretext of doing God service, shutting up a portion of their own people in the celibacy of convents, inhibiting the rest from necessary labour for half the year, because the days were dedicated to saints thinking idleness a religious duty, and encouraging laziness as a moral obligation; restraining their own people by an interdict on knowledge and enterprise, and prohibiting strangers from entering the country at the peril of their lives. The colonists of the North were emancipated from their shackles, had no debasing superstition to counteract the great law of Nature, no pious absurdity to prevent the labour of man, no countenance or encouragement to lazy inertia, no restriction imposed on free inquiry, no exclusion of enterprising strangers where industry and intelligence could benefit the community. And so it happened that while the population of one portion of the hemisphere was stationary, and the arts of life retrograding, those of the other were advancing with a rapidity almost unknown in the history of man.

Both portions were separate from their parent states, and left to the free operation of their own qualities and resources; and what a difference do they also exhibit! The one incapable of rational freedom, emancipated from despotism only to exchange it for hopeless anarchy, the country split and daily splitting into separate petty communities, each claiming for itself a fanciful independence, while they continue the slaves of demagogue tyrants ten times more despotic than those from which they had liberated themselves—the scanty traces of former improvement being extinct, crime perpetrated with impunity, life and property insecure, and not a gleam of hope of any amelioration of this state of things, among a people where ignorance

still supersedes knowledge, and superstition morality. But from the moment North America asserted its independence, it formed itself into a well-regulated government, with all the elements of tranquillity and prosperity—the habits of social order were preserved, even in the tempest of a revolution, and the several states, instead of claiming for themselves an absurd independence, and rending the country into innumerable conflicting communities, formed one great body, united by the ties of mutual interest and security, and basing its policy on the foundation of sound morality and true religion. We do not mean to condemn any man or any body of men for their speculative opinions on religion no more than on any other subject, but we do mean that the practical effects of Popery and the Reformation are so visible in *every part of the world*, that he who runs may read them. North and South America are but the transcripts of Protestant England and Roman Catholic Ireland.

Our travellers, when they proposed to cross the continent, obtained the assent of the Government of Lima, who were glad to avail themselves of their enterprise and intelligence to procure that knowledge of their country which they had not the means or talent to procure for themselves. They sanctioned the undertaking, and promised to assist it; but did no more. The travellers, therefore, proceeded on their own resources: climbed the Andes to the silver-mines on the summit of the Great Cordilleras, to villages nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Some of these they found in such a state as if they were lately colonized from the county Kerry. They saw scenes at Cerropaseo—"a collection of dirty mud cottages"—precisely such as are daily exhibited at fairs and pastimes in Ireland. "On the day following a festival, they frequently assemble on the top of a hill, and fight with sticks and stones. It seldom happens that these affrays take place without loss of life. One of the engagements we witnessed, in which, during three or four hours, stones were flung by each party at the other. After it ended, a poor woman belonging to one, having occasion to pass through the district of the opposite party, was brutally treated, and afterwards murdered. These riots sometimes extend into the town, and oblige the inhabitants to shut their doors, no one daring to appear while it rages. *They defy the Government, the hands of justice being too weak to interfere.* The most horrid and barbarous murders escape investigation, and the offenders are never sought after."

From this place they descended to the other side of the chain, having crossed the stupendous barrier, which expanded in breadth 220 miles. Arriving at the eastern base, they embarked on the beautiful river Huellaga, and proceeded to the mission and town of Sarayacu. Nothing could exceed the richness and loveliness of this district, nearly in the centre of South America. "The fine and fertile garden of Nature," as our authors call it, extends for 300 miles in length, and 100 in breadth, bounded by the great rivers Marañon and Ucayali, which are at all times navigable for vessels of the largest burthen, affording a ready communication with the Atlantic coast; while the place itself abounds with everything that could contribute to the enjoyment of civilized life. Yet though the old Government of Spain established a mission here, and sent a padre to instruct the Indians, the new Government have neglected even this: the scanty traces of civilization are fast disappearing; and the natives have all nearly relapsed into their former barbarism. In this rich and noble country, which Spanish priests have been improving for two centuries, there are no artisans but a couple of blacksmiths, who work exclusively for the padre, and a carpenter, to caulk his canoe. Tailors and shoemakers are unnecessary where almost all the people still go naked; and both sexes are so addicted to intoxication, that no day passes without a drinking party at some house. The people are carefully instructed in the legends and superstitions of the Roman Catholic religion, and attend the celebration of mass with great regularity; but not a single

person in the community is ever taught to read and write. When a man dies, his corpse is waked, surrounded with holy candles, and deposited inside the walls of the church by the padre's orders, the better to secure the attachment of the people to the place; but the next day the whole family of the survivors never fail to get drunk.

After a vain attempt to interest this ecclesiastical governor in their expedition, to assist them in exploring new routes, and adding to his scanty information of the country in which he was a ruler, they were obliged to abandon their intended enterprise, and proceed by the great waters of the Amazon. It appears that a large portion of this noble country is still inhabited by cannibals, of whom the Indians of the mission, though still little better than savages themselves, entertain a great horror, in which their padre participates. Rafted on the bosom of the great river, our travellers made a comparatively easy and pleasant voyage to Para, in Brazil, which they found in the same state of anarchy and murder that still desolates all the provinces of South America, having been engaged eight months and ten days in their journey across the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

The narrative is pleasantly and modestly written, without any pretension; and though the details in general are dry, yet they are interspersed with much curious, novel, and useful information. It is also embellished with plates and maps, which illustrate the subjects.

Wood Leighton; or a Year in the Country. By Mary Howitt. 3 Vols.

There are a few—and but a few connected with our literature—whose hearts are as well-springs of gentleness, benevolence, and affection—who feel, in all their power, the free pleasures of nature; who quaff the purest happiness, as Mary Howitt expresses it, “from dells, and solitary woodlands, and valleys with their cheerful waters—heaths, wild chases, and rocky hills, with all the lights and shades of heaven, and all the hues and odours of the changing seasons upon them.” Truly does this accomplished and excellent woman confess to loving “the primitive abodes, and manners, and simple character of the rural inhabitants of such a country as Wood Leighton!” That she does sincerely love them must have been long known to all acquainted (and who are not?) with her beautiful ballads—ballads that will live as long as the literature of our country exists.

Knowing Mrs. Howitt's peculiar character of mind, we looked with considerable anxiety for her first novel. The first work in three volumes forms an important era in literary life, and will be remembered as long as time remains with the author, as the sweetest or saddest of events.

We congratulate Mrs. Howitt on her success—the memory of *her* first novel will be bright and happy. She has framed a delicate and efficient net-work whereon to engraft a story of power and interest; the preparatory matter is well-arranged in distinct sketches of scenery and character, but the real object of the volumes is the story of “The Heir Expectant.”

The subsequent disappointment and the conclusion of the whole is singular and extraordinary, yet perfectly natural and well-developed. We should have greatly liked to have known the “*who*” of the mysterious chest. The writer of fiction is in duty bound to make a *dénouement*, although in real life people's mysteries frequently pass with them to their graves; yet readers of books—particularly general readers—like to know the end. Mrs. Howitt differs, we doubt not, from this opinion; her object is to paint things as they really appear to her, and we have so much to thank her for, that we may well pass over the solitary fault of the story. “Wood Leighton” is a charming book, harmonizing with this season of the year—it brings summer with it, sometimes freighted by sunshine and flowers, sometimes by the delicious stillness and fragrance of twilight; there are showers also,

which, when passed, add to the freshness of the whole. The tearful sadness and sorrow of the "Sinner's grave" is forgotten, when the "Vicar and his family" are remembered; the "Worthies of Wood Leighton," once introduced to our acquaintance, become our friends, and remain with us continually. Indeed, as a portrait, we know of nothing superior to the vicar—it is a genuine English picture, one which could originate in no country but England. Mrs. Howitt has not the vivacity of Miss Mitford, but she has more depth. Miss Mitford gathers the blossoms as she goes—Mrs. Howitt gathers the *plant* as well as the flowers; she is not satisfied with the bubble on the stream, she dives beneath the waters. Miss Mitford describes the effect, Mrs. Howitt seeks for the cause—both are delightful, but Mary Howitt is the most profound. Both ladies love their own land, and are practical *patriots*, without being political.

We regret exceedingly that our limits preclude an extract, but we recommend all our readers forthwith to read for themselves; it is delightful to meet with such a combination of sound judgment, shrewd, but not unkind observation, practical, unostentatious piety, all hallowed and overshadowed by the spirit of English poetry. We bid "Wood Leighton" God speed, with right good-will.

Inklings by the Way. 3 vols.

The readers of the "New Monthly" are already acquainted with the contents of these volumes.* The tales and sketches of Mr. Willis have been published in this Magazine, where, we may be justified in saying, they have found abundant admirers. The writer has now published them in a collected form, and they will be, as they deserve to be, popular. We believe his introduction to the English public was through our pages; and we do not hesitate to say that his communications have been among the most interesting, exciting, and brilliant of modern times. He lacks the delicacy, grace, and repose of his distinguished countryman, Washington Irving; and the sustained dignity and power of his other accomplished countryman, Cooper; but in the skilful working-out of an object, in description, and in spirit, he is not inferior to either of them. These volumes will be universally read; and enjoyed by all who read them.

Cataract; a Familiar Description of its Nature, Symptoms, and Ordinary Modes of Treatment. By John Stevenson, Esq., M.R.C.S., Oculist to his Majesty.

In our review of the first edition of this little work, we gave the author credit for his sagacity in detecting, and for his courage in exposing, existing errors relating to cataract—the fruit of long-cherished doctrinal and practical prejudices, perpetuated under the fallacious, and hitherto unquestioned sanction of antiquity, though revolting to common sense, and contrary to prevailing usage in the treatment of every other disease. Mr. Stevenson has not contented himself by simply pointing out defects and inconsistencies of the greatest consequence to suffering humanity, but is entitled to the still higher merit of elaborating and maturing a system which, while it is wholly free from the dangers, annoyances, and numerous objections incidental to the old operations, supplies an admirable mode of removing cataract, and restoring the lost sight to the highest attainable perfection almost without pain, the subsequent-necessity for local applications and confinement or the possibility of the future recurrence of the disease—a catastrophe too often supervening on even the successful performance of either of the ordinary operations of couching or extraction.

The present edition—the early appearance of which affords the best proof of the estimation in which the treatise is held—is enhanced in value by

numerous additional illustrations interspersed throughout the work, particularly by the communication of the practical fact, that the writer, availing himself of his extensive opportunities for observation and experience, has succeeded, by means of some recent alterations in the structure and use of his instruments, in extending his singularly mild and successful mode of managing cataract—which was originally restricted to the soft species and curly form—to every variety and any period of the disease.

Moral Tales, in Italian ; Passa Tempi Morali, &c. &c. .
Seconda Edizione.

It has long been desirable to procure a book written in the Italian language that might be safely placed in the hands of a young beginner. Italian literature requires a person to be fully acquainted with the language, to understand and duly appreciate the beauties of either its prose or poetry ; generally, however, the subjects treated of by Italian writers are not such as we would willingly give our children to read, nor are their ideas such as we could unhesitatingly communicate to them. Such a book as that which now lies before us was much needed. The author has selected from the works of some of the best French and English moral writers, and has translated into Italian a number of their tales—thus blending instruction with amusement, and leading the young learner on to study. The Italian is written with exceeding correctness, and teaches a number of the idioms of the tongue.

We recommend the work to families and to schools especially. It should be made a class-book : it contains much that is useful and amusing, and not a single line that is objectionable. We know of no other volume in the language to which such an observation can apply—as refers to the young of both sexes.

* Sketches of Germany and the Germans, in 1835 and 1836. 2 vols.

We think we recognise the pen, the observation, and the feeling of an accomplished traveller and novelist in these pages ; but, as *he* has not chosen to put his name to them, we do not feel justified in mentioning it. The volumes do not need the "*magic* of a name," they recommend themselves without it : the author has the rare advantage—rare indeed in these book-making days, of being thoroughly acquainted with the country, the people, the language, and the literature which he describes. Added to this, he is an accurate and a kindly observer : how then can his book be otherwise than pleasant ?—it is more than that, it adds materially to our stock of information. " Having made," says the introduction, " my home in her " (that is, Germany) " most important towns, and drank the cup of hospitality at the table of the prince, the merchant, and the peasant ; yet I will not swell my pages with a bombastic catalogue of my Patrician friends, nor allow party feeling to bias my representations. I shall also studiously refrain from invading the recesses of *private life by publishing the names of those individuals to whom I have been indebted for information.*" With these praiseworthy resolutions our tourist commenced and finished his journey, and, judging from our own observation, as well as from the observation of others, we sincerely believe a more *honest* tour has never been published. Certainly our author was obliged to go over much ground already known to the generality of our readers, but his remarks are those of an intelligent man accustomed to read human nature, and skilled in its observances ; this renders what he writes, even on well-known subjects, full of interest. The volumes are beautifully got up, and will form a most pleasing addition to the library, or an ornament to the drawing-room table.

" The force of binding can no farther go."

In this respect the books of 1836 cannot be surpassed.

Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. A New Translation, by
M. J. Chapman.

This is a treasure to all lovers of true poetry in general; and to the admirers of the simple beauty and elegance of Theocritus, and his Greek imitators, it will be appreciated as a perfect transcript of the graces which distinguish the pastoral Muse of Antiquity. Indeed, as a translation, replete with the spirit and mannerism of the original, we know of nothing to be compared with Mr. Chapman's work, with the exception of Mr. Mitchell's renderings of Aristophanes, and the Homeric Hymns of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley. Although the literature of Greece has been more fortunate than that of any other nation in obtaining respectable translators, among us Theocritus has hitherto been far too little known in England, and even scholars deterred by the roughness of his Doric reed, when contrasted with the more seductive and mellifluous flow of Ionic and Attic song, have hitherto refrained from rendering him that degree of homage which his truly powerful and original genius entitles him to claim. Yet his quick perception and just appreciation of the beauties of the external world, the accurate and exact marking of character which almost entitle him to rank as a dramatic poet, the courtly dignity and energy of his graver idyls, and the delightful humour which runs like a golden thread through those of a lighter cast, might well render him popular wherever taste is sufficiently advanced to admire a genius drawing its strength from the most natural sources, and which, from the simplicity with which it is invested, and the absence of all affected ornament, affords one of the most attractive specimens which could be instanced of that beauty which is "when unadorned adorned the most." One of the principal causes of the want of a due appreciation of Theocritus is undoubtedly the superior reputation which Virgil has obtained as a Bucolic writer; yet how far is the Sicilian poet superior to his Latin imitator in his own peculiar province? with how much greater justice may the "*molle atque facetum*" be said to distinguish the former? The rustics of Virgil, like those of Guarini, or the Damons and Silvias of Kneller and Lely, are mere courtiers in masquerade. We are not a moment deceived as to their identity. Their discourses are politics under an allegory, and their tones and gestures in strict accordance with the rules of civic decorum; but the characters of Theocritus are creatures of the element in which they live. His clowns are veritable Cymons, and not disguised scholars and noblemen; and his shepherdesses country maidens as unsophisticated as the most zealous deifier of uncivilized life could desire. That essential and abstract excellence which so many poets have endeavoured to graft upon the scenes of real life, does not seem to have entered his imagination. He paints life just as he found it, and his pictures possess a distinctness and vigour which mere fancy could never supply. What can be richer than the quarrel of the boor with his mistress in the fourteenth Idyl? or where shall we find a more admirable sketch of human nature than the dialogue between Gorgo and Praxinoa in the Adoniazusæ? The gossip of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page in the Merry Wives of Windsor is not truer to the sex of the interlocutors. We find, however, that while considering the merits of Theocritus we are wandering too far from those of his translator, to a brief mention of which we therefore return. If the chief value of a translation consists in not only rendering the ideas of an author in general terms, but in preserving throughout their transfer to a different medium of communication, those lighter and more evanescent beauties, which often lurk in a brief allusion, or even in a single word, Mr. Chapman, as we have already intimated, has been eminently successful. As a poet and a lover of nature he has brought the first requisites to his task, and his style, which is founded on the forcible English of the Elizabethan writers, is well adapted to pre-

serve the character of quaint but rich antiquity, which forms one of the chief attractions of his original. His translation of Moschus and Bion are equally happy, and the numerous beautiful fragments distinguished by their names, and well known to the readers of the *Anthology*, will be found to sparkle with no diminished light in our ruder northern tongue. We regret that we are precluded from giving extracts, which would more than justify the opinion we have stated; but few who are capable of prizing Mr. Chapman's labours will, we apprehend, differ from us in the assertion that the Greek pastoral school of poetry can hardly be expected at any future time to appear in English under a form more calculated than the present to ensure the approbation and administer to the delight of learned or unlearned readers.

The Painter of Glient; a Play, in One Act. By Douglas Jerrold.

This little drama, the production of a man of acknowledged and peculiar abilities, has been already stamped by the approbation of the public: it is of considerable interest,—a small but delicately cut jewel, rare, brilliant, and attractive, not only from its novelty, but its intrinsic worth.

It was a curious idea, and could have only been invented or comprehended by a man of decided genius. We wish Mr. Jerrold success in all his undertakings: we respect his talents, and appreciate the zeal and independence of his character.

Observations on the Present Condition and Modes of Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb.

The good sense and discretion of Mr. Fletcher in his pamphlet on this important subject are equalled only by the humanity which has induced him to give so much of his attention to one of the most touching forms of human privation, with the hope of its removal or alleviation. There is not the slightest doubt that hundreds of cases of deafness have been given over as incurable, which might have been successfully treated according to the more rational plan which he advocates. Mr. Fletcher strongly deprecates the general method of educating deaf and dumb children in considerable numbers, and more especially an adoption of the plan of communicating information most in use, before it is satisfactorily ascertained that no lingering sense whatever lurks in the organ which is supposed to be congenitally unfit for its purpose, as the very means of establishing irrecoverably an infirmity, while yet in a wavering and undetermined state, and ready in many instances to yield to an uniform and systematic continuance of gentle palliatives. His authority is backed by that of an eminent aurist, Mr. J. H. Curtis, whose extensive knowledge and practice, in connection with the deaf and dumb, render him an invaluable witness. The melancholy extent to which defects in the organ of hearing, and consequently in that of speech, prevail renders it an imperative duty to every philanthropist to pay attention to a plan, which, even if successful in a few instances, will more than amply repay any exertion which may be used in obtaining its more general establishment. Mr. Fletcher will confer an essential benefit upon the public by making known, from time to time, the results of his plan of treatment; and we heartily wish his experiments may meet with the success which he seems on such rational grounds to anticipate.

The Priors of Prague. 3 vols. By the Author of "*Cavendish*," &c.

The author of this work gives his plan in his motto:—"I write a careless kind of good-humoured, *Shandean* book, which will do your hearts good—

and your heads too—provided you understand it.” Mr. Neale is a pleasant but by no means a powerful writer. He is amusing enough; but he gives us little insight into character, and communicates no large addition to our stock of knowledge. This work will be found an agreeable record of some singular scenes and circumstances: the boyhood, &c. of Edward Wortley Montagu displays some vigour, and cannot fail to interest the reader. We must protest against the affectation of the chapter-heads.

An Initiatory Step to English Composition.

This is a work which, without fatiguing the student by elaborate discussions on abstruse syntactical principles, will guide him gradually and efficiently to the attainment of a correct and easy style of composition. The rules are easy to be understood, and the examples well selected. It appears to us well adapted for general use in schools, as well as to assist, by occasional reference, those whose education has been neglected. Practical utility is apparently the object which has been arrived at, and, as we should judge, not in vain.

A Day in the Woods. By T. Miller, Basket-maker.

We postpone till next month a notice of this very clever volume; but refer to it now as a volume published by subscription for the benefit of one of the most deserving sons of genius, who makes baskets, and carries on the less profitable trade of literature.

LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. COLMAN, who has just opened a new and extensive Publishing Establishment at Windsor, announces, among other Works to be immediately issued from thence,—The Naval History of Great Britain, from 1783 to the present time, by Captain Brenton, R.N.; to be comprised in ten Monthly Parts at 3s. 6d. with a variety of Portraits and other embellishments. The first of these Parts is now ready for delivery. The advantage of possessing a Work of this nature from the pen of an Officer who has been nearly forty years in the Navy, and borne a part in many of the memorable actions during the late war, is too obvious to need comment. Such scenes can only be adequately described by a sailor; but, in addition to his own experience, Captain Brenton has been zealously assisted by distinguished brother officers, who have given him access to various official documents never yet made public. Hence, he has been enabled to elucidate many important naval events hitherto unexplained. This book must, therefore, be consulted by the future historian who wishes to arrive at facts connected with the glorious exploits which have rendered the British name famous in every part of the globe.

The fair “Improvisatrice” is about to publish a little volume, the very title of which must possess a claim for old and young,

“Traits and Trials of Early Life.” We doubt not that while Miss Landou portrays the “trials” incident to youth and inexperience, she will, like a true friend, also point out the best method of avoiding or surmounting them.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is preparing for the press the Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life.

It is intended to publish the Posthumous Works of the late William Godwin, including an Autobiography, &c. To be edited by Mrs. Shelley.

A Popular Account of the Violin, and its most Eminent Professors; embodying numerous Anecdotes and Miscellaneous Particulars of Interest in connexion with that Favourite Instrument, has been prepared for the press by a Grandson of Dubourg, the English Violinist of Handel’s time, and will speedily be published.

The Author of “Life in London” has been employed for some time past on two Works, which are nearly ready for publication,—The Pilgrims of the Thames in Search of the National; the Drawings, Sketches, and Characters, by Pierce Egan, jun.; and a new Novel, Eliza Bloomfield, wholly founded on facts.

The following New Works are likewise announced as being in the press:—

A collected Edition of the Poetical Works of James Montgomery.—The Statesman. By H. Taylor, autho. of "Philip Van Artevelde."—Researches, Antediluvian, Patriarchal, and Historical. By Thomas Clarkson, M.A.—The Life of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq.—The Life and Times of William III. King of England. By the Hon. Arthur Trevor, M.P.—The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon. By T. H. Lister, Esq.—Bubbles from the Railways. Illustrated by Cruikshank.—The Harmony of Phrenology with the Doctrines of Christianity, &c.—Mr. Hallam's Introduction to the Literary History of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.—Outlines of a Journey through Arabia-Petrea to Mount Sinai and the Excavated City of Petra—the Edom of the Prophecies. By M. Leon de Laborde.—The Miscellaneous Works of Goldsmith, the First Complete and Uniform Edition, with Notes.—History of the Fall of Poland, from the German of Frederic von Raumer.—The French Invasions of Ireland, illustrated by Popular Songs. By T. Crofton Croker.—Travels in Crete. By Robert Pashley, A.M.—A Classical Tour in Attica, and Residence in Athens. By the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth.—The Third and Concluding Volume of Sharon Turner's Sacred History of the World.—Scenes and Shadows of Days departed, with Selections from Poems. By the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles.—Conversations on Nature and Art. By a Lady.—The Last Autumn at a Favourite Residence, with other Poems, and Recollections of Mrs. Hemans. By Mrs. Lawrence.—Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and State-Paper Office; Vol. I. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots; Vol. II. Frederick the Great and his Times, 1740-1796. By Frederick von Raumer.—Alfred the Great, a Poem, by the Author of the "Life and Correspondence of Admiral Collingwood."—The Tribunal of Manners, a Satirical Poem.—Lessing's Laocoon, translated by Mr. W. Ross.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Ward's Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement, 1 vol. bound, 6s. 6d.

The Family History of England, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, in 3 vols. Vol. I. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cloth.

Historical Notices of Fonthill and its Abbey, &c. by J. B. Nichol. F.S.A., 4to. 11 Plates, &c.

Outlines of Human Pathology. By H. Mayo, F.R.S., &c. 8vo. 18s. cloth.

A Day in the Woods. By Thos. Miller, basket-maker. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.

Inklings of Adventure. By N. P. Willis, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Priors of Prague. By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

A Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para. By Lieut. Smyth and Mr. F. Lowe. 8vo. 12s.

Allan Cunningham's Gallery of Pictures, 9 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 14s.

The Reliquary. By Bernard and Lucy Barton. Foolscep 8vo. 3s. 6d.

British Song Birds. By Neville Wood, Esq. Foolscep 8vo. 7s.

The Mascarenhas. 3 volumes, post octavo, 1l. 11s. 6d.

A Chronological and Analytical View of the Bible. By the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A., 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Britton and Brayley's History of the Ancient Palace and the late Houses of Parliament, Westminster, 48 plates, demy 8vo., 21s., royal 8vo., 2l. 2s., demy 4to., 4l. 4s.

Illustrations of the Botany of the Himalayan Mountains. By T. F. Royle, Part IX., impl. 4to. 20s.

An Analysis of the Civil Law, &c. By the late Bishop Halifax; with alterations and additions, by James W. Geldart. LL.D.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Vol. LXXXVIII. (British Statesmen, Vol. II.) 6s.

Travelling Opinions and Sketches in Russia and Poland. By Rayford Ramble, Esq. post 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Lee's Celsus. Latin and English. 8vo., Vol. I., 15s. Vol. II. 18s.

Geoffrey Rudei. By John Graham. 8vo., 5s.

The History of Brazil. By John Armitage, Esq. 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 4s.

Allison's History of Europe. Vol. V. 8vo., 15s.

Walsh's Greek and Turkish Revolution. 2 vols., 8vo. 1l. 12s.

A Saunter in Belgium. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

The Works of Sir John Suckling, with Life of the Author. By the Rev. A. Suckling. LLB. Royal 8vo., 21s., boards.

Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England in 1835. By Sir George Head. Post 8vo., 9s. 6d., boards.

The Works of Sir Thomas Browne. Edited by S. Wilkin. 4 vols., 8vo. 2l. 8s. cloth.

Captain Bach's Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition in 1833, 34, 35. 8vo., 30s., cloth.

Progressive Exercises in Writing German. By W. Klauer Kuttowski; with plates. 5s. cloth.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academy has opened its sixty-eighth annual exhibition. Its excellence is beyond question. It is universally considered as of far higher merit than any for the last ten years ; none of the popular living artists are absentees—and some of them (Wilkie, for instance) have contributed more largely than usual. We presume we shall not again be summoned to ascend the terrific flight of stone steps that lead from the ground floor to the great room ; nor to push into the miserable-hole in which the examples of British sculpture are shown to the British people. It is understood that by next year the gallery in Trafalgar-square will be ready ; and, however dismal and uninviting may be the exterior of that structure, it is certain that it will contain apartments in which pictures can be placed and seen ; and where statues may be looked upon without straining the eye-balls. The Academy will then have opportunity of rendering greater justice to all deserving candidates for fame. Now, as heretofore, complaints of want of judgment, or partiality, on the part of “the hangers,” are loud and frequent ;—and certainly some artists appear to have fair grounds for questioning the taste or the courtesy of the committee. We have, however, never been among those who found it difficult to make allowances for the perplexities which “the hangers” must encounter ; this year we think the objections against them less strong than ever. The works of many who are not members are well placed,—for example, Knight, Charles Landseer, Herbert, Stephanoff, Sidney Cooper, &c. &c., while the great pride and “pet” of their own body, Edwin Landseer, has less reason to be satisfied than many others. There is a gem of Boxall's, and a rich landscape by Pyne,—small pictures, too,—placed out of sight, although Boxall has limited his number, and Pyne has sent but one : this does not seem fair, but it is hard to judge ; and all persons have their favourites whom they would like to see exalted. It has been urged against “the hangers” that they have given Mr. Westall too prominent a place ; we think they have done no such thing : Westall's leading picture is a good one—but if it were not it would be scarcely justifiable to put aside, in favour of tyros, a veteran artist who has done so much to produce and confirm a taste for the fine arts in England.

The head of the exhibitors this year is Mr. Wilkie, who has contributed largely. The work that delights us most is the small one of the Duke of Wellington writing his dispatches ;—that of Napoleon and the Pope does not please us. The Emperor is too boyish, and his Holiness too girlish.

Edwin Landseer—his brother Charles has made so great a step that we must for the future give *the* Landseer his christian name—has sent a most delicious picture—the infant children of the Marquis of Abercorn ; and another, No. 143, which may be overlooked if it be not pointed out. He has not, however, produced a work equal in importance to that of last year, or the year previous.

Collins is admirable. “Leaving home,” and “Sunday morning,” are two sweet pictures ; still more excellent is that which he calls “Happy as a King,” describing a group of joyous children swinging on a gate.

Calleott's finest work is that of Dutch girls returning from market. He has, however, several others of the highest possible merit.

Turner is, as usual, magnificent and unintelligible,—he has deserted nature for art ; and, consequently he astonishes, but does not affect.

Stanfield's great picture is the battle of Trafalgar : to us, who fight with no weapon more offensive than the pen, there seems too much calm and quiet for a scene so stupendous. We fancy we might dance a quadrille on

the quarter-deck of the *Victory*: it is, however, splendidly painted, and calculated to uphold the reputation of the accomplished artist.

Mr. Constable exhibits several admirable works. That which excites most interest is the Cenotaph to the memory of Reynolds, in the grounds of the late Sir George Beaumont.

Mr. Uwins is not this year so happy in his choice of subjects as he was last. They are of high merit, as works of art, but repulsive: this is a great mistake.

Pickersgill's portraits are, as they always are, admirable—let the visitor look for No. 181, and then for No. 183—both as likenesses and as paintings. Sir M. A. Shee exhibits several; Mr. Phillips is also eminent in this class of art: and Mrs. Carpenter may be safely compared with the best of them:—one of a lady and child, by Mr. J. Hayter, possesses high merit; and those of Mr. Briggs are honourable to the English school. There are, of course, a considerable number of portraits in the exhibition; but few beyond the productions of the painters we have referred to, that call for especial notice; the drawings and miniatures are, as usual, very numerous. Among them, Chalon is pre-eminent; but a miniature of unusual size, by Mr. Lover, of the Ambassador from the King of Oude, will attract attention and deserve it.

McClise has two great works—an interview between Charles the First and Cromwell, and Macbeth and the Weird Sisters; the last contains a portrait of Macready. They are both of the highest merit; the Macbeth is splendid: the dignified self-possession of the Thane of Cawdor, amid a scene so startling, has never been so happily expressed.

Etty is, as usual, classic and true to nature—*human* nature, which he delights to paint; and to which some squeamish and suspicious critics dare to object. Hilton has done little; but that little is worthy of him. Howard exhibits some fine imaginative scenes and characters—nymphs and deities, in whose society he revels.

Cooper exhibits a battle piece and some animals. In knowledge of art and comprehension of nature he must, however, yield to his namesake: he never did, and never will, produce a picture combining so many excellencies as that of Mr. Sidney Cooper, No. 400, "A Summer Noon."

No. 95 is the Battle of Corunna,—where Sir John Moore received his death wound. It is from the pencil of Mr. Jones, who stands alone in a class of art above all others the most interesting. This picture is a volume.

Mulready's "Giving a Bite" is a delicious picture. Who is there to whom such an incident is not familiar?

One of the most interesting and most finely-painted pictures in the exhibition is "The Wreckers," by J. P. Knight; an artist who must ere long receive the highest honours the profession can obtain for him.

Mr. Hart has produced, and exhibits, his best picture. It is a proof that his claim to admission into the Academy was justly recognized;—the Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, receiving the benediction of his father, Judge More, in the Court of King's Bench.

Mr. Charles Landseer has this year established his reputation. His picture of the plundering of Basing House, by some troopers of the Commonwealth, possesses high merit.

It is impossible for us, in one Number of our Magazine, to do more than notice the more prominent works which the exhibition contains; criticism, when confined to so narrow a space, would be affectation. Our object is to direct public attention to, and explain the recompense which visitors will receive from a collection of such rare excellence as that which the Academy presents. We shall hope to return to this interesting subject in our next.

PUBLICATIONS.

Twelve Etched Outlines. By Charles Wild.

Unhappily this admirable artist is no more; we have here a proof of his genius, and are reminded of the loss we have sustained. The publication contains views of the most prominent and remarkable public buildings of various continental cities. They are beautifully executed; and the work will prove a desirable acquisition to the architect, the antiquarian, and the lover of art.

Fac-similes of Historical and Literary Curiosities. By C. J. Smith. No. III.

This is one of the most interesting publications of the day. It is astonishing to find so many rare and curious documents collected: but the wealth of Mr. Upcott, from whose store they have been principally gathered, is well known. Here we have autograph letters of Addison, Beattie, Sir Isaac Newton, Grose the antiquary, Dryden, Halifax, &c.,—and one of especial value from Graham of Claverhouse. We trust that public patronage will recompense the labours of Mr. Smith— and that the work will stretch to considerable length.

*Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. Illustrated in a Series of Views drawn on the Spot by W. H. Bartlett, W. Purser, &c.; with Descriptions, by John Carne. No. I.

This promises to be a very interesting and useful, as well as beautiful publication. It is astonishing to what extent enterprise may be carried; we understand the publishers actually sent the artists to Asia Minor for the express purpose of taking views for this work. They have done well: the designs are fine and characteristic. The present number contains four: and they are satisfactorily engraved. Mr. Carne, too, has performed his part with considerable ability: his "Letters from the East" are familiar to our readers; they naturally pointed him out as fitted for the undertaking; and, but for the fact of his having long sojourned in Asia Minor, we suppose Messrs. Fisher would have forwarded thither an author as well as artists. We hope the work will succeed,—it deserves success.

THE DRAMA.

THE only great theatrical novelties of the month, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion," and Mr. Balfe's new opera, have been produced at too late a period to admit of notice in our present Number. We shall pay due attention to them in our next. The success of Mr. Talfourd's tragedy was brilliantly decisive, and is one of the most opportune and cheering evidences that could possibly have been afforded, that a genuine, strong taste for the highest order of dramatic poetry has survived the basest attempts to vitiate and destroy it.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A LETTER by R. W. Fox, Esq., on Mineral Veins, was read. It is scarcely possible, in a brief notice, to give a satisfactory analysis of Mr. Fox's communication; but the following extract may convey to our readers an imperfect idea of the extensive views which it opens relative to the formation of mineral veins. Mr. Fox is of opinion that fissures were formed by changes in the earth's temperature; and if the direction and intensity of the magnetic curves be connected with variations of temperature, then changes in the earth's temperature might seem to indicate changes in the magnetic curves. If it be admitted, therefore, that fissures may have been produced as stated above, Mr. Fox says "that there can be little difficulty in also admitting that electricity may have powerfully influenced the existing arrangement of the contents of mineral veins. How are we otherwise to account for the relative positions of veins of different kinds with respect to each other, and likewise for their contents in reference to the rocks which they traverse, and many other phenomena observable in them of a very decided and definite character? Copper, tin, iron, and zinc, in combination with the sulphuric and muriatic acids, being very soluble in water, are, in this state, capable of conducting voltaic electricity; so, if by means of infiltration, or any other process, we suppose the water to have been impregnated with any of these metallic salts, the rocks containing different salts would undoubtedly become in different or opposite electrical conditions; and hence, if there were no other cause, electrical currents would be generated, and be readily transmitted through the fissures containing water, with salts in solution; and decompositions of the salts, and a transference of their elements, in some cases, to great distances, would be the natural result. But, on the known principles of electro-magnetism, it is evident that such currents would be more or less influenced in their direction and intensity by the magnetism of the earth. They cannot, for instance, pass from N. to S., or from S. to N., so easily as from E. to W., but more so than from W. to E. The terrestrial magnetism would therefore tend, in a greater or less degree, to direct the voltaic currents through those fissures which might approximate to an east and west bearing, and, in separating the saline constituents, would deposit the metal within or near the electro-magnetic rock, and the acid would be determined toward the electro-positive rock, and probably enter into new combinations; or the sulphuric acid might, by means of the same agency, be resolved into its elements; in which case the sulphur would take the direction of the metal, and the oxygen of the acid, and in this way the metallic sulphurets may have derived their origin; for, if I mistake not, the metallic sulphates, supposing them to have been the prevailing salts, as at present, would be fully adequate to supply all the sulphur required by the same metals to form sulphurets; indeed, more than sufficient, if we deduct the oxide of tin, and other metalliferous oxides found in our mines. The continued circulation of the waters would, in time, bring most of the soluble salts under the influence of those currents, till the metals were in great measure separated from their solvents, and deposited in the east and west veins, and near the rocks to which they were determined by the electric currents."

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting a paper was read, communicated by Lieut. Dickinson, 14th regiment, B.N.I., entitled "Observations on the Ancient Intercourse with India, suggested by some remarks contained in a paper communicated by Lieut. A. Burnes to the Geographical Society of Bombay, on the Maritime communication of India, as carried on by the Natives." From a passage in Lieut. Burnes' paper, it appears that he is of opinion that the commerce "was never interrupted by religious prejudices," and "that the natives

of India themselves, and not the Arabs, conducted the trade between India and Egypt." As the generally received opinions seem to be opposed to that of Lieut. Burnes, Lieut. Dickinson examined all the known authorities existing which have reference to a maritime intercourse with India which subsisted in times long antecedent to the Christian era. In the ancient histories of Agatharchides and Strabo, it appears that the Arabians had attained a very high degree of commercial prosperity, which was chiefly centered in three great tribes: first, the Sabæans, or Arabs of Senna; second, the Mengæans, whose country lay contiguous to Senna; third, the Gerrhæans, who occupied the coast about Alkhatif and Bahrein, of whom we are told, that they were "the carriers by land of the produce of Arabia, and of packages of aromatics," which they carried to Idumea. Now, the aromatics of Yemen we must suppose to have been monopolised by the neighbouring Menæans, between whose country and Gerrha stretches that immense desert which cuts off all communication across that part of Arabia. The question, then, Whence was the trade, and whence the wealth of the people of Gerrha? can only be answered, by supposing them to have been derived from an intercourse with India. The route, therefore, by Gerrha, we may reasonably imagine to have been the oldest line of communication with the east; and which may be referred to the eighteenth century before the Christian era. History affords no reference till the eleventh century B.C. in the time of David, when, the people of Israel not being a maritime nation, the intercourse was carried on by Hiram and the Phœnicians of Tyre, and the produce of India was brought into Palestine, not as before, in the caravans of the Ishmaelites, but by the channel of the Red Sea. After tracing the historical records downwards, through the ninth and sixth centuries, Lieut. Dickinson states that, in the fourth century B.C., in the time of Alexander, from the voyage of Nearchus, we learn that there were ports and several vessels in the Gulf of Persia; and it being known that the Persians were always notorious for their aversion to the sea, we may infer that these vessels belonged either to the Indians or to the Arabs; and, as the historians of that day have not recorded anything that would lead us to suppose that the Indians were a seafaring race, he concludes that these vessels belonged to, and were manned, not by the people of India, but by the maritime tribes of the coasts of Arabia; and that, therefore, the intercourse with India was carried on chiefly by the Arabs. Throughout subsequent centuries, to the fifteenth of the present era, history is in favour of the Arab navigators. At the close of the latter century, the Portuguese found, to their great danger and annoyance, that 15,000 Arabs had settled at Calicut. When, therefore, these circumstances are taken into consideration; when we view the vast extent of the Arab settlement, and the diffusion of their language and religion to the eastward; when we regard their history as we find it preserved in the earliest records, and look at the people as we see them at this day, a restless and reckless nation of adventurers; and, lastly, when we consider the peculiar institution of *caste* among the Hindoos, in which there is no caste of sailors or navigators,—we are bound to subscribe to the opinion of Robertson, Vincent, Chardin, and others—that the Arabs, and not the Indians, were, in ancient times, the great carriers of the Indian trade, and the first navigators of the seas of India.

VARITIES.

Among the directions lately transmitted by the Poor Law Commissioners "to the Churchwardens, Overseers, and other Officers required to account for the expenditure of the Poor Rates," the following are of importance:—
"It is required that the accounts of each separate parish, and also the accounts of every Union, shall be made up quarterly, and duly audited. As

the accounts of every officer may be disallowed, so every officer, whilst he is bound to *obey* all orders which are *legal*, is bound to *disobey* all orders which are *illegal*, and will be *personally* answerable in either case. Until the rate already allowed has been fully collected; no new rate must be applied for. The law has not given to the parish officers, or even to the vestry, any power of charging or of taxing their fellow-parishioners, even for useful purposes, at their own mere discretion; and no charge upon the poor rates is legal, unless it is in plain words sanctioned or directed by some statute. In doubtful cases the proper inquiry will always be *under what statute or by what regulation is the proposed charge warranted?* The more common charges which are unfounded, as not being authorised by any statute, are:—Charges for the performance of any service for which the law has not sanctioned any payment; charges for coroners' inquests must be disallowed; so also charges for salaries to overseers, under the title of permanent overseers; charges for the trouble in paying county rates; charges for filling up Parliamentary returns; charges for loss of time in attending justices, revising barristers, &c.; charges for dinners and entertainments; charges for the extirpation of vermin; charges for fees for marrying paupers, and for christening and churching their families; charges for tolling bells at paupers' funerals; parish officers are bound to account in a proper form; no items named *sundries, miscellaneous, or incidental expences* can be admitted."

British Produce and Manufactures exported in 1834.—Account of the declared value of the principal articles of British produce and manufactures exported in the year 1834:—

	£.	s.	d.
Brass and Copper Manufactures.....	961,823	2	11
Iron and Steel, wrought and unwrought	1,406,872	2	1
Hardwares and Cutlery	1,485,233	2	1
Tin, wrought and unwrought.....	370,382	11	5
Cotton Manufactures	15,302,571	7	1
Cotton yarn	5,211,014	17	8
Linen Manufactures	2,443,344	18	7
Linen yarn	136,312	11	9
Woollen Manufactures.....	5,736,870	15	0
Woollen and Worsted yarn.....	238,543	15	5
Wool (Sheep's)	192,175	14	1
Silk Manufactures.....	537,198	5	4
Salt	152,126	14	10
Soap and Candles	263,972	4	11
Sugar, refined	916,391	8	6
All other Articles	6,194,358	1	6
	<hr/>		
	41,649,191	9	6

Whereof from Great Britain were.....	41,286,594	5	6
from Ireland	362,597	4	0

The Commissioners of Charities have made a report, from which it appears that the total number of Charities investigated in England is 26,751. The inquiry has been completed in twenty-eight counties, but six are only partially investigated. The funds amount to 1,000,000*l.* per annum. With regard to the most efficient mode in which this may be administered, the Commissioners recommend that the superintendence, and, in certain cases, the administration of all property devoted to charitable uses should be intrusted to a permanent board of three Commissioners, or some other independent authority, who shall be empowered to suggest schemes for the government of all charities, and for the management of all estates and funds belonging to such charities, and to correct any abuses therein, subject to the like concurrence in cases where there are special visitors; and, in cases where the parties are willing, the board to be empowered by themselves, or others duly authorised by them, to adjudicate and finally determine all disputes respecting conflicting claims and accounts.

Houses of Parliament.—The second report of the Commissioners on the erection of the new Houses recommends an adoption of Mr. Barry's plan, with certain modifications, so that the expense of carrying it into execution shall not exceed 800,000*l.*; this sum to include the purchase of houses to be taken down in Abingdon-Street, near where the grand entrance for the King is to be situated, and also the expense of the embankment of the river Thames, opposite the south front of the two Houses. The modifications recommended will chiefly apply to the ornamental part of the plan, and will not interfere with the accommodations in the interior of either Houses of Parliament for the Members, or with the offices, committee rooms, &c.

Window Duty.—The following is a return, ordered by the House of Commons, of the duty on windows assessed for the twelve towns of England which contribute the largest amount: Liverpool, 20,189*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Bath, 18,035*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*; Manchester, 11,558*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*; Bristol, 11,386*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; Brighton, 10,778*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*; Birmingham, 6,570*l.* 1*s.*; Cheltenham, 5,156*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*; Norwich, 4,791*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; Clifton, 4,632*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*; Leeds, 4,335*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.*; Cambridge, 3,761*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.*; Portsmouth, 3,635*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.*

In the last 15 years 43,528 insolvent debtors have been discharged under the Act in England, of whom 1785 only paid any dividend.

The statement recently published of the money votes by Parliament to the British Museum gives the amount of annual grants since 1753 to 1835, 443,338*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*; for buildings, 540,600*l.*; for collections purchased and miscellaneous votes, 176,322*l.* 5*s.* Total, 1,160,261*l.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

French and English Post-Office.—The public will be glad to learn that M. Conte, the able and active Directeur des Postes, and Mr. Freeling, of the English office, during the late stay of the latter in Paris, came to a decision upon the regulation to be carried into effect with regard to the postage of letters between France and England, which are of much importance to the two countries. One of the principal advantages of this long and anxiously-expected arrangement will be the facility of paying the postage of letters, reciprocally, to the place of their ultimate destination. A great saving of expense and time will be the consequence of this measure, by which a letter can be sent, postage-free or not, to a correspondent, as in either of the two countries at present. Another most beneficial regulation will be the power of recommending letters to the special care of the Post Office, whereby letters will only be delivered to correspondents in person, upon paying a slight additional postage; this is a measure of great utility, and will prevent many losses. Journals are to be the objects of a special stipulation reserved by the Governments for future arrangement. The reduction of the rate of postage, which is enormously great at present, will also be effected. M. Conte, whose services in the administration of the Post Office deserve so much gratitude from his country, has ascertained by experience that the lowering of the price of postage is of direct advantage to the Treasury, without taking into consideration indirect revenues resulting from the increased development of commercial transactions which it occasions. Thus, in 1830, the general produce of the Post Office amounted to 30 millions of francs; in 1835 it amounted to 39 millions—an increase of nine millions of revenue, due to the good direction of M. Conte in the reduction of postage and in the general amelioration of the service.—*Galignani.*

Charring of Animal Substances.—A pamphlet published at Florence gives an account of a strange discovery by Girolamo Legato, the accuracy of which is attested by the principal professors in that city. It appears that Legato, while traversing the deserts of Africa, in 1820, for the purpose of

perfecting his map, discovered in one of the hollows which a whirlwind had ploughed up, a completely charred human body, the flesh and bones of which were in good preservation. It struck him that the process of charring could only have been effected by the scorching sand, and that if the heat of the sand had, in this instance, effected the complete desiccation and carbonization of animal substances, it might be possible to effect something similar by artificial means. On his return to Italy he commenced his experiments, and at length succeeded in imparting to the limbs and bodies of animals solidity and indestructible durability; by this process, whole bodies, as well as individual parts, acquire a thoroughly firm consistence, which is more decided according as the respective parts are harder or softer. The skins, muscles, nerves, veins, fat, blood, all undergo this change without its being necessary to remove the intestines, which assume the same consistence. At the same time the colour, form, and character in general, remain unchanged; no smell is perceptible, and both joints and limbs remain flexible and moveable, as when alive; when bodies have acquired this consistency, neither damp, air, moths, nor water can affect them. The weight is but slightly diminished; not a hair is lost; on the contrary, they are rooted more firmly than ever. Birds and fishes lose neither skins, scales, nor colours; and, in like manner, insects and worms remain perfect in every respect. Legato's cabinet contains many specimens of this novel and singular discovery; one of the most remarkable is a table composed of 214 pieces joined together. The observer would take them for so many different kinds of stone, and yet they are nothing more than portions of the human members.

Diamonds.—A. M. Perrot, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, after a careful examination of perfect and imperfect diamonds, is of opinion that they are formed by some volcanic action on small pieces of carbon, or of a substance composed of a large portion of carbon and a very small quantity of hydrogen.—*Athenæum*.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

True practical objects of Agriculture — Proceedings of the Central Agricultural Association—Effects of the Season on the Crops—State of the Markets, &c.

THERE was a time, though we know not how long ago, when agriculture was agriculture—and not politics; and we are very much disposed to think that little good will be done in the trade till agriculture confines itself to its legitimate range—the best cultivation of the earth and the natural conditions of the markets and of commerce in general. Agriculture (which is now but too generally assumed to mean the circumstances of the farmer) has never flourished (in that sense) since it became the object of frequent legislation. To nothing could the famous reply of the French merchants to Colbert, “*Laissons nous faire*,” be so pertinently applied as to this science. With every possible proof of augmented and augmenting skill in the application of its principles and success in the practice, its profits have decreased. Some may attribute this appearance to the very abundance thus produced—Lord Liverpool did so when Prime Minister, *ex cathedrâ*; but supply and demand would, if left to themselves, have found their level; at least the expenses would have followed their natural course under existing causes; if the profits had largely risen, rent and labour would have obtained higher rates; if prices had greatly fallen, the fixed and moveable charges would have fallen too; but no, said the landowners, we will create an artificial rate of price which shall make the condition and prosperity of the agriculturist permanent and independent of exterior.—By the simple expedient of a protecting duty, we will decree a *minimum*. What happened? The farmer was delighted with a discovery and a provision that were to ensure him

80s. or 60s. or what not, for his wheat. He took the bait, agreed to high rents and high tithes. But unhappily the minimum became the maximum, and more than the maximum. Wheat, instead of remaining at or about 80s. or 60s. fell below 40s.; and the farmer's capital kept oozing and oozing out of his own into the landlord's, the parson's, and the tax-gatherer's pockets. Yet he still clings to the fallacious and absurd supposition that legislation can empty the markets and reduce the bounties of nature, or stop the progress of art. Alas, alas! what a miserable misapprehension! The country returning to permanent peace finds it imperative to put an end to those war expedients which unsettled all the monetary principles, and to give the country a safer system by compelling the issuers of paper to pay in gold. This is no sooner achieved with some depreciation in the value of all commodities, than the agriculturist sets to and denounces all political economists, and mourns over a return to national honesty and national security. He disregards the losses other traders have suffered in common with himself from the depression of their goods, and calls upon Parliament to interpose in his peculiar behalf; and even legislators, and men of education and condition are weak enough to halloo his or their cry. Then arises a Central Association and Committees of both Houses! And what follows?—Mark!

The evidence of even the most prejudiced, as well as the most intelligent and practical witnesses, establishes that a supply emanating from a superior cultivation upon our own soils, extended cultivation in Ireland, and successive genial seasons, have produced a supply above the average—hence the price of one article (wheat) falls. A large demand for malt, in consequence of an increased consumption of barley, generated by a reduction of the duty on beer, enhances the price of that article. A disorder in sheep reduces the flocks and decreases the supply of wool, while the prosperous state of manufacture and commerce augments the demand. The price of wool rises considerably.

An additional consequence of this prosperity appears in the demand for meat of all descriptions, and the price of beef, mutton, veal, and pork also advances. Thus then three articles out of the five which constitute the staple of farming, are proved to be beneficially improved. The same evidences prove also that the land is relieved from a grievous weight by the mere incipient effects of the New Poor Law; by the relief from other local rates; and that a commutation of tithes now under progress will also advantage the landed interest. They declare almost to a man that the main evils occasioned by the change in the currency having passed over, it would be little short of madness to recur to any project for bringing back any of the appearances which led to the restoration of cash payments. From the debates in the House of Commons, concurrent with their inquiries in the Committees, these principles and facts are admitted to be demonstrated; and even the most clamorous advocate for the farmer, the Marquis of Chandos himself, limits his motion to a requisition that, in any reduction of taxation, agriculture be first considered. Thus stands the case—and this is a precise recapitulation of the state of the politics of agriculture at this moment. We should perhaps be justified in adding, that the best-informed witnesses differ in many of the essential measures proposed for relief; in none more than that of the malt-tax. The farmer begins to see the truth; namely, that any considerable advance in the price of barley would inevitably lead to a rise in the rent of land, and in the amercement of the tithe. Some broadly admit these results, others pronounce that the consumer, not the grower, pays the tax. In a word, the light begins to spread over the hitherto darkened region.

But now comes the most beautiful proceeding of the whole—"A Meeting of the Provisional Committee of the Central Agricultural Association," says the new Journal published by the Central Association, "was held at Brown's Hotel, on Thursday last, in order to audit the accounts, and to take into

consideration the necessity of adopting more determined measures consistently with the spirit of the British constitution, for obtaining that relief from Parliament which has hitherto been denied to the important interests connected with the soil, and is now rendered more necessary in consequence of the impudent and insane assertion of Mr. Hume, that 'this country could do without the landed interests, and that it was quite immaterial whether or not they ever grew another bushel of wheat.' Will our readers deny that it is not high time, after such a declaration from one of the leaders and professors of modern political economy, that something more should be done to obtain for the owners and cultivators of the soil a share in the benefits enjoyed by the manufacturing classes? At this meeting some strong resolutions were proposed by Mr. Bernard, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has favoured us with a copy of them, which we insert, and a reference to our advertising columns will show that they are to be taken into consideration on the 17th of June, at a general meeting which will be held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. * * * * * Every thinking mind must have been convinced by the late proceedings in Parliament, that faction rules where honest patriotism should prevail, and that a false, nay, a mock philosophy is daily applied to the necessities of this vast community by the political economists, almost incompatible with the common dictates of humanity, or without reference to equitable principles."

And of what are these resolutions composed? Take the following specimens of the Student of Trinity's Agriculturist-political principles. He first assumes that Ministers "have no intention to relieve the distresses of any of the producing classes, but are solely bent on following the mischievous theories of those who call themselves political economists." Next, that "it is requisite to form a Union that would include landowners, farmers, and working people of all descriptions, manufacturing as well as agricultural, for the purpose of promoting their common interests, of defending their just rights, and of ensuring the safety of the country." And having determined that the Central Society, by neglecting to do this, "has defeated its own object," he urges that "the Society should immediately publish a *declaration* to explain the principles on which it proposes to act; confining itself at present to such *leading grievances*, as would be sufficient to show its determination to defend the rights, and promote the interests of the industrious classes; and leaving minor grievances to be discussed hereafter.

"These leading grievances are, *Peel's Currency Bill*, the *Free Trade* system, with the unrestricted use of *machinery*, and in conjunction with these, the *New Poor Law*.

"That accordingly the Society ought to declare its resolution to insist upon a re-adjustment being made of the present standard of value, leaving the question as to *metallic*, or *paper* money, to be considered after the principle of re-adjustment shall have been conceded.

"That it ought, at the same time, to declare its resolution to insist upon the establishment of some just *protective* system for working people, to guard them from the competition to which they are now unfairly exposed with both *foreigners* and *machinery*; together with the establishment of a corresponding protective system for the colonies; avowing protection to *native industry* of all descriptions, whether at *home* or *abroad*, for the ground-work of its proceedings.

"That it ought likewise to declare its resolution to insist upon a repeal of the *New Poor Law*, which was framed on the assumption that all working-people can obtain, if they please, remunerating employment, an assumption which is perfectly untrue, so long as *Peel's Bill*, with the *free trade* system, be suffered to remain in force, and *machinery* be permitted to supplant manual labour.

And lastly, "That the Society will not patronize any newspaper that will not devote itself to a strenuous defence of the above principles and views, and endeavour, by all the means in its power, to promote a close union between

the agricultural and manufacturing classes, including the labourers in both ; since, amidst the perils by which the nation is surrounded, and the excitement that must unavoidably be the result, this course of proceeding offers the only reasonable chance of preserving tranquillity, and preventing the revolution, which may be observed to be gradually approaching, from being one of violence."

Of all the Unions yet established, Mr. Bernard's is the most comprehensive. He hints that no Government would dare to oppose it. Few persons would venture to deny his position ; but luckily there stands between him and the accomplishment of his purpose, a good deal of common sense, and no small quantity of information—information, indeed, which he no doubt very wisely holds in supreme contempt ; namely, that train of facts and induction by the sober, slow, and calm use of which political economies may be formed into a science conducted by these guides, as by far the greater number of British subjects now are, it seems hardly within the bounds of credulity or credulity, that even the Central Association will affirm propositions so near insanity as Mr. Bernard's, in their discussion on the 17th of June. But should "madness rule the hour" to so lamentable an extent, out of doors, the converts will be few ; and that the Union will be lamentably short of supporters, it may safely be predicted.

After having devoted thus much space to statements which really upset, not agriculture only, but society at large ; (for could these insane schemes find the support the proposer perhaps imagines they may, the entire foundations of British commerce, revenue, and property, would be shaken to the ground,) we may turn to the actual state of things.

The retardation of the spring by wet has been continued by the cold winds, which even during the brightest days we have yet experienced, have made us feel the chill of winter under the sun of summer. The consequences are visible in all the productions of vegetation. The grass is backward, short, and meagre, almost beyond precedent ; there is little or no clover to enrich the rye-grass, which stands thin and alone ; and even this is rendered far less abundant and shorter than usual by the absence of the warm rains, which during the end of April and the beginning of May generally gladden the earth, and thicken the growth. The Hay crop will be a complete failure, particularly over all the light soils. The Wheat has of course felt the same malign influence. Up to the middle of this month the colour was brown and unthrifty, and the plant appeared seriously injured. It looks cold, and in provincial language, *shrovey*, which carries the idea of poverty both in the individual plant, and in the general crop. There is no general complexion of verdure, but the dark soil peeps out in places between the wiry and straggling stems. Such at least is the case in perhaps a third of the whole breadth of land sown, and there is not only every appearance of a late, but of a deficient harvest. Of course this will pertain the most to lands coldly placed—to those near the coast, to the north, or cold in themselves, such as the heavy clays and wet soils. The Barley was got in so late, that it is difficult at present to pronounce with any accuracy, or more than partially, as to its promise ; but as a natural consequence of late sowing, beyond its being late, it has not participated the evils of the backward season. It has escaped the perils which the Wheats have encountered, and in truth the lively colour and steady growth indicate that such is the case. The lands are preparing for turnips with the advantage of drying winds, which will facilitate the pulverizing of the clods, and rendering them permeable to air and water—the grand secret after all, it is to be believed, of nourishing the plant. It is to be hoped the Northumberland ridge system will continue to diffuse itself, for Mr. Coke has long since declared that it renders the turnip crop as secure as any other ; and his own last year, which flourished while all around had failed, amounted to proof positive.

The Markets remain tolerably steady, verging rather to a decline than a rise, a fall of 2s. having taken place in Mark Lane, on the 16th. They are,

however, still to be esteemed weather markets; and the trifling fluctuations are to be traced to individual wants rather than to general causes. Unless rain soon falls, and really warm weather succeeds these northern and eastern chilling winds, the harvest may be seriously injured—and must be late. This will try the theory of a superabundant production; for the stocks must necessarily be exhausted. The supplies have been so equal that little worthy of remark has occurred in Mark Lane, or in the provincial marts.

We must not omit to mention an event so important to the Grazier as the opening of the New Cattle Market at Islington. If a locality, favourable in the highest degree to those who have to send their stock from the north and eastern districts, which saves the drift of the already wearied cattle through the last two miles, worse than any other ten of the journey—if arrangements securing space, food, and water to the animals, and ample opportunity of examination to the buyers, be considered to give a Market a superior title, the Islington Market possesses all these. A dinner, which was attended by a very numerous party of Landed Gentlemen, Graziers, and Farmers, was given by the spirited proprietor.

Prices.—Wheat from 42s. (Irish) to 58s. Barley from 26s. to 37s. Oats 21s. to 27s. Flour (declined 2s.) 34s. to 45s.

Imperial averages on May 6th.—Wheat 47s. 11d. Barley 32s. 8d. Oats 22s. 6d. Rye 32s. 3d. Beans 37s. 6d. Peas 40s. 1d.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Steam navigation has revolutionised agriculture. And there are other causes actively at work, such as bone manure, and turnip husbandry, improvements which, in the opinion of many excellent judges, have increased the value of all light land to the extent of 7s. 6d. per acre. At this very moment we are aware of 300 tups, the property of farmers fifty miles distant, that are turnip-boarded in this neighbourhood, at the rate of 3½d. per head per week, which will be returned to the owners in a few days in much better condition than when they left Tweedside. At one time about 30,300 head of black cattle were sent from our bounds to Northwich-hill, and sold to the farmers in such lots as they could conveniently take, for the purpose of being fattened for the London markets. But the trade, which still continues to a considerable extent, is gradually diminishing; and in the opinion of many, the period is not remote when three-fourths of the beeves in Dumfriesshire and Galloway will be fattened, as well as reared at home. In fact the trade of a border drover is already well nigh in abeyance, and various active men, who formerly embarked in it to a large extent, have commenced business as salesmen in the south. Abundance of turnips, by rendering the farmers so far independent of summer grass, enables them to fatten at almost every period of the year; and by the means of agents who sell, we believe, at a commission of 2½ per cent., stock of every kind can be disposed of, and returns made with all the regularity of the bank itself. The grazier in this way reaps two profits, and by driving the beasts to the nearest sea-port, sends them to market not only fresh and unfatigued, but at a diminished cost, which covers, and more than covers, the salesman's commission. And with turnip husbandry extending so fast, and steamers bridging seas in every direction, it will be of little consequence by-and-by, where a man farms—in the midland counties, or at John O'Groats—so that he is within convenient reach of a haven fitted for shipping grain and stock, and unshipping lime and bone manure.—*Dumfries Courier*.

Extraordinary Vegetable.—Mr. Fullard has succeeded in introducing to this country one of the most wonderful vegetables ever known. It is called the "Waterloo Cæsarean Cow Cabbage;" it grows from nine to twelve feet in height, and is from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference. Five of these

cabbages have, by proper management, been repeatedly found an ample allowance for one hundred sheep or ten cows, per day; and their surprisingly nutritious quality soon produces an astonishing improvement in the growth and utility of every description of cattle, more particularly as regards the growth of the wool in sheep. Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, affirms this cabbage to be "the greatest wonder the earth ever produced." By order of his Majesty, some of the seed has been sown this year at his farm near Windsor; and the production has been patronised by the Royal Family, and a great number of the nobility and gentry. These cabbages, if designed for the winter season, can, for convenience, as well as advantage to the grower, be then removed from the fields, and will serve to make handsome serpentine walks in gardens, or they will form a most excellent avenue for winter across a field; or by setting them singly, will make a ground, that has not a tree in it, a park for winter, and may be given to the stock in spring.

USEFUL ARTS.

The Silk Trade.—For some time past there has been a considerable rise in prices, caused chiefly by the great increase within the last twelve months in the prices of raw silk, being, in some instances, as much as 50 per cent. A great many of the manufacturers had discharged their workmen, and the looms were out of employ in consequence of the high price of the raw material. The large importations, however, from China, which have arrived, and which are anticipated, have produced their natural effect on the market, having, within the present week, caused a reduction varying from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 per cent., and it is probable that when the stocks are increased, the reduction will be much greater.

Gasometer Extraordinary.—There is now at work at the Salford gas-works, Lamb-lane, a gasometer, supposed to be the largest ever built, measuring in circumference 283 feet wide by 24 feet deep, containing 152,691 cubic feet of gas. The retort-house roof of the above works is also of iron; the whole upon an entire new principle.

Royal Institution.—Lately an ingenious model was exhibited by Mr. Cooper, illustrative of his new invention for saving persons falling overboard at sea. It consists of a double mortar, with diverging mouths at an angle of 45° (the barrels combined at the breech, so that both charges can be fired by the same touch-hole), which are respectively loaded with a hollow shell of copper, or whatever shall appear best calculated to act as a buoy when discharged, and both are connected with a coil of floating Manilla rope, or an Indian rubber cloth-tube stuffed with horse-hair, about 100 feet in length. This mortar is to be kept in readiness pointed over the stern, to discharge its floating line the instant the cry of "a man overboard" is heard, and thereby afford him a temporary support till boats can be put out to his relief. Mr. Cooper fired his piece of Siamese ordnance, and threw their floating balls of cork across the lecture-room, and amongst the spectators, with a degree of precision which augured the happiest results, and gave universal satisfaction.

A steam-vessel is fitting in the river which is to be lighted with gas, on a plan suggested by Lieutenant Engledue, R.N.; two retorts are placed in the fires under the boilers about two hours before dark, which will supply gas sufficient to burn the whole night, lighting the cabins, engine-room, and mast-head. This may be fitted at a trifling expense, and without the slightest danger, the whole of the apparatus being on deck. Frequent accidents have occurred from steam-vessels not being properly lighted at night,

Important to Bakers.—A mechanical kneading-trough has lately been invented by a baker of the name of M. Fontaine, at Paris, for which he has obtained a patent from the French government. The chief advantages derived from this new invention are, that from 30 to 800 pounds of dough can be kneaded in the small space of time of fifteen minutes, with the labour of only one man, and that without the least fatigue. It also causes the dough to be much better kneaded, consequently the bread is much better made than by the process usually adopted. This invention is the fruit of long experience.

In the production of cast-iron from the blast furnace a wonderful improvement has been effected, by the introduction of heated air into the blast furnace instead of cold, as formerly. The temperature of heated air, first so applied, was 300 degrees, and this has been raised to 600, which is sufficient to melt lead; this new process saves the necessity of converting coal into coke before being thrown into the furnace, so that the iron works are no longer enveloped in dense clouds of smoke. The coals are thrown into the furnace just as they come from the mine, and are converted into coke by the time they reach the blast; a great saving of coals is also effected by this process. Eight tons of coals were formerly used in producing one ton of cast-iron; but by the new process only three are consumed in producing the same quantity of iron.

NEW PATENTS.

To William Gilyard Scarth and Robert Scarth, both of Leeds, in the county of York, dyers, for manufacturing or preparing of a certain substance for blue dyers, from materials not hitherto used for that purpose, applicable for dyeing blue and other colours.

To Charles Schafhaout, of Sheffield, in the county of York, gentleman, for improved gear for obtaining a continuous rotary action.

To James Morison, of Paisley, North Britain, manufacturer, for an improvement on the Jacquard machine, and on what is called the teils-box lay, and in the reading and stamping machines used in making shawls and figured work.

To James Diggle, of Bury, in the county palatine of Lancaster, engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines.

To John Birkby, late of High Town, but now of Upper Rawfolds, both in Liversedge, near Leeds, in the county of York, card-maker, for improvements in machinery in making needles.

To Walter Hancock, of Stratford, in the county of Essex, engineer, for an improved arrangement and combination of certain mechanical means of propelling vessels through water.

To John Cox, of the city of Bristol, of the firm of Harding, Cox, and Shaw, soap-manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of soap, which will be particularly applicable to the felting or fulling of woollen cloths.

To Sir John Scott Lillie, Knight and Companion of the most honourable military order of the Bath, of St. John's, in the parish of

Fulham, in the county of Middlesex, for an improved mode of acquiring power for the purpose of propelling carriages, barges, and other the like contrivances for conveying goods and passengers.

To Edward Jelowicki, of No. 8, Seymour-place, Bryanstone-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in steam-engines.

To Thomas Alcock, of Claines, in the county of Worcester, lace-manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin-net lace, for the purpose of producing certain kinds of ornamental bobbin net lace and other fabrics, by aid of the improvements which are in part applicable to machinery constructed according to his former improvements, for which two several Letters Patent were granted to him on the 8th day of December, 1832, and other Letters Patent on the 12th day of February, 1835.

To Alphonsus William Webster, of Regent-street, in the county of Middlesex, aurist, for his invention of an instrument or apparatus, to be applied to the ear, to assist hearing.

To John Birkby, late of High Town, but now of Upper Rawfolds, both in Liversedge near Leeds, in the county of York, card-maker for his invention of improvements in machinery for making needles.

To Robert Brettell Bate, of No. 21, Poultry, in the city of London, optician, for his invention of certain improvements upon hydrometers and saccharometers, for the term of seven years, to be computed from the 21st day of March instant; being an extension of former letters-patent for the said invention, granted to

the said R. B. Bate, by his late Majesty King George IV.

To Louis Elize Seignette, of Mincing-lane, in the city of London, merchant, for improvements in preserving animal and vegetable substances; being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Francis Gibbon Spilsbury, of Newman-street, Oxford-street, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements on machinery or apparatus for stamping up and compressing metals or other substances.

To William Maugham, of Newport-street, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, chemist, for his invention of certain improvements in the production of chloride of lime and certain other chemical substances.

To William Hale, of Greenwich, in the county of Kent, late of Colchester, in the county of Essex, civil engineer, for his invention of certain improvements on machinery applicable to vessels propelled by steam or

other power; which improvements, or parts thereof, are applicable to other useful purposes.

To William Westley Richards, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, gun-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in primers for discharging fire-arms, by means of percussion.

To John Lionel Hood, of the town and county of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, and Andrew Smith, of Princes-street, Leicester-square, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for their invention of an improved mode of manufacturing belts, bands, and straps, to be employed in place of ropes or chains, and for other useful purposes.

To William Hurton, of Field Hall, near Uxeter, in the county of Stafford, Gentleman, for his invention of an improved method of, and apparatus for, extracting milk from cows and other animals.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM APRIL 26, TO MAY 20, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

April 26.—T. EDMONDS, Fleet-street, victualler. T. COMLEY, Romsey Infra, Hampshire. T. ADAMS, Parwich, Derbyshire, cheesemonger. S. CEARNS, Liverpool, grocer. W. WILSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, scrivener. S. HIBBERT and G. HIBBERT, Draycott, Derbyshire, cotton-doublers. N. ORAM, Leicester, grocer.

April 29.—W. PORTER, East-lane, Walworth, grocer. G. F. FINCH, Devonshire-place, Newington, coach-proprietor. G. WALKER and W. H. WALKER, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, iron-founders. W. DURANT, Hartley, Kent, dealer and chapman. R. JONES, jun, Carnarvon, draper. J. LYTCHOK, Liverpool, grocer. R. TODD, Bath, livery-stable keeper. G. PERKINS, Northwinton, Yorkshire, silk-spinner. D. D. ORLDICK, Bristol, wine-merchant. J. BUSH and N. G. PRIDEAUX, Bristol, scriveners.

May 3.—W. HALTON, Charles street, Westminster, tailor. W. B. HAZELL, Lower Thames-street, fishmonger. W. HAYWARD, Red Lion-street, Holborn, poulterer. C. DARBY, Crispin-street, Spitalfields, dealer in potatoes. S. BROWN, Tealby, Lincolnshire, grocer. T. PICKEN, Madeley, Shropshire, mercer. J. GUARDNER, Redditch, Worcester-shire, needle and fish-hook manufacturer. J. W. WHITTAKER, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, flax-spinner.

May 6.—J. WHITEHEAD, Park-street, Southwark, dyer. J. AHRENFIELD, Liverpool, merchant. W. R. LILLY, Birmingham, coal-merchant. R. JONES, Bangor, Carnarvon, printer. H. H. EYS, Bath, pastry-cook and confectioner. T. HOGG, Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, corn-merchant.

May 10.—C. BERRY, Birmingham, stationer. J. BERRY, Birmingham, glass-manufacturer. G. SHUFFLEBOTHAM, Macclesfield, Cheshire, coach-builder. G. STRUTTON, Chester, hotel-keeper. T. MARSDEN, Salford, Lancashire, machine-maker. R. FURNESS, Preston, Lancashire, slater.

May 13.—W. E. BRIDEN, Great Cornmarket-street, Brunswick-square, surgeon. J. L. MORTIMER, St. Thomas the Apostle, near Exeter, linen-draper. S. SNOWLER, Lichfield-street, Newport-market, brass-founder. G. LANE, Bath, wine-merchant. W. M. CLAPP, Exeter, ironmonger. J. FRITCHARD, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, victualler.

May 17.—C. J. DELVALLS, Peckham-grove, Camberwell, bill-broker. T. DODD, jun, Finchingsfield, Essex, plumber. J. P. BIRLEY, Luton, Bedfordshire, plumber. W. H. ALEXANDER and C. B. RICHARDS, Upper Clifton-street, Finsbury, hardwaremen. J. HAYES, Little Bartholomew-close, bullder. T. W. WILLOWS, Fleet-street, fishmonger. G. COLLINS and E. DORSET, Newgate-market, butchers. J. GOWN, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, hotel-keeper. J. LLOYD, Liverpool, joiner. J. SIMPSON, Manchester, publican.

May 20.—W. BATTEN, Rodney-buildings, New Kent-road, carpenter. T. DOBSON, Barge-yard, Bucklesbury, Scotch and Manchester agent. W. CRAVEN, Horsforth, Yorkshire, paper-manufacturer. R. JAMES, Chalkside, Cumberland, bone dust manufacturer. B. WATERHOUSE, Glossop, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. W. HAWKINS, Nottingham, timber-merchant. J. BURWELL and H. CROOKS, Huddersfield, cloth merchants.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

Little alteration has taken place during the past month in the condition of our great staple manufactures; the increased price of cotton piece goods has tended in some degree to check the demand for the American Market, but the manufacture and export of Yarn goes on with unabated activity. The season of the year, aided by the stimulus of fashion, furnishes full employment for the silk-weavers, and slackens the demand for woollen goods for home consumption. The manufacture of coarse woollens for exportation goes on with unremitting vigour.

In Colonial produce the Market has lately been rather dull; the long continuance of easterly winds has prevented the arrival of all but a very small quantity of West India Sugar, and this encourages the holders to stand firmly for former quotations; while the expectation of large arrivals shortly after the wind shall have taken a favourable turn, equally induces the grocers and refiners to limit their purchases to that which will suffice to meet their immediate wants.

The quantity of British Plantation Sugar lately on hand was 6500 hhds. and tr., being less by 7500 than at the corresponding date of last year: a like comparison of the stock of Mauritius Sugar shows in the quantity of 3,700 bags, a diminution to the extent of 48,200 bags. The last average price of West India Muscovades, officially inserted in the Gazette, was 2*l.* 8*½**d.* per cwt., being an advance of 10*s.* 3*½**d.* per cwt. upon the average of the corresponding period of the year 1833.

In Refined Sugar, although the stock on hand is small, the Market is dull; the purchases for shipping have been of small extent, and the same reason which operates with the grocers as to raw sugars, prevents their buying largely of refined.

The Market for British Plantation Coffee is heavy, and with a recent depression of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. A small parcel of Jamaica, recently put up for public sale, was knocked down at the following prices:—Low middling, 84*s.* to 88*s.*; middling 91*s.* to 92*s.*; good to fine ordinary, 84*s.* to 88*s.* 6*d.*, but it was chiefly bought in, and therefore furnishes no good criterion of the value. In other descriptions of Coffee the only real demand is for shipping qualities of

Mocha, and these command increased prices.

The Cotton Market has given way slightly of late, and the importers have been obliged to yield to a reduction of $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* to $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per lb. In London the arrivals have been large, and the transitions lately of very inconsiderable amount. In Liverpool there has been more activity, the sales of the week ending the 24th ult. amounted to 14,610 bales, and at little depreciation in the proceeds.

A good deal of business is doing in East India Indigo, both for shipping and on speculation, which has had the effect of advancing the prices, in some instances, 3*d.* per lb. on last sales' prices, and induces the holders to look forward to a further improvement.

There is a considerable demand for Rum of all kinds, and but little of it now left in first hands; prices are consequently maintained, but transactions are limited. A Government contract is announced for 75,000 gallons, at proof; but as it is not to be delivered until the beginning of July, there will be ample time for arrivals.

A large public sale of Free Trade Teas has just concluded: the quantity submitted was not less than 45,000 packages, nearly the whole of which was purchased either at or after the sale. Fine Congous at a reduction of $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* to 2*d.* per lb. on former sales. Common Congous at an advance of 1*d.* Twankays at an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* to 1*d.* Boheas at former rates.

The English Money Market has been generally steady throughout the past month, but with some complaints of scarcity towards its close, it being generally believed that the state of the exchanges, together with the eager disposition to embark in all sorts of speculations, had determined the Bank of England to narrow their issues for the purpose of correcting the evil. From whatever cause, it is certain that speculation has recently received an useful check, and that money is less abundant may be inferred from the reduced premium on Exchequer Bills, which at the commencement of the month was 19*s.* to 21*s.*, and is now 12*s.* to 14*s.*, while India Bonds, which were at 5*s.* to 7*s.* premium have fallen to par. In Consols during this time the fluctuation has not amounted to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the present quota-

tion does not differ from that at the close of last month by more than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

There would have been little to observe with respect to the Foreign Funds, had not a sudden and large depreciation taken place in Spanish Securities lately, in consequence of the unexpected retirement from office of M. Mendizabal; an event resulting from the successful intrigues of Isturitz and Cordova; the latter of whom had not, by his conduct at the head of the Army, acquired the confidence of the late Prime Minister. The intelligence of this event reduced the price of Active Stock no less than 6 per cent.; and although in the course of the fitful agitation which has succeeded the first blow it has occasionally recovered to the extent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 per cent., the prospect for the account on the 31st May is a gloomy one. In the early part of the month, Portuguese Bonds had gradually advanced between 2 and 3 per cent.; the fall in Spanish has brought them back nearly to the former quotations.

The greater difficulty of obtaining money has had the effect of tempering the excitement which prevailed on the subject of Railway projects, and has materially reduced the Market value of several of them; and besides this general cause of depreciation, those which have yet to obtain the sanction of Acts of Parliament, are further affected unfavourably by the diminished chance of their succeeding in that object during the present Session. The chief reductions have been in Stephenson's Brighton, which, since the end of last month, have fallen 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share, in London and Birmingham, which are 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lower, and in London and Southampton, which are 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lower.

An extraordinary advance occurred about the middle of the month in Imperial Brazilian Mining Shares, from the quotation of 19 to 21; they sud-

denly rose to that of 39 to 40, in consequence of intelligence being received of some very rich veins having been cut; they have since relapsed to the price of 32 to 34.

The closing prices of the principal Government Securities and Joint-Stock Shares on the 26th, are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 210 11—Three per cent. Reduced, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ —Three per cent. Consols, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ —Three and a Half per cent. New, 100 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —India Stock, 258 9—India Bonds, 1 dis. par—Exchequer Bills, 12 14—Consols for Account, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$.

SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 32 4—Canada, 38 9—United Mexican, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Rhymney Iron, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Anti-Dry-rot Company, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Colonial Bank, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Westminster Bank, 24 5—National Bank of Ireland, 16 17.

RAILWAYS.

Commercial Blackwall, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Great Western, 45 7—Leeds and Manchester, 21 3—London and Brighton (Stephenson's), 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto (Rennie's), 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ 3—Ditto (Cundy's), 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ —London and Birmingham, 133 5—London and Greenwich, 27 8—London and Southampton, 25 6—North Midland, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ —South Eastern, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7—Chilian, 6 per cent. 45 7—Colombian, 6 per cent. 30 1—Danish, 3 per cent. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Dutch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 56 $\frac{3}{4}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 101 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent. 33 4—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto, 1834, 6 per cent. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ —Russian Metallic New Loan, 5 per cent. 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 39 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto, Deferred, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, Passive, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

April 26.—Lord Lyndhurst presented a petition from the proprietors of the "Times," "Morning Herald," "Standard," and "Morning Post" newspapers, complaining of injustice in certain parts of the proposed alterations in the stamp duties.

April 27.—The order of the day having been read for going into Committee on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, Lord Fitzgerald, in a speech of considerable length, entered into an extended view of the history

of Corporations in that country, and of the measure proposed by his Majesty's Ministers to meet the evils of the present system. His Lordship argued the danger in the existing state of society in Ireland, of intrusting a 5*l*. constituency with the power proposed to be vested in them by the Bill, and concluded by moving the following Resolution ;—"That it be an instruction to the Committee to make provision for the abolition of Corporations in Ireland ; and make such arrangements as may be necessary for securing the efficient and impartial administration of justice, and the peace and good government of cities and towns in Ireland."—Lord Abinger supported the instruction, maintaining that, however just it might be to suppress one nuisance, he did not see the necessity of raising another in its stead.—Lord Holland expressed astonishment that Lord Lyndhurst had not proposed the Resolution, and attributed it to indisposition to destroy in Ireland what he had defended in England.—Lord Lyndhurst said that he was ready to defend his opinions ; he had requested Lord Fitzgerald to move it to avoid repetition of argument.—Lord Melbourne opposed the instruction, after which a division took place, the numbers being—for the instruction 203, including 70 proxies ; and against it 119, including 47 proxies ; majority for the instruction 84.

April 28.—The Lord Chancellor, pursuant to notice, presented two Bills ; one regarding the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery, and the other respecting the appellate jurisdiction of that House. The object being to separate the functions of the Lord Chancellor. The first Bill provides for the appointment of a Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of Chancery ; and the second limits the duties of the Lord Chancellor to administer its appellate jurisdiction by constantly presiding in the House of Lords or in the Privy Council,—the sitting for appeals not to be always suspended by the prorogation of Parliament,—the equity jurisdiction of the Exchequer to be abolished. After some discussion both Bills were read a first time, some Noble Lords stating that they should reserve their objections until the Committee.

April 29.—The Earl of Haddington called the attention of the Government to certain inaccuracies in the amended returns which had been ordered relative to the constabulary force in Ireland.

May 2.—Lord Duncannon having moved the order of the day for going into Committee on his Constabulary Bill, the Earl of Roden, at some length, expressed his belief that the Bill was highly dangerous in its tendency.—The Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Haddington, and other Noble Lords, deprecated the extraordinary powers about to be conferred absolutely on the Lord-Lieutenant, and the House then went into Committee.—The various clauses were considered in detail.

May 6.—On the motion of Lord Duncannon the report on the Irish Constabulary Bill was brought up.—The Duke of Richmond objected to the clause which obliged a constable or sub-constable to swear that he did not belong to a secret society, because it would operate against the society of Freemasons.—The Earl of Radnor, the Duke of Leinster, and the Earl of Harrowby opposed the clause.—The Marquess of Londonderry thought there should be no exception in favour of Freemasons.—The Duke of Leinster moved, as an amendment, that Freemasons be excepted.—Their Lordships then divided, when there appeared—for the original clause, 44 ; against it, 41 ; majority against the amendment, 3.—All the other clauses, as amended, were then agreed to.

May 9.—Their Lordships went into Committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill. Clause 1 was passed without amendment. On clause 2, which regarded property, reservation of freemen's rights, &c.—Lord Lyndhurst proposed an amendment which was carried by a majority of 54 against Ministers.—Lord Lyndhurst then inquired if he should proceed with the amendments.—The Marquess of Lansdowne thought that it would be better to move the clauses of the original Bill, to propose the amendments,

and then to have the Bill as amended before them, so that they might precisely know what it was wished to substitute instead of the Bill then before their Lordships.—The clauses down to 21 inclusive, were then passed, as amended by Lord Lyndhurst, or rejected altogether.—On the proposal by his Lordship to reject clause 22—The Duke of Richmond and the Marquess of Lansdowne objected to its entire rejection; and wished that the Corporations of the larger cities and towns, such as Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Belfast, Kilkenny, &c., should be retained.—The Duke of Wellington defended the proposition to reject the clause.—After some discussion the Committee divided. There were for the clause, 45; for its rejection, 98; majority against the clause, 53. The remainder of the Bill was then gone through, it being understood that all the other amendments of Lord Lyndhurst were adopted.

May 10.—The Irish Constabulary Bill, with an amendment proposed by Lord Ellenborough, was read a third time and passed. Their Lordships then went into Committee on the Pluralities Bill. A division took place on an amendment to the 4th clause, to the effect that no individual should hold two livings, of which the united value was above 1000*l.* per annum. The numbers were—for the original clause, 29; for the amendment, 7.

May 13.—The Duke of Leinster presented a petition from the mayor and citizens of Dublin, in favour of poor laws for Ireland. The Noble Duke, although he did not go the full length with the petitioners, still thought that some system should be introduced to relieve the destitute poor of that country.

May 16.—The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the re-commitment of the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, but without considering that the Government had anything to do with the measure.—Lord Lyndhurst moved several amendments, and gave notice that he should propose that Belfast and Londonderry have a Recorder each.—The Duke of Richmond gave notice that he should move that the Recorders be not allowed to sit in Parliament.—The Report was ordered to be received, the Marquis of Lansdowne at the same time stating that he should move the third reading of the Bill, exclusively with the view of affording the Commons an opportunity of knowing what had been done with the Bill.

May 17.—The Earl of Winchelsea presented a petition from Francis Leigh, Esq. as to the cancelling his appointment of Sheriff of Wexford, which gave rise to an extended conversation.—The Earl of Mulgrave took part in it, and declared (in answer to the charge of exercising patronage to favour the Catholic party) that in appointments to, and promotions in the constabulary for Armagh, more Protestants than Catholics had been named or advanced; that regarding Assistant Barristers, he had looked alone to competency; and that out of six appointments, four were of Protestants, two of Catholics; that he rejected Orangemen because they belonged to a secret and exclusive political society; but that, on a Noble Earl declaring himself to be no longer a member of Orango Lodges, he had sanctioned his appointment to the Lord-Lieutenancy of a county.—The Report of the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill was presented and agreed to.

May 18.—The motion for the third reading of the Irish Municipal Bill gave rise to an extended discussion, in which many Noble Lords took part.—The Duke of Richmond proposed to retain seven large towns in the possession of their privileges.—This was resisted by Lord Lyndhurst, as inconsistent with the amendments which had been made in the measure.—It ultimately led to a division, the numbers being—For the Duke of Richmond's amendment, 82; against it, 141. Majority 59.—The Bill was then read a third time and passed; and the House immediately adjourned.

• May 19.—In answer to a question from Viscount Strangford, Lord Glenelg said that it was not intended by the Government to propose any alteration in the timber duties; and as to the measurement of deals, the subject was under the consideration of Government, and he might add that there was no treaty

with Foreign Powers that would fetter the consideration of the question when brought forward.

May 20.—The Marquis of Lansdowne brought up the Third Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; after which, on the motion of the Noble Marquis, their Lordships adjourned till May 30.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

April 25.—Lord Morpeth brought forward his resolutions on the subject of the Church of Ireland, founded on the consideration of the King's Speech. The Bill would in some respects follow the precedent of the former Bills, by creating a rent-charge, payable by the first inheritor. He did not intend to ask for any grant on account of the arrears of tithes, or for any return of the million grant. His Lordship then proceeded to the detail of his plan. He stated the revenues of the Church, after the necessary deductions, to be 459,550*l.* a-year. There were not less than 1250 benefices reduced for different causes under the proposed Bill, the general cause being superfluity, proved in one way or another. But the Privy Council was to be empowered by the new Bill to create new benefices, as occasion might require, and to extend the unions of parishes. The following was the scale of salary to be allowed to the incumbents in the different specified cases:—For 670 benefices containing a Protestant population, varying from 50 to 500, a salary of 200*l.* For 209 benefices, with a Protestant population, varying from 500 to 1000, a salary of 300*l.* 188 benefices, with a Protestant population of from 1000 to 3000, a salary of 400*l.* 54 benefices, with a population of 3000 and upwards of Protestants, an income of 500*l.* to each benefice. Besides the income which was proposed to be allowed to future incumbents, the Committee of the Privy Council would be empowered to assign to each clergyman a certain portion of glebe land, of not more than thirty statute acres. Taking the amount of the revenues of the parochial clergy at 361,938*l.* that would leave a surplus of 97,612*l.* It was intended that, after they should have satisfied all ecclesiastical burdens, the remaining surplus should be paid into the Consolidated Fund, upon which there should be a fixed charge of 50,000*l.* a-year for the purposes of supplying moral and religious education to the people of Ireland. He concluded with moving his resolutions, expressed in general terms.—Sir R. Peel observed that he should not oppose the motion, the language being general; he should reserve his opposition until the proposition for the alienation of the Church property came specifically before them.—The motion was eventually agreed to.

April 26.—Mr. Rippon brought forward his motion for the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, as prejudicial to the cause of religion.—Mr. Gillon seconded the motion.—Lord J. Russell opposed the motion, declining, however, to enter into the discussion, as it could lead to no practical results. The House had shown throughout a manifest reluctance to entertain this question.—The House divided on the motion. There were—for it, 53; against it, 180; majority against it, 127.

April 27.—The Marquess of Chandos proceeded, according to notice, to move a resolution that the agricultural interest should share equally with all other classes in any remission of taxation that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might be enabled to propose. The Noble Marquess stated that in the last five years, though 8,000,000*l.* of taxes had been taken off, only 500,000*l.* of that amount affected the agriculturists.—Mr. W. Duncombe seconded the motion.—Lord J. Russell contended that it was a narrow view of the question to suppose that the agriculturists did not share with the rest of the community in any general relief from taxation. After alluding to the malt tax, which the House had refused to repeal, the Noble Lord proceeded to observe that the new Poor Law Act had produced a saving of 49 per cent. in the agricultural districts. It was by such measures that real relief

would be afforded. The arrangement of the tithe question was another, which, if adopted, would effect much good; and the management of the county rate upon better principles would also be found to operate most favourably.—Sir R. Peel advised that the motion should be withdrawn, in order not to excite expectations, which the amount of available surplus, when ascertained, might disappoint.—After a long discussion, a division took place, when there appeared—for the motion, 172; against it, 208; majority, 36.

April 28.—Mr. Buckingham obtained leave to bring in a Bill to repeal so much of the Copyright Act as enjoins the gratuitous delivery of every published work to eleven of the public institutions, colleges, and libraries of the kingdom.

April 29.—After the presentation of several petitions, the House, on the motion of the Attorney-General, went into Committee on the Registration of Voters Bill, and several clauses were agreed to.

May 2.—The House went into Committee on the Bill for the Commutation of Tithes in England, and several clauses were agreed to.—The Dublin Police Bill passed through Committee.

May 3.—Mr. Grantley Berkeley brought forward his motion that the recommendation of the Select Committee appointed last session, with respect to the admission of ladies into a portion of the Strangers' Gallery, be adopted. After a short discussion, the House divided—Ayes, 142; Noes, 90; but it was understood that during the exclusion of strangers the motion was altered, so as to apply to the future House of Parliament.—Sir W. Molesworth brought forward his motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in appointing Lieut.-Col. Lord Brudenell to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 11th Light Dragoons.—Lord Howick opposed the motion, maintaining that it was an undue interference with the prerogative of the Crown and the administration regarding the army.—After an animated debate, Mr. Elliot said that the system of governing the army was bad, that the army suffered from it, and that benefit would be rendered by any one who would promote a revision of the system; at the same time, with respect to the motion, he recommended that it should be withdrawn.—Mr. O'Connell also joined in the request that the motion should be withdrawn. He thought that Lord Brudenell had been harshly treated—that he had, in reality, been convicted without trial.—Sir W. Molesworth consented to withdraw his motion, but a division being called for, the House divided. The numbers were—Ayes, 12; Noes, 322.

May 4.—The second reading of the Poor Rate Bill called forth some opposition and a division; but the Ayes were 41, Noes 13, and the Bill was ordered to be considered in Committee on Friday. On the second reading of the Public Walks Bill, an amendment was proposed that it be read a second time this day six months. On that motion the House was "counted out," there being only 38 members present.

May 6.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed his regret, in making his annual financial statement to the House, that the present circumstances of the country did not allow him to comply with the prayer of the numerous petitions which had been presented, calling for a reduction of taxation. He should, however, endeavour to take that course which appeared to him calculated to give general satisfaction. The total amount of the receipts for the past year had exceeded his calculations by the sum of 830,000*l.* The total receipts of the present year he contemplated at 46,980,000*l.*, and the expenditure at 45,205,807*l.*, leaving a surplus of 1,774,193*l.*, which surplus, however, would be so far reduced by the payment of interest on the sum advanced by Government to the West India claimants, as to leave no more than an available surplus of 662,330*l.* The first head of taxation intended to be reduced was the duty on paper, which was to be equalized and fixed at half its present amount, or three-halfpence per

pound, which would reduce the revenue by the sum of 125,000*l.*; the duty on stained paper to be wholly repealed. The reduction of the postage on foreign letters would also reduce that branch of the revenue 20,000*l.*, the alteration in the duties on probates 20,000*l.*, and the repeal of the South Sea duties 10,000*l.* The reduction of the duty on newspapers, from 4*d.* on the stamp, with a discount of twenty per cent. to 1*d.* minus the discount, to take place from the 5th of July, would cause a present loss of 150,000*l.* The Irish papers were also to pay a penny duty, but a reduction would, in their regard, be made in the advertisement-duty. A reduction in the duties on insurance of farm-buildings would cause a loss of 20,000*l.* The additional duty of 50 per cent. on spirit licenses he also proposed to give up entirely. He was also anxious to reduce the duty on marine insurances, but was not yet in possession of sufficient information to enable him to state the amount. Such was the substance of the Right Honourable Gentleman's statement as to the extent to which his measures of relief from taxation are to go. His propositions led to a discussion of some length. The resolutions were ultimately agreed to.

May 9.—Mr. P. Thomson moved the second reading of the Factories Bill.—Lord Ashley opposed the measure, and moved, as an amendment, that it be read a second time that day six months.—After a very long discussion the House divided, when there appeared—for the second reading, 178 : for the amendment, 176 ; majority in favour of the Bill, 2.

May 10.—Lord J. Russell said, that orders had been given to prepare an estimate of the expense at which the accommodation could be provided in the House for ladies.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved for a copy of the surveys of church lands preserved in the library of manuscripts at Lambeth Palace.—Lord J. Russell objected to the motion.—After considerable discussion the House divided on it. The numbers were, Ayes, 40 ; Noes, 99.

May 12.—Mr. Clay moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the Act of 7 Geo. IV., on the subject of joint-stock banks, and whether any alteration might seem necessary.—After some discussion Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, that the payment by joint-stock banks of their own notes in those of the Bank of England should form part of the subject to be inquired into by the Committee. The House eventually divided ; for the motion, 98 : for the amendment, 12.

May 13.—The Dublin Police Bill was read a third time and passed. On the motion of Lord J. Russell the House went into Committee on the Tithes Commutation Bill, and several clauses were agreed to.

May 16.—Mr. Maxwell brought up the Report of the Committee on the City of Dublin Election, declaring Messrs. West and Hamilton duly elected instead of Mr. O'Connell and the late Mr. Ruthven.—Mr. Roebuck brought forward his promised motion for a committee to inquire into the state of the executive and legislative councils in Canada.—Sir G. Grey opposed the motion, as unwise and inexpedient, pending the inquiries now going on by virtue of the Royal Commission.—After a long discussion the motion was withdrawn.—The Bishopric of Durham Bill having been read a third time and passed, the House went into Committee on the Ecclesiastical Leases Bill, and the Report was brought up.

May 17.—Messrs. Hamilton and West took the oaths and their seats for the city of Dublin.—Mr. Serj. Jackson presented a petition from Nelemen and Gentlemen, lay-owners of tithes in Ireland, praying to be heard by Counsel against the Bill now before the House.—Mr. Wallace moved an Address to his Majesty, for the appointment of a Commission to proceed to the county of Carlow, and there to make inquiry into the facts and circumstances set forth in the petitions of Mr. Vigors and others. The motion led to a long debate, and was opposed by Lord J. Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the ground that the Commission could not effect all the

objects contemplated by it: at the same time they expressed readiness to consider any practical proposition to ascertain facts and afford remedies.

May 18.—Sir Andrew Agnew moved the second reading of the Lord's Day Bill, upon which Mr. Ward moved as an amendment that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. On a division the numbers were—for the amendment, 75: against it, 43; majority, 32.—The House then went into committee on the Tithe Commutation Bill. On section 76 being read, Mr. T. Duncombe moved, "That from and after the passing of this Act, all tithes of fish or of fishing, or of personal tithes, shall cease and determine."—Lord John Russell admitted that there was great hardship in the collection of these tithes, and he should be very glad to see them abolished; but he did not think it ought to be done without inquiry and consideration. The Committee divided—for the amendment, 50: against it, 96: majority, 46.—Lord John Russell mentioned that it was his intention to have the Bill re-committed after the holidays: after which the House resumed, and the Bill was reported.—The Irish Constabulary Force Bill was agreed to, after a struggle made by Lord Cole and Mr. Shaw, to have the members of the Friendly Brothers' Society excepted from the operation of that clause of the Bill which prevented members of secret societies entering the constabulary force.

May 19.—Messengers from the Lords brought back the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, with the amendments agreed to by their Lordships.—Lord J. Russell (in answer to Mr. O'Brien's inquiry) moved that the Lords' amendments be printed, in order that the House might see the nature and bearings of the amendments previously to being required to decide upon them. He said it would be affectation not to declare that the alterations had changed the character of the Bill—that the present Bill destroyed, annihilated the Corporations in Ireland; and that, though he was ready to concede fair compromise, he must declare that nothing could lead him to be a participator in any measure that deprived Ireland of municipal governments.—Sir G. Sinclair said that the House of Lords had done itself infinite honour, and been pre-eminently useful, by the amendments it had made, and the blunders in legislation that it had corrected—that it was confided in, and was the hope of the country, and that it would never lend itself to pass such a Bill as this was before its amendment, or the Irish Church spoliation bill.—After a long and animated discussion, it was agreed that the Lords' amendments should be printed, and taken into consideration on the 3rd of June.

May 20.—Mr. Tooke moved the second reading of the Gravesend Pier Bill. After some discussion the House divided, when there appeared for the Bill, 14; against it, 93. Majority against the Bill, 79. The Hungerford Market Bill was read a third time and passed. The House at its rising adjourned to the 30th.

THE COLONIES.

EAST INDIES.

By an official return, published at Bombay, it appears that the commerce of that place had considerably increased during the last few years. The export trade since 1813 had nearly doubled. In 1815 it amounted to 201,65,633 rupees; in 1826, to 297,02,487; and, in 1835, to 364,73,456 rupees. The exportation of cotton to China, in 1815, was 36,22,680: in 1826, 65,05,448 rupees, and, in 1835, 57,47,448 rupees; to England, in 1815, it amounted to 96,205 rupees, in 1829, to 35,79,837, and, in 1835, to 68,18,519 rupees. The exportation of opium to China, in 1826, was 48,57,788; and, in 1835, 325,29,528 rupees; to England, it amounted, in 1826, to 48,397, and, in 1835, to 84,178 rupees.

JAMAICA.

Accounts from Jamaica state that the Baptists of Jamaica had presented an address to the Governor, Lord Sligo, on his reported departure from the island, at which they expressed their regret, and in doing so took occasion to declare their independence of the Established Church.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Hobart Town papers state that the inhabitants of that colony were to have a meeting on the 25th of December, to petition his Majesty to remove Colonel Arthur from the government of the colony. Colonel Arthur, as our readers are aware, is already recalled, and Sir John Franklin has been appointed in his stead. The prosecution of Mr. Bryan, who was sentenced to death, and the subsequent imprisonment of Mr. Melville, the editor of one of the papers, for his comments on that trial, as having been guilty of contempt of court, seem to be among the prominent immediate causes of the hostility evinced towards Colonel Arthur.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Papers from Sydney mention that abundant rains had fallen, and quite renovated the country, which had been suffering from drought. The price of wheat had consequently fallen to 10s. the bushel.

FOREIGN STATES.

SPAIN.

An important victory has been gained by the troops commanded by General Evans, over the Carlists. The battle took place on the 5th of May, when about 6000 men, among whom were 1500 Spaniards, moved out of St. Sebastian to attack the entrenched positions of the Carlists. The positions appeared to be impregnable, but were successfully stormed one after another in a very gallant manner. The Carlists fought desperately but were compelled to retreat, and were pursued by General Evans. The total number killed, wounded, and missing of the troops of the Queen is 823. Two pieces of artillery and a stand of colours were taken. The steam-vessels under the command of Lord John Hay rendered very efficient service, by opening a fire of shells upon the enemy's works, and destroying the angle of a redoubt, by which two regiments of the British legion were enabled to effect an entrance. The accounts speak in the highest terms of the intrepid conduct of Colonel Evans, who advanced at the head of his men, and waved them on with his hat in his hand, exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. The Carlist forces were under the command of Segastibelza, who was slain in the conflict—a loss second only to that of Zumalacarreguy.

There has been more severe fighting in the north of Spain. On the 25th of April, Eguia, with 14 battalions, attacked Gen. Espeleta, who had only eight battalions up, near Balnaceda, and after two days' contest, the Carlists were repulsed with great loss. Espeleta was wounded in the arm. Cordova left Vitoria on the 7th with 12,000 men, and joined Espeleta at Liso.

PORTUGAL.

The change in the Ministry which had been for some time anticipated has taken place. The new ministry is composed as follows:—President of the Council and Minister of War, the Duke of Terceira; Minister of Finance, Silva Carvalho; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Villa Real; Minister of the Interior, A. I. Freire; Minister of Justice, A. D'Aguiar; Minister of Marine, G. De Miranda.

The Duke of Palmella is to be forthwith sent to England for the purpose of arranging a new commercial treaty with this country on more equitable terms than that proposed by the discarded government.

This event appears to have given much satisfaction in Lisbon; and such was the instant recovery of confidence among the Portuguese capitalists, that, on the appointment of M. Silva Carvalho, the exhausted treasury was replenished by 170,000*l.* placed by them at his disposal.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

MR. WIFFEN.

THERE are circumstances in the life of this pleasing and elegant poet and amiable man which call for a peculiar notice, independent of the general themes of praise which his literary character exhibits, in common with brother-votaries of the Muses. Mr. Wiffen was a member of the Society of Friends, born of a very respectable family in the middle class. He was designed for the scholastic profession, and for some years actively engaged in it; but the literary capabilities which his hours of leisure developed were not long in bursting through all obstacles of accidental circumstances. His first poetical effusions were contributed to a volume under the title of "Poems by three Friends." These were succeeded by, perhaps, his happiest and most spirited effort—a series of stanzas, in allusion to the portraits at Woburn Abbey, in the first topographical publication of a juvenile friend, which were afterwards reprinted, with the title of "The Russells." A subsequent perusal of Clarendon induced him to take a more favourable view of the character of Charles I.; and mature experience prompted him, on a republication, whilst retaining the irrefragable praise of Lord William Russell, to soften some general rather anti-regal expressions. Mr. Wiffen was, in his confirmed character, a liberal and candid Whig; a Reformer, but an attached friend of all our valuable and sterling established institutions.

In 1819 appeared his "Aonian Hours;" the "lily banks" of a neighbouring wood, which was often haunted by beauty and talent, had for him the inspiring excitement of the groves of Cœnone or Egeria.

"Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ."

In pleasing reflections of literary survey and retrospect, ardent social feelings, refined lone-thoughts, and the influence of "universal Pan," under a purer appellation, this volume has few superiors. A translation of the prince of Spanish poets, Garcilasso (surnamed De la Vega, from a military exploit in the Vega, a plain of Grenada), was his next work, completed in 1822. He has smoothly rendered his elaborate pastorals, and beautifully given his sonnets and miscellaneous pieces, particularly the ode to the "Flower of Guine." This volume was elegantly printed, with a portrait of the author, and several wood-vignettes. The biography of the poet is only inferior to his "Life of Tasso;" and there is much in the book to excite the best and most pleasant feelings.

His miscellaneous Poems, at various periods, would fill two or three volumes: some of these were published in the Annuals, "Time's Telescope," &c. &c. Among these are translations from Catullus, Propertius, and other Latin authors.

But these, and all his other works, including a poem on the pathetic fortunes of the devoted classical daughter, Julia Alpinula, were only subsidiary or introductory to his "Magnum Opus;" for, in the spirit of the Roman sophist, he had "dared and effected a great work, which should be for ever his own:"—his "Tasso." By this he will live. It was the work of six or seven years; and the greater part of the hours devoted to the first half of the translation were stolen from sleep, and spent by the midnight-oil.

Soon after the appearance of his "Aonian Hours," the attention of the Duke of Bedford, a steady and well-informed patron of talent and the arts, was excited towards this accomplished native of his own domain, and he made him a liberal offer of becoming his private secretary and librarian. Mr. Wiffen's bark was now anchored in a delightful and princely harbour, secure from all the storms of life. That cruel annoyance of literature, the "*res angusta domi*," was banished, even in imagination; and he was free

to expand his talents, unchecked by the drawback so forcibly described by some Roman poet—

“ Nil habet paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit.”

The congeniality of a free indulgence in a rich and constantly increasing library, with the household presence of splendid collections of statuary, painting, and *virtu*, to his tasteful mind, need not be enlarged upon. The duke's allowance was liberal; and, on his marriage, he furnished him with a pleasant house and grounds contiguous to his park. Here the poet enjoyed full content; and speaks with sincere pleasure of

“ His peaceful home—his garden, where the bee
Hums of *Hymettus*.”

The duke's patronage—which was accompanied by a high degree of confidence, not unattended by esteem, on the part of Lord John Russell, who appreciated Mr. Wiffen's talents—may be said to have been truly Augustan; and it is earnestly to be wished that it may not be forgotten as an example to others—

“ Sint Mecenates, non deerunt, Flaccæ, Maronæ.”

After resting on his oars for a short time, he commenced his “History of the Russell Family.” On this, as well as his “Tasso,” he bestowed the application of several years: and the same result was produced, viz a fulness, a richness of polish, and a mass of recondite illustrations. He personally searched the most curious records of Normandy; and has succeeded in establishing for this family a high and ancient origin,—having traced them to heathen princes three hundred years previous to the conquering Rollo; thence accompanied them in their distinguished stations in Neustria, and related their exploits in the crusades; and subsequently brought them with William to “merry England.” Their history, up to the present time, is enriched with many curious documents, not only of immediate interest to one connected with the family, but having a very extensive bearing upon the general history of England.

The distinguishing feature of Mr. Wiffen's mind was suavity; and it is his highest praise that this will always be the leading circumstance of recollection amongst his friends. How happily different from the reminiscences of the churl, the cold, and the cruel! The object which rises most prominently on the ocean of memory, if not, as it is here, the most valuable, is always the most distinguishing characteristic of that which sleeps under its waters—for a time, but not for ever.

Though not precisely holding the office of almoner, he was always ready to point out cases of merit in distress to the answering hand of the Duke of Bedford. His counsel was always diligently given when he thought it might serve; and he took much interest in furthering the career of younger and more inexperienced authors. His friendship and kindness of heart always shone pre-eminently in his epistolary correspondence.

Those who regret his early and easy death, will find a lasting satisfaction in reflecting that the tenor of his latter years was gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and content—that “the lot was cast unto him in a pleasant place, and he had a goodly heritage.”—(*Abridged from the Literary Gazette.*)

DR. VALPY.

The well-known master of Reading school, died at the age of eighty-two. He was a native of Jersey, educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and took his D.D. degree in 1792. Dr. Valpy was the author of many classical, religious, poetical, and miscellaneous works, from the year 1772 till within a comparatively late period. Few men have been more respected throughout a long and an eminently useful life. Dr. Valpy was a very early member of the Literary Fund Society, and, except Alderman Birch, the senior member of the council.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married — Lady Elizabeth Toler, eldest daughter of Lord Norbury, to the Hon Lawrence Parsons, son of Lord Rosse.

At St George's, Hanover-square, Captain Codrington, Coldstream Guards, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, to Mary, second daughter of Levi Ames, Esq., of the Hyde, Hertfordshire.

At St Mary's, Marylebone, Captain Daniell, of the Coldstream Guards, to Caroline Harriet, daughter of the late Luke Crohan, Esq.

At St James's, Westminster, Edward James Dyson, Esq., to Laura Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Langton, Esq., of Farnham Lodge, Bucks.

At Bury St. Edmund's, Joseph Burrell, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Benjamin Girelle, Esq., of Bury.

At Christ Church, Marylebone, Captain Sir Richard King, Bart., to Marianna, only daughter of James Barnett, Esq., of Dorset-square.

At Frankfurt on the-Maine, Henry George Kuper, Esq., Attaché to his Majesty's Legation, to Mary, widow of the late Stephen Cumberland, Esq.

At Kensington, J. H. Whiteway, Esq., to Frederica Gombert, daughter of the late Capt William Wilkinson, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

Died. — Aged 77, the Rev. J. Robertson, Vicar of Great Bentley and Brightlingsea, in the county of Essex.

At Pencarrow, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Sir Arthur O. Molesworth, Bart., aged 24 years, and sister of Sir Wm Molesworth, Bart., M.P. for East Cornwall.

At Park-crescent, Worthing, Anna Maria, widow of the late General William Stopleton, in the 77th year of her age.

At the East India College, Herts., in the 65th year of his age, David Shea, Esq.

At Fairfield, near Manchester, in the 79th year of his age, the Rev. Christian Ignatius Latrobe.

At Ham Common, the Hon Francis, relict of Admiral Sir John Sutton, K.C.B.

At his house in Upper Grosvenor street, General Milner, late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards.

In Bryanstone-square, Maria, daughter of the late Sir James and Lady Catherine Graham.

At Crawley's Hotel, Albemarle-street, Lord Viscount Lake, in the 64th year of his age.

At Worthing, Charles Beckford Long, Esq.

At Hombourg en Mont, Frankfort-sur-Mein, Arthur George Lambert, the youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Dance, K.H.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

THE official statements which have been published relative to the assets and liabilities of the Bank of England, and also the quarterly return of the circulation of the private and joint-stock banks throughout the country have given much satisfaction to the monied and mercantile interests in the city. It appears from these documents that the directors of the Bank of England, as well as the managers of the country banking establishments, have not in any way given encouragement to the many projects which are afloat for the formation of railway and other companies. The increase in the last quarter in the circulation of country banks, which does not exceed 313,000*l.*, is considered to be no more than sufficient to meet the wants of the mercantile interests in conducting the trade and commerce of the country, the active state of which fully bore out the representations upon this

subject, made in Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Reports which have been prevalent, of a great extension of the circulation of the country banks have therefore been completely negatived by the documents referred to. The augmentation in the issues of country notes has been confined almost wholly to the joint-stock banks.

The estimate for the re-construction of the interior of Newgate, with separate cells, agreeably to the plans submitted to the inspectors of prisons, is 70,000*l.* The average number of prisoners committed to Newgate for the last five years has been 2978; the least was in 1834; the greatest number in 1832.

DEVON.

A Roman family sepulchral vault, seven feet square, arched over, and containing five coarse strongly-baked cinerary urns, arranged in niches round its

interior, has been discovered behind the Three Tuns Inn, Fore-street. These the workmen ignorantly broke, supposing them to contain hidden treasure, but the urns yielded simply bones and ashes; a skull was found at some distance from the urns.—*Exeter Paper*.

HAMPSHIRE.

Important to Shipowners.—The following resolution was agreed to at a meeting of the town council of the borough of Portsmouth:—"Resolved, that such cargoes as may be landed at the port from ships which put in from damage at sea, and which shall subsequently be reshipped, shall be free of wharfage and all other dues."

KENT.

Interesting Discovery.—Recently, by the accidental stroke of a spade, in digging away the soil for the purpose of repairing the foundation of part of the old buildings at Allington Castle, (formerly one of Sir Thomas Wyatt's mansions,) was discovered a thin iron chest of considerable size, greatly corroded, and containing a mixture of earth and matter produced by decayed paper and parchment. In carefully handling and examining the present contents, one small fragment of parchment alone was found to be in anything like a whole condition. After a patient and skilful process of damping and pressing it was found possible to decipher a part of what had been written on it, and this title has been plainly made out:—"The Chronicle of Giles Howstede, Bror. of the Holy Gior. hnd. of Sct. Radgunde at Langton, concerning Kent land."

Wreck of the Camelion.—Another attempt is about to be made to raise the hull of this ill-fated vessel by Mr. Kemp, who, having obtained a patent for the invention of his buoying principle, has received permission from government to make an experiment on the Camelion; and in the event of its proving successful, the wreck, as it may be raised, will become the reward of the enterprise. Mr. Kemp's apparatus consists of a number of empty puncheons, each open at one end, and having a bar of iron across, by which, after being sunk, they are attached to a chain previously passed round

the wreck by the divers, who next employ themselves in successively applying to each cask the elastic tube through which they are filled by the air pump, and the water consequently expelled. The puncheons thus charged with air acquire a perpendicular position, and are so buoyant as to render certain the raising of any weight proportionate to the number of them employed. The operation of filling the puncheons with air will be comparatively easy in this instance, as, from the favourable circumstance of the wreck lying in less than thirteen fathoms water, little more than two atmospheres will be required, and scarcely any doubts are entertained of the attempt proving successful.—*Dover Telegraph*, h.

LINCOLN.

The newly discovered Roman city gateway, disclosed by digging near the castle, has fallen, and become a mass of rubbish. The workpeople endeavoured to prop it upright, but the damp caused by being so many centuries buried had disunited every joint, and the superincumbent pressure forced its fall. An iron head of an arrow, bent and blunt, no doubt by having been shot against the wall, was picked up, also several Roman coins.

SUSSEX.

Lord George Lennox stated in the House of Commons that the different railroad speculations from London to Brighton had already spent 50,000*l.* in their contentions with each other, and that twenty-two learned gentlemen of the law held briefs and retainers on the subject.

IRELAND.

The most deplorable accounts have been received from all parts of the north-west coast of Ireland, especially Sligo and Donegal, of the dreadful state of distress, the absolutely starving condition of the peasantry. The very backward state of the season, and the extreme severity of the weather for months past, have greatly aggravated the misery of the poor people, and accelerated the commencement of the periodical famine this year.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SIRENS AND MERMAIDS OF THE POETS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"LEAVING *Ææa* on their homeward voyage," says Mr. Keightley, in his excellent *Mythology*, "Odysseus (*Ulysses*) and his companions came first to the island of the Sirens. These were two maidens, who sat in a mead close to the sea, and with their melodious voices so charmed those who were sailing by, that they forgot home, and every thing relating to it, and abode there till their bones lay whitening on the strand. By the directions of Circe, Odysseus stopped the ears of his companions with wax, and had himself tied to the mast; and thus he was the only person who heard the song of the Sirens, and escaped.

"Hesiod* describes the mead of the Sirens as blooming with flowers (*ἀνθεμόεσσα*), and says that their voice stilled the winds. Their names were said to be *Aglaïophémè* (*Clear-voice*), and *Thelxiepeia* (*Magispeech*). It was feigned that they threw themselves into the sea with vexation at the escape of Odysseus; but the author of the *Orphic Argonautics* places them on a rock near the shore of *Ætna*, and makes the song of Orpheus end their enchantment, and cause them to fling themselves into the sea.

"It was afterwards fabled† that they were the daughters of the river-god *Achelous*, by one of the Muses. Some said that they sprang from the blood which ran from him when his horn was torn off by *Hercules*. *Sophocles* calls them the daughters of *Phorceys*.

"Contrary to the usual process, the mischievous part of the character of the Sirens was, in process of time, left out, and they were regarded as purely musical beings, with entrancing voices. Hence *Plato*, in his '*Republic*,' places one of them on each side of the eight celestial spheres, where their voices form what is called the music of the spheres; and when the *Lacedæmonians* invaded *Attica*, *Dionysius*, it is said, appeared in a dream to their general, ordering him to pay all funeral honours to the new Siren, which was at once understood to be *Sophocles*, then just dead‡.

"Eventually, however, the artists laid hold on the Sirens, and furnished them with the feathers, feet, wings, and tails of birds§."

According to this statement of our best English mythologist, the Sirens were but two. It is not a little surprising, however, that so careful a writer has omitted to notice the various accounts of their number, and the prevailing opinion of its having been three. "*Fulgentius* and *Servius* affirm," says *Boccaccio*, "that the Sirens were

* *Frag.* xxvii.

† *Apollod.*, i. 3.

‡ *Pausan.*, i. 21.

§ *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy.* By Thomas Keightley. P. 246.

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three,—one of them singing with the voice alone, another to the lyre, and a third playing on the flute. Leontius, however," he continues, "says there were four, and that the fourth sang to the timbrel." And a little further on, our Italian brings them up to five*; and this is the number (as we shall see) which is assigned them by Spenser.

Mr. Keightley, who has a just reverence for the oldest Greek authorities, and as proper a suspicion of Latin sources of fable, will stick to his Hesiod, and not care what is said by the later poets. His caution becomes a teacher; but as mythologies may, with others, be reasonably looked upon as of a more large and inclusive character, even to the admission of modern inventions, provided they be the work of great poets, the popular number of three may ordinarily be allowed to the Sirens; and when we come to Spenser, I, for one, must take the freedom of believing in five. Any true poet, not only after his death, like Sophocles, but before, is himself a Siren, who makes me believe what he pleases while he is about it.

The Sirens, then, are more particularly taken for three sisters, monstrous in figure, but charming in face and voice, who used to stand upon a place near the coast of Naples, and, with alluring songs, enticed wayfarers to their destruction. Some say the victims perished for want of food, pining and dying away, unable to do anything but listen; others, that the three sisters devoured them; others, that they tumbled them out of their ships. The whole place was strewn with bones, and shone afar off with the whiteness, like cliffs; and yet neither this, nor their monstrous figure, visible on nearer approach, hindered the infatuated men from doating on their faces and sweet sounds; till, getting closer and closer, they glided headlong into the snare.

Ulysses had a permission, of which he availed himself, to hear their song; but it cost him a desperate struggle. He ordered himself to be chained, and then to be unchained; but the sailors would only stand by the better orders, and put more chains upon him. So, the vessel shooting away, the sounds gradually died off, and he was saved. Upon this, the Sirens threw themselves into the sea, and perished. The only man (according to some) who had passed them before was Orpheus, who, raising a hymn to the Gods, in counterpart to their profaner warble, sailed along with his Argonauts, harping and triumphant. To one who has read the life of Alfieri, it is impossible not to be reminded of him by this story of Ulysses; how he had himself bound down in his chair, to avoid going to see his mistress; and how he struggled and raved to no purpose; imitating Orpheus at intervals, by going on with his verses. The reader will have seen, however, that the destruction of the Sirens has been attributed to Orpheus; so that, according to the writer of those Argonautics, the story of Ulysses is a fiction, even in the regions of fiction!

The song of the Sirens in Homer is not worthy of the great poet, being, indeed, rather the promise of one, than the song itself. It is true, the subject is adapted to the hearer; and we must not forget that this adaptation of themselves to the person who was to be tempted was

* *Della Genealogia degli Dei*, p. 123. (A translation of his Latin work. I quote from both these books in the present article, not having the latter by me when I wrote the above passage.)

one among the artifices of the Sirens, and none of their least seductive. But they say little or nothing to the hero, in point of fact. The temptation must have lain in the promise and the sound. William Browne, a disciple of Spenser, and not unworthy of him, has given a song of the Sirens in his "Inner Temple Masque," which a modern Ulysses would at least reckon more tempting to his sailors :—

" Steer, hither steer your winged pines,
All heafen mariners ;
Here lie love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers ;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phoenix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips ;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.
[These two last lines are repeated, as chorus, from a grove.]

" For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests ;
For stars gaze on our eyes.
The compass love shall hourly sing ;
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

CHORUS. Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more."

The shape of the Sirens has been variously represented. Some say (and this, we believe, is held to be the most orthodox description *) that they were entire birds, with the exception of a beautiful human face. Others, that they were half birds and half women, the female being the upper part †. Others, that they were half women and half fish—that is to say, mermaids ‡; and this figure has again been varied by wings, and the feet of a hen §. If they were only human-faced birds, they must have confined their attractions to singing ; for hands are required to play the musical instruments which are sometimes given them. But there were three of them, which is more than enough for harmony ; and if, in addition to their harmony, they had beautiful faces, it is no matter how monstrously they terminated : the more monstrous the charmer, the more ghastly and complete the fiction.

These appalling seducers, according to some, were originally sea-nymphs of the proper shape, till Ceres punished them for not assisting her daughter when carried away by Pluto ; though Ovid says, that they took this adventure so much to heart, as to beg the Gods to bestow wings on them, that they might search for her by sea as well as by land. It is added by others, that Juno (jealous, we suppose, after the usual fashion

* Lemprière, *Art. Sirenes*.

† Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 13.

‡ Vossius and Pontanus. (See Todd's Spenser, vol. iv. p. 196, and Sandys's Ovid, p. 101.)

§ Boccaccio, *Geneal. Deor.*, p. 56. Browne has taken his Sirens "as they are described by Hyginus and Servius, with their upper parts like women to the navel, and the rest like a hen."

of that very uncomfortable and sublime busy-body) encouraged them to challenge the Muses to a trial of song; upon which, being conquered, their kinswoman plucked them, and made crowns of their feathers. This is said to have taken place in Crete. If so, they must have migrated; for they are generally supposed to have inhabited certain islands off the coast of Naples, thence called Sirenusæ, where an oracle informed them that, unless they could entice and destroy every one who passed within hearing, they should perish themselves. When their fatal hour came, they are reported by some to have been changed into rocks, a fit ending for the hardness of sensuality.

Various names have been given to the Sirens, expressive of their attractions. The most received are, Leucosia, Parthenope, and Ligeia; or

“The Fair, the Tuneful, and the Maiden-faced.”

(It is impossible, on such an occasion, to resist giving the aspect of a verse, to words naturally tempting us to fall into one*.) Ligeia, however, may perhaps be rather translated the *shrill* and *high-sounding*; expressive of the triumphant nature of the female voice,—which rises above all others, in a very peculiar and consummate manner, as any one may have noticed in a theatre. Parthenope had a famous tomb at Naples, and gave her appellation to the old city. The mention of these two names in Milton is not introduced with the poet’s usual learning; otherwise, he would have designated the bearers by the meanings of them. He has given Ligeia the comb of a mermaid; the spirit in “Comus” is adorning the nymph Sabrina:—

“By Thetis’ tinsel-slipper’d feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope’s dear tomb,
And fair Ligeia’s golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks.”

We do not quarrel with him, however, for turning Ligeia to a mermaid. A great poet, being one of the creating gods of his art, has a right to mould his creatures as he pleases, provided he does it with verisimilitude; but we shall speak more of this in a minute, when we come to see what Spenser has done. “*Sleeking her soft alluring locks*” is a very beautiful line; you see, and, indeed hear the passage of the comb through those moist tresses.

Allegorically, the Sirens are sensual pleasures, who, though deriving their charms from one of the Muses, are conquered by a combination of all. *Topographically*, (for they have been accounted for, also in that manner,) they are said to have alluded to “a certain bay, contracted within winding straights and broken cliffs; which, by the singing of the winds, and beating of the billows, report,” (says Archimædus, as quoted by Sandys,) “a delightful harmony, alluring those who sail by to approach; when forthwith they are thrown against the rocks by the waves, and swallowed in the violent eddies†.” *Humorily*, they are

* “Country gentlemen,” however, must not think that these names have been translated in the order of the Greek; for it is “Parthenope” which is “maiden-faced,” and not Ligeia. But it would have had a horrible gaping sound, and most unsiren-like, to let the terminating vowel of either of the two other names come before an *and*—Leucosia, Ligeia, and Parthenope.

† See the Notes to the Fifth Book of his Ovid, fol. edit., p. 101.

thought to have been a set of enticing women, living on the coast of Naples, (where divers of the like sort, as Sandys would have said, may to this day be found,) and alluring strangers to stop among them, by the pleasures and accomplishments with which they were surrounded. But we are told of them, also, *zoologically*; for some have taken them for certain Indian birds, who set mariners to sleep with their singing and then devour them; while "some, as Gaza and Trapezuntius," (quoth our old friend,) "affirme, that they have seene such creatures in the sea; either the divells assuming such shap, to countenance the fable, or framed in the fantasie by remote resemblances, as we give imaginary formes unto clouds, and call those monsters of the deepe by the names of land-creatures, which imperfectly carry their similitude."

It is easy to see how Sirens, living near the sea, came to be considered mermaids. A modern Latin poet, quoted by Sandys, (Pontanus,) adopted this notion, and has a fable of his own upon it. He says that the Sirens were certain Neapolitan young ladies, who, not content with being handsome and accomplished, took to wearing paint and false hair, and went with their necks bare to the waist—for which Minerva one day, as they were coming out of her temple, suddenly turned their pretty ankles into fish tails, and sent them rolling into the sea. The poet writes this history in an epistle to his wife, as a warning to all pretty church-goers how they paint and expose themselves.

The writer of the piscatory Italian drama, entitled *Alceo*, (Act IV. sc. 1,) gives the same figure to the Sirens, but differs from most in his account of their cruelty. He says, that after stopping mariners in their course, they went to the vessel, instead of drawing it ashore, and threw the wretches into the sea.

The moderns in general have certainly regarded the Siren as a mermaid. Milton chose to be of that opinion, as we may gather from the passage above quoted. Chaucer, in his translation of the "*Romance of the Rose*," has inserted some lines, expressly to inform us that what was called a mermaid in England the French called a Siren.

"These birdes that I you devise,
They sung their song as fair and well
As angels don esprituell:
And trusteth me, when I them herd
Full lustily and well I ferd;
For never yet such melody
Was heard of men that mighte die.
Such sweet song was them among,
That me thought it no birdes song,
But it was wonder like to be
Song of mermaidens of the sea,
That for their singing is so clear;
Though we mermaidens clepe them here
In English, as is our usance,
Men clepe them sereins in Fraunce.

But if a poet required express authority in this matter, it is furnished him by the great modern mythologist, Spenser; who, though he had all the learning of the ancient world, vindicated his right to look at the world of poetry with his own eyes, and to recreate its forms, like a Demurgos, whenever it suited his purposes to do so. He knew that no man better understood the soul of fiction, and therefore, that it was not only allowable, but sometimes proper, for him to embody it as he found

convenient. There is something, we confess, to our apprehensions, more ghastly and subtle in the ancient notion of a bird with a woman's head ; but Spenser, in the passage where he introduces his Sirens, precedes and follows it with an account of things dreadful, and is for placing nothing but a calm voluptuousness in the middle. After all, we are not sure that there would not have been a subtler link with his birds "unfortunate," had he made his charmers partake of their nature ; but, however, mermaids he has painted them, and mermaids they are for all poets to come, unless a greater shall arise to say otherwise :—

"And now they nigh approached to the sted
Whereat those mermayds dwelt. It was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That 'twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre fulfill :
There those five sisters had continuell trade,
And used to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

"They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery ;
Of whom they overcomen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry :
But th' upper halfe their hue retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;
Which ever after they abus'd to ill,
To allure weeke travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

"So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde ;
'O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O turne thy ruder hetherward awhile :
Here may thy storm-beat vessell safely ryde ;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The world's sweet inn, from payne and wearisome termoyle."

"With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered ;
And on the rocke, the waves, breaking aloft,
A solemn meane into them measured ;
The whiter sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled
His tible, a straunge kind of harmony ;
Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,
That he the boteman bade row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody."

Book II. c. 12.

"It is plain," says Jortin, in a note on this passage, "that Spenser designed here to describe the mermaids as sirens. He has done so contrary to mythology ; for the sirens were not part women and part fishes, as Spenser and other moderns have imagined, but part women and part birds." Upon which Upton remarks, "By the sirens are imagined sensual pleasures : hence Spenser makes their number five. But should you ask, why did not Spenser follow rather the ancient poets and mythologists, than the moderns, in making them mermaids, my answer is, Spenser has a mythology of his own ; nor would belie his brethren

the romance writers, where merely authority is to be put against authority."

We have thus three out of our four great poets, who are for taking sirens as mermaids; and the fourth is not wanting. Shakspeare's "Mermaid on a dolphin's back," is part of an allegory on England and Queen Elizabeth, and is the most poetical bit of politics on record; but it shows that he entertained the same mixed notion of the mermaid and siren.

"Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

A siren then, in the modern sense of the word, may be regarded as a mermaid who sings. Metaphorically, a siren is any female who charms by singing; and this is the most ancient acceptation of the term, as Plato has shown, by calling the providers over the spheres of heaven sirens.

•
"Then listen I,"

says the Genius in Milton's "Arcades,"

"To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres."

The word, by the way, should be spelt with an *i*, the Greek word not being syren but *seiren*; which, according to Bochart, comes from the Phœnician *seir*, a singer. In this etymology, we are carried back to the probable origin of these and a great many other marvels, which may have commenced with the primæval navigators, who had the world fresh before them, and fanciful eyes to see with. If the fair inhabitants of the south of Italy resembled in those days what they are now (and climate and other local circumstances render it probable), a crew of Phœnician adventurers had only to touch at the coast of Naples to bring away the story at once. In the south, where there is more luxury than fishing, the songs of their mistresses might suggest that of birds, and the sirens be gifted with plumage. Had they gone to the northern seas, where there was more fishing than luxury, the siren would have been the mermaid; and it is possible, that from the romances of the north, the modern idea descended into the poetry of Italy and of Spenser.

"The havfrue (half-woman) or mermaid," says Mr. Keightley, whom we meet in all the pleasant places of fiction), "is represented in the popular tradition (of Scandinavia) sometimes as a good, at other times as an evil and treacherous being. She is beautiful in her appearance. Fishermen sometimes see her in the bright summer's sun, *when a maid hangs over the sea*, sitting on the surface of the water, and combing her long golden hair with a golden comb, or driving up her snow-white cattle to feed on the straits and small islands. At other times she comes as a *beautiful maid, chilled and shivering with the gold of the night*, to the fires the fishers have kindled, hoping by this means to entice them to her love. Her appearance prognosticates both storm and ill-success in their fishing. People that are drowned, and whose bodies are not found, are believed to have been taken into the

dwelling of the mermaids. These beings are also supposed to have the power of foretelling future events. A mermaid, we are told, prophesied the birth of Christian IV. of Denmark; and

‘ En Harfrue op af Vandet steg,
Og spaade Herr Sinklar ilde.’
Sinclair’s ‘Visa.’

“ A mermaid from the water rose,
And spaed Sir Sinclair ill.” *

These visions have naturally taken a still more palpable shape with some dwellers near the sea, and craft has endeavoured to profit by them in the exhibition of their actual bodies. The author of an agreeable abstract of zoology, published some years back, tells us of a King of Portugal, and a Grand Master of the Order of St. James, who “ had a suit at law to determine which class of animals these monsters belong to, either man or fish. This,” he adds, “ is a sort of inductive proof that such animals had been then seen and closely examined; unless we suppose that, as in the case of the child said to have been born with a golden tooth, the discussion took place before the fact was ascertained.” †

We ought to know, on these occasions, whether the mermaid is caught fresh, or only shown after death like a mummy; an exhibition of the latter kind took place some years since in London, and was soon detected; but so many deceptions of the sort have been practised, that naturalists seem to think it no longer worth their while to talk about them. A piece of one animal is joined to another, and the two are dried together. Linnæus exposed an imposition of this kind during his travels on the continent, and is said to have been obliged to leave the town for it.

The writer just quoted proceeds to inform us, that “ in the year 1560, on the western coasts of the island of Ceylon, some fishermen are said to have brought up, at one draught of a net, seven mermen and maids, of which several *Jesuits*, and among them F. H. Henriquez, and Dmas Bosquey, physician to the viceroy of Goa, are *reported* to have been witnesses; and it is added,” he says, “ that the physician who examined them, and made dissections of them with a great deal of care, asserted, that all the parts, both internal and external, were found perfectly conformable to those of men.”

“ Several *Jesuits*,” we fear, will be regarded as no better authority than the “ five justices” of Autolycus:—

“ *Aut.* Here’s another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday, the *four score* of April, forty thousand fathom *above* water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and is true.

Dorcas. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices’ hands at it! and witnesses, more than my neck will hold.”

Winter’s Tale, Act IV. sc. 3.

A later edition (if I mistake not, for I had but a glance of it) of the

* Fairy Mythology, Vol. I. p. 241.

† “ A Description of more than Three Hundred Animals, &c., with an Appendix on Allegorical and Fabulous Animals,” 1826; p. 363.

same work, goes almost so far as to intimate its belief in a mermaid's having been seen by a lady off the coast of Scotland, in company with three other spectators. The names are mentioned, and letters and details given. That the persons in question thought they beheld such a creature, is to be conceded, supposing the documents to be genuine; nor would it become any reasonable sceptic, especially in a time like the present, to say what is or is not probable on the part of creation. But it is to be feared that in this, as in the demands of a less intellectual appetite, your fish must be "caught" before it is swallowed. Extraordinary particulars were given, in this instance, of the human aspect of the vision, of its tossing its hair back from its brow, and its being much annoyed by a bird which was hovering over it, and which it warned off repeatedly with its hands. The most ingenious conjecture I ever heard advanced respecting the ordinary mistakes about mermaids was, that somebody may have actually seen a mermaid, comb and all, dancing in the water, but that it was a figure of wood, struck off from some shipwrecked vessel.

I am travelling out of the world, however, when I get into these realms of prose and matter of fact. I will conclude this paper with the two most striking descriptions of the mermaid I ever met with;—one indeed purporting to be that of a true one, but evidently of the wildest oriental manufacture; the other, in the pages of a young living poet, worthy of the name in its most poetical sense.

D'Herbelot, in his article on the *Yagiouge and Magiougé* (Gog and Magog), tells us of a certain Salan, who was sent by Vathek, ninth Caliph of the race of the Abassides, to explore the famous Caspian Gates, and who being invited by the lord of the country to go and fish with him, saw an enormous fish taken, in the inside of which was another still alive, and of a very remarkable description. It had the figure of a naked girl as far as the waist, and wore, down to its *knees*, a sort of drawers (*caleçon*) made of a skin like a man's. It kept its hands over its face, tore its hair, heaved great sighs, and remained alive but a short time.*

This circumstance of the creature's keeping its hands over its face, is really a fine instance of the ghastly and the pathetic. She seems to have had something too human in her countenance to wish to be looked at by a similar face. How she contrived to tear her hair, without letting her face be seen, we are not told. As knees are mentioned, we are to suppose that the fish commenced just below them, possibly with a double tail. There is no predicating how such extraordinary young ladies will terminate.

Mr. Tennyson's mermaid is in better keeping; as strange and fantastic as need be, but all with the proper fantastic truth: just as such a creature might "live, move, and have its being," if such creatures existed. His verse is as strong, buoyant, and wilful as the mermaid herself amid the billows around her; and nothing can be happier, or in better or more mysterious sea-taste, than the conglomeration of the wet and the dry, the "forked, and horned, and soft" phenomena at the conclusion. Mark too the luxurious and wilful repetition of the words, "for the love of me," and of the rhyme on that word.

THE MERMAID.

Who would be
 A mermaid fair,
 Singing alone,
 Combing her hair
 Under the sea,
 In a golden curl,
 With a comb of pearl,
 On a throne?

*I would be a mermaid fair ;
 I would sing to myself the whole of the day ;
 With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair ;
 And still as I combed I would sing and say,
 "Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"*
 I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
 Low adown, low adown,
 From under my starry sea-bud crown,
 Low adown and around :
 And I should look like a fountain of gold
 Springing alone
 With a shrill inner sound,
 Over the throne
 In the midst of the hall ;
 Till that great sea-snake under the sea,
 From his coiled sleeps, in the central deeps,
 Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
 Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
 With his large calm eyes for the love of me ;
 And all the mermen under the sea
 Would feel their immortality
 Die in their hearts for the love of me.
 But at night I would wander away, away :
 I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
 And lightly vault from the throne, and play
 With the mermen in and out of the rocks ;
 We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
 On the broad seawolds, in the crimson shells,
 Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
 But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
 And adown the steep like a wave I would leap,
 From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells ;
 For I would not be kist by all who would list,
 Of the bold merry mermen under the sea ;
 They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
 In the purple twilights under the sea ;
 But the king of them all would carry me,
 Woo me, and win me, and marry me.
 In the branching jaspers under the sea ;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
 Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
 And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
 Would lean out from the hollow sphefe of the sea,
*All looking down for the love of me.**

DELICATE ATTENTIONS.

"Why, Gingerly!" exclaimed Tom Dampier, as he entered the public drawing-room at Mrs. Bustle's Boarding-House, at Brighton; "Why, Gingerly! this is one of the finest days of the season, all the world is out enjoying it, yet here are you, at three o'clock, sitting alone, on the self-same chair, in the self-same attitude, and looking through the self-same pane of glass, as at eleven this morning when I left you. What ails you?"

Gingerly made no reply; but breathed on one of the panes of glass, drew the letter B on it with his forefinger, and heaved a sigh.

"You are the oddest fellow in the universe," continued Dampier. "We have been here nearly a month, yet, since about the third day after our arrival, you have hardly stirred out of the house."

"It is a very nice house," said Gingerly; and he heaved a heavier sigh than before.

"It was at my recommendation you came to it," said Dampier; "but, though I am not insensible to the merits of the inside of it, its outside also has many charms for me. Again I ask, what ails you?"

"Dampier!" said Gingerly.

"Well"

"Dampier!" repeated Gingerly, with a sigh.

"You said that before."

"Dampier—were you ever in love?"

"I was never out of it till I had turned five-and-forty; but being, at this present talking, within two months of fifty, and a bachelor moreover, I should think myself a fool were I in such a scrape now. You, who are by five years my senior, of course are not."

Gingerly made no reply; but, sighing profoundly, took his handkerchief from his pocket and smeared out the large, flourishing B which he had just before drawn. There was a pause of a minute.

"Dampier—may I trust you with a secret?"

"Yes,—so it be not a love-confidence."

"In that case, my dear friend, I shall have nothing to thank you for."

"Seriously now, my dear Gingerly, do you mean to say you are in love?"

"Gingerly expended another sigh, again turned towards his favourite pane, and re-instated his big, bouncing B:

"O, Dampier!" at length he exclaimed, "if you had a heart you would feel for me."

"I should if I saw you hanging, or drowning, or suffering under any reasonable trouble; but to feel for an old bachelor of fifty-five in love, and for the first time in his life, too!—Ridiculous! But, come; I suppose I must listen to you, so tell me all about it."

"And who so proper as you for the confidence, when you are to blame for the accident."

"I!" exclaimed Dampier, with unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, you," answered Gingerly; "because but for your recommendation I never should have set foot in Mrs. Bustle's boarding-house."

"So, then, it is some one in this house who has smitten your susceptible old heart?" said Damper, with a laugh. And he continued: "I think I can name the tender fair one."

"To be sure you can," replied Gingerly.

"It is old Widow Swillswallow, who eats and drinks from morning till night, and is heard by all in the house, snoring from night till morning."

"Faugh!" exclaimed Gingerly with a shudder of disgust.

"Or old Miss Fubsworth, who was born on the day of the coronation of George the Third?"

"Absurd!" exclaimed Gingerly.

"Then it must be old Widow Waddilove; for she is the only other lady-lodger here."

"Preposterous!" cried Gingerly, somewhat angrily. "Old *this*, and old *that*! Is there nobody else you can think of?"

"There is but one other," replied Damper; "in which case I am sorry for you. You have not the slightest chance in that quarter; for Mrs. Bustle is engaged to be married to Captain O'Popper."

"*Mistress* Bustle! Pooh! Can't you think of *one* more?"

"There is not one more, except, indeed, her daughter, Betsy."

"Well?" said Gingerly.

"Well?" echoed Damper. "You can't be thinking of her."

"And why not? She is very pretty."

"True," replied Damper; "but you forget that she is also very young."

"No," said Gingerly; "that's the very thing I am thinking about. She is eighteen: a delicious age! Surely, now, you don't pretend that a girl of eighteen is too young for me?"

"Not a day," replied Damper, somewhat drily; "but I, who am your junior, should think myself too old for a girl of eighteen."

"I don't care for that, my good friend. I am my own master, have an unencumbered nine hundred a-year, am not troubled with a relation in the world—and—and—in short, I'm resolved to marry Betsy Bustle." Saying which, he flourished half a dozen B's with an air of unconquerable determination.

Damper gave him a twirl round and stared him full in the face.

"Gingerly," said he; "if your head were not as bald of hair as an apple, I should advise you to go this moment and get it shaved, for you are mad—stark, staring mad. Fifty-five and eighteen! If you *do* marry Miss Bustle, my fine fellow, look out for squalls."

"Of course," replied Gingerly, with a look of extreme simplicity; "I must expect that our children will squall just the same as other people's."

"You misunderstand me; I say, if you do marry Betsy Bustle, remember that there is already a lover in the case."

"Damper, don't say so," cried Gingerly.

"There is," continued the consoling friend; "there is, or I am much mistaken. A favoured lover, too: favoured by the daughter, by the mother, and, which is of no little importance, by Captain O'Popper also—the Captain, as you know, being as much master here as if he and Mrs. Bustle were already united."

Gingerly turned pale, and big drops rolled from his brow. For some time he was unable to speak. At length, with faltering voice, he inquired of Damper what grounds he had for his belief.

"Chiefly this," replied the latter: "I have frequently heard her speak to her mother about a certain George; and from the tone in which she always utters the name——"

"Then I am the happiest man alive!" joyfully exclaimed Gingerly. "My name is George."

"But," said the imperturbable friend, "she sometimes speaks of him as '*young* George.'"

"And what then? I never told her my age; and she is not obliged to know that I am fifty, or so. I tell you what, Damper; that I am the object of her tender thoughts I am now certain—that is to say, *almost* certain. Now I would have proof of it, and *that* you must obtain for me."

"I have already told you I will have nothing to do with a love confidence," coolly replied Damper.

"But you must, my dear Damper; for this once you must—unless you wish to see your poor friend throw himself from the head of the chain-pier souse into the sea."

As Gingerly uttered these words with something like earnestness, his friend, unwilling to be accessory to such a catastrophe, consented, after some further entreaty, to undertake the task:—not without thinking to himself that should Gingerly actually marry the girl, he would be the greatest fool in the universe—excepting only the girl herself for marrying him.

"Now," said Gingerly, "I must first of all confess to you that I am the most timid man alive.—I mean in love matters—and that is why I have never popped the question to mortal woman. Indeed, as to popping the question at all, it is a thing I could not do were I to live a thousand years. Pop! To a delicate-minded man the very word itself is a horrid word. I could as soon pop a pistol at a woman's head as the question at her heart. No: if I succeed, as I am sure I shall, in ensnaring the heart of my charming Betsy, it will be, not by any daring manœuvre, but by sly approaches, by little gallantries, by delicate attentions, such as the female heart only can appreciate, such as no female heart can resist."

"And when do you mean to begin?" said Damper.

"I shall astonish you, my dear fellow, I know I shall: I *have* begun. I have already made one step in advance, and I flatter myself you will give me some credit for the ingenuity of it. You know the new novel that every body is talking about—'*The Timid Lover*.' Well; the hero, Mortimer Saint-Aubyn de Mowbray Fitz-Eustaceville, is a character exactly resembling me—timid as I am—something younger, to be sure; but that does not signify—and the heroine is very much like Miss Bustle. Yesterday I bought the book—paid a guinea and-a-half for it, as I hope to be saved: and sent it anonymously to Betsy—*anonymously*—do you mark the delicate attention?"

"I do," replied Damper; "but, for the life of me, I can't discover the ingenuity of the proceeding."

"It consists in this—and that is the point you must assist me in. Nearly at the end of the first volume there is a situation of great inter-

est, where the timid lover first hints at his passion for the heroine. I put a piece of paper into the book to mark the place, and Miss Bustle *must* have noticed it. Now I want you to draw from her whether, in reading that passage—for I saw her reading it last night—she thought of me. If she did she is mine. That I call both delicate and ingenious.”

At this moment Miss Betsy entered the room, and, greatly to the satisfaction of Gingerly, with a volume of the “Timid Lover” in her hand. Gingerly having whispered to his friend that now was the time for the experiment, he cast a look of ludicrous tenderness at the young lady, stammered a few words which were utterly unintelligible, and went out for a walk; but with the intention of soon returning to learn the result of Damper’s inquiries.

“What a funny gentleman!” exclaimed Miss Bustle, as Gingerly made his retiring bow.

Funny! thought Damper; that is not a very promising epithet for the timid lover.

“His manners are much altered since he first came here,” continued Miss Bustle. “*Then* he was very talkative; *now* he scarcely ever utters a word. And he gives one such comical looks, too! Captain O’Popper said yesterday that one would think he is casting sheep’s eyes at somebody or other—though I don’t know what that means. But he is a nice old man, after all. I wonder, though, he does not wear a wig; his old bald head shines so one can almost see one’s face in it. I don’t think such a *very* bald head is pretty.”

It will not be expected that Damper was much encouraged by these observations to proceed on his friend’s behalf; but, having undertaken his cause, he resolved against abandoning it.”

“Miss Bustle,” said he, “you are mistaken concerning Mr. Gingerly upon one point: he is not old—not remarkably old.”

“Dear me!” exclaimed Miss Bustle; “how one may be deceived by appearances! He looks a great deal older than my poor, dear, dead-and-gone grandpapa, who was sixty-three when he died.”

“He is nothing like so old as that,” said Damper; “and then, Miss Bustle—and then, he is rich.” This last word did Damper emphasize in a way to produce an effect—and so it did.

“Rich!” responded Miss Bustle; “is he indeed? Lord! how I should like to have *him*—for a grand-papa. I dare say he is very kind to *his* grand-children.”

The learned advocate perceiving that he had taken nothing by his motion, fell back upon the point on which he had been chiefly instructed; and merely explaining, by the way, that as his friend was unmarried it was impossible he should have children, and that, therefore, grand-children were out of the question, he went at once to the subject of the book.

“Is that a new work you are reading, Miss Bustle?”

“Yes, Sir; it is the ‘Timid Lover,’ and is only just out.”

“You are fortunate in getting it so early from a circulating-library,” observed Damper, pretending ignorance of the fact.

“Anxious as I was to read it, I might have waited six weeks for it had I depended on the library, and after all, perhaps, have been obliged to read the third volume first. No, Sir, it is a present; and, although

it came anonymously, I know very well who sent it. What delicate attention! Oh!" And here the young lady placed her hand upon her heart, and sighed.

Bravo! thought Damper; this will do. "And pray, Miss," said he, "is there not in it one situation of peculiar interest? I mean that where the timid lover first hints at his passion for the heroine."

"It is charming," replied Miss Betsy; "it absolutely drew tears from me!"

"And did you think of no one—*no one*—whilst you were reading it?" inquired Damper.

"Indeed I did; and I'll tell you, in confidence, who it was. I thought all the way through of Mr. Gingerly."

Well, thought Damper; there is no accounting for the freaks of the heart! And that my old friend should make a conquest of one of the prettiest girls in Brighton!"

"The two characters are so alike! except," continued Miss Bustle, "that Mr. Gingerly is *rather* the elder of the two."

"Yes, yes; I admit that my friend is a little older than the hero, Mortimer Saint-Aubyn de Mowbray Fitz-Eustaceville is represented to be."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Betsy, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter; "think of him as the divine Fitz-Eustaceville! Shocking! No; what made me think of him was the nasty old rival, Lord Grumblethorpe, who comes in at the critical moment and prevents the declaration of love. But Fitz-Eustaceville is so like a certain person! But wasn't it a delicate attention, Mr. Damper, on the part of the *friend* who sent me the books? And, then, to put a slip of paper into that very place! Oh! it speaks volumes!"

At this moment Mr. Gingerly returned; and Miss Bustle being summoned by a servant to go to her mamma, he and Mr. Damper were left together.

"Well," eagerly cried the timid lover; "well, have you sounded her?"

"I have," was the reply.

"She has read the passage in question?"

"Every syllable of it."

"Did it produce any effect upon her?"

"Tremendous!"

"Did she cry? That's the great point. Did she cry?"

"A bucket-full!"

"You delight me, my dear Damper. Did she notice the bit of paper? Did she speak of me? Did she remark upon the delicate attention?"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," impatiently replied Damper. "And, now, pray don't tease me any more about it."

"But my dear, dear Damper; did she speak much about me? and what was it she said?"

"Why,—not much; but what she did say was quite conclusive."

"I told you so: I knew that by a little ingenious contrivance, by a few delicate attentions, I should make my way to her heart."

"Now, my good friend," said Damper, gravely, "prepare yourself for a ——" Damper's speech, the tendency of which would doubtless have been to undeceive his self-deluded friend, was cut short by the dinner bell; and, as they descended to the dining-room, Gingerly declared his

intention to spare neither pains nor expense to win (in his own delicate way) the affections of Miss Betsy Bustle. Damper sighed for the infatuation of poor Gingerly, and resolved, in his own mind, to save him from any aggravated disappointment, by repeating to him, at the earliest opportunity, and word for word, all that had passed in his conversation with the young lady.

When the friends entered the dining-room they found the places, all except two, occupied. These were near the head of the table, at which was seated Mrs. Bustle. Captain O'Popper did the honours at the bottom. At his left was the lovely Betsy, and next to her was a young man of about three-and-twenty. This gentleman wore a blue frock-coat of military cut, a buff waistcoat, and a military stock. He was dark; not ill-looking; had a profusion of black hair; huge whiskers; and mustachios of the fiercest:—such, indeed, as might well have excited the envy of one of Napoleon's Old Guard. He smelt strong of cigar, and was clerk to an attorney at Shoreham. This personage was no other than George—the George—Mr. George Hobnill.

Gingerly cast a longing look towards the end of the table where was seated his beloved, but there was not a place vacant within eight of her. Mr. Hobnill, who occupied the seat for which the former would have given one of his ears, and whom he now saw for the first time, he inwardly wished—a long way further off than Shoreham.

"Mr. Gingerly," cried Mrs. Bustle, "as I know you are a lady's man, I have reserved *that* seat for you. You are fortunate to-day in having a lady on each side of you." This she uttered in a tone of patronage: at the same time pointing to a vacant chair between Gingerly's prime horrors—Old Widow Swillswallow and Miss Fubsworth. Damper was placed next to Widow Waddilove.

"Come, Mr. G." mumbled Miss Fubsworth, "come between us ladies. We old folks are always best together."

The earth did not open and swallow Mr. Gingerly at a gulp, as he wished it might, for at the moment of the utterance of these words his eyes met those of Miss Bustle.

The dinner was provided with the usual boarding-house munificence. First, was served a huge white earthenware tureen, full to the brim of a thin, nankeen-coloured liquid, on the surface of which floated a few chips of toasted bread. Mrs. Bustle, as she distributed this in copious portions amongst the company, commended her cook for her culinary ability in general, but chiefly praised her for the excellence of her "gravy-soup!"

"The only good gravy-soup in all Brighton," exclaimed Captain O'Popper; "and I'm just waiting to hear who'll say the contrary." This proposition, uttered with an unquestionable brogue, was universally granted: at least, nobody *said* the contrary.

Then came three soles to be divided amongst fifteen bodies. This seemed to be a difficult operation; but Mrs. Bustle performed it with a degree of ingenuity which would have done honour to the mistress of any boarding-house in England. Two or three times, in the course of her occupation, she took occasion to say that this was "the poorest fish-day she had ever known in Brighton."

"The only three soles in the market—barring the other three we let go to the Pavilion," said the Captain.

Next appeared, at one end of the table, a roast leg of mutton; and, at the other, a dish containing some five or six mutton-chops—very broad and very thick, with long tails of fat and gristle depending from the narrow ends of them. These were interspersed with thick slices of raw onion, and were described by Mrs. Bustle as “Cutlets *ally* sauce *peekong*”—a dish for which her cook was “particularly famous!”

“*Peekong!*” responded the Captain. “You may well say *peekong*, Madam! and I don’t think there’s anybody here will contradict *that*!”

The dinner was completed by an enormous [looking] gooseberry-pie, which derived its name from the half-pint of gooseberries discovered at the bottom of the dish when, after some difficulty, a breach had been effected through the thick, hard crust over the top of it; together with twelve stringy radishes, one lettuce divided into quarters, and a small glass bowl-full of lumps of yellow-looking cheese, of mouse-trap size and Mac-adam substance.

“Shy fare again, to-day!” muttered a quiet little gentleman at table.

“Shy what, Sir!” exclaimed the Captain. “What’s shy, Sir? And, by the powers! is it ‘shy’ you are saying?”

“I—I only spoke, Captain,” mildly replied the gentleman.

“I’m satisfied, Sir,” said Captain O’Popper.

“I declare, Mr. Gingerly,” said Mrs. Bustle, “you have eaten no dinner: I really believe you are in love.”

Gingerly was preparing a languishing look for the especial service of Miss Betsy, when the effort was paralyzed by the Captain’s—

“Mr. Gingerly in love! Ha, ha, ha! At his time of life! Ha, ha, ha! Well!—better late than never, eh! my old Trojan? Ah! those sheep’s eyes of your own, Daddy Gingerly! I say, Miss Fubsworth!—Mrs. Swillswallow!—take care of your hearts, ladies. Or, come, Daddy; is it Mrs. Waddilove you may happen to be after?”

“Sir, I—a—I beg, Sir—a—I must desire—” said Gingerly, (assuming as dignified an air as his mingled confusion and vexation would allow)—“these liberties, Sir,—a—I—”

The Captain, a good-natured man at heart, perceiving that he had given pain, apologized—though with far better intention than tact.

“Mr. Gingerly, Sir; I’m sorry you have taken seriously what I meant only in joke.” [Mr. Gingerly bowed, and the Captain continued.]

“I was wrong, though, and I’m prepared to confess it.” [Here Mr. Gingerly bowed again.] “I had no right to take a freedom with a perfect gentleman like you, Sir,”—[Mr. Gingerly bowed almost down to the table.]—“who are old enough to be my grandfather;”—[Mr. Gingerly did *not* bow.]—“and I ask your pardon.”

Two maid-servants coming into the room with the dessert—one bringing a plate of apples, and the other a plate of biscuits!—diverted the attention of the company from the affair; and Mr. Gingerly availed himself of that opportunity to be seized with a fit of coughing, and to cover his face with his handkerchief. When he had recovered from this attack, he had the gratification of hearing the following portion of a conversation between Mr. Hobnill and Miss Bustle. As it was carried on in an under-tone he overheard no more of it than is here reported.

• “Now don’t deny it, George.”

“*Paw* my life, not the slightest ideor.”

“I’m certain * * * because * * * Fitz-Eustaceville * * * slip of paper

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*** if any one else *dared*, the consequences would *** Captain O'Popper *** style of the thing *** so like you, you creature!"

"If you won't believe me I can't help *** *Paw* my honour *** piece of *impawtinance* *** horsewhip *** really not the least ideor."

"Now, it's of no use, George *** sweetly prettv *** I knew you'd deny it *** if you were to swear it I wouldn't *** fully to deny *** you have a right, dear George, and of course *** been any one else *** insolent monster! *** delicate attention."

"*** will think so, why, aw, ***"

"Now that's quite sufficient to *** O, George! *** elegant expedient *** fully appreciated *** even had I ever given you cause to doubt; but, *now* *** susceptible heart *** so *very* delicate an attention *** yes, dear George, for ever!"

Could there have been the smallest doubt upon any disinterested mind as to the *filling-up* of this short conversation, or to the terms upon which it implied the whisperers to stand in relation to each other; it must have been removed by the unequivocal twist with which Mr. Hobnill indulged his mustachios at its conclusion. But Gingerly was not in a condition to think rationally. How could he? He was in love. He complained of the oppressiveness of the heat; expressed his conviction that the thermometer must suddenly have risen from seventy-five to a hundred; drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the perspiration from his glossy, bald head. The next minute he wondered what could make him feel so cold. Damper recommended him to leave the room. It was not the room, however, that produced these extraordinary sensations in him; it was part of the company. But lovers, like drowning men, will catch at the slightest chance of salvation. "I will have proof more relative than this," mentally ejaculated he. He bethought him of the torn paper in *Zadig*, one-half of which, when read by itself, was a cutting satire, but, when joined to the other, the whole turned out to be nothing more than an innocent love-poem. So may it be in this case, thought he: there was something which, certainly, was not quite agreeable in what I did hear; but had I heard all that passed it would have been a different affair. And, hereupon, he rubbed his hands and proposed to Damper that they should have a bottle of port together. The wine was brought; and, according to the amiable fashion of boarding-houses, it played pendulum across the table, vibrating between him and his partner. And did he not invite the ladies on either side of him to take wine? No. And out of this marked neglect of them, he drew occasion for a delicate hint as to the real direction which his affections had taken. He filled a glass, gave it to a servant, and, in a hesitating, indistinct way, said something to her; at the same time pointing in the direction where Miss Bustle was placed. The girl crossed the room, and strode, with the salver in her hand, between the young lady (who was intently occupied in paring an apple) and Mr. Hobnill. To Gingerly this was an awful moment. He felt that he was committing a declaration. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth: not a syllable could he utter. He screwed his lips up to the circumference of a pin-hole, looked hearts and darts, but dared not, for some time, raise his eyes from the table; and when, at length, he did, they met those of Mr. Hobnill!

"You are vastly *pawlite*. With great *pleashare*," said Mr.

Hobnill, as he took the glass. "Your good health, Mr. Ginjawberry."

Ere Mr. Ginjawberry (as he was miscalled by his rival) had recovered from the shock occasioned by the failure of this delicate little attention, (to say nothing of seeing his wine swallowed by the man of all others for whom he could heartily have wished it had been poison,) Miss Betsy had finished her operation on the apple.

"There, Géorge," said she, as she presented it to Hobnill, "haven't I done it nicely for you?"

"Whatever *you* do *must* be nicely done," replied the favoured youth.

"Now, George, that is so like you: you do say the most elegant things!"

Gingerly swallowed the glass of wine which stood before him; filled again and swallowed that; filled again and would have done the same thing, had not Damper, who had observed him, proposed that they should walk.

Betsy, who had caught the word, intimated to her mamma that, as she had not been out all day, she also should like a walk. Gingerly, emboldened by what he could not help considering as a delicate hint on the part of the young lady, and, perhaps, rendered somewhat less diffident by the wine he had taken, asked permission to offer the young lady his arm.

"Surely," said Mrs. Bustle.

Gingerly was on his legs in an instant; and cast a look at his friend Damper, which, literally interpreted, meant, "What is your opinion of affairs *now*?"

"O dear! mamma," exclaimed Miss Betsy, "impossible! only think!—The idea, you know!"

"Nonsense! my love," replied Mrs. Bustle; "there can be no sort of impropriety in your walking with Mr. Gingerly."

"Confound her impudence!" muttered Gingerly.

"None in the least, Betsy," said the Captain; "it is not as if——"

"Captain O'Popper," said Gingerly, eagerly interrupting him, as if apprehensive of a disagreeable conclusion to the speech; "Captain O'Popper, I—a—Miss Bustle and I—a—" Then turning to Hobnill, he said in a taking-it-for-granted tone and with somewhat of an air of triumph,—"You are going back to Shoreham, Sir."

"*Paw* my life," replied Hobnill (half addressing himself to Betsy)—"*Paw* my life, I hardly—I am not *paw*sitively obliged, but—"

"No, no, George," said Betsy; "there is no occasion for your returning to-night. Come and take *one* turn with this gentleman and me on the Chain-pier; and when we have brought him home again I shall want you to walk with me to my Aunt Heathfield's, at Preston."

"I am afraid, my love," said the considerate mamma, "you will be too tired to go to Preston this evening if you walk much now."

"So I should, mamma," eagerly replied Miss Bustle; "so I think I had better walk by-and-by instead. Hadn't *we*, George?"

"Tired!" exclaimed the Captain. "It's mighty ridiculous for *young* people to talk about being tired. What is it you are made of? Why, look at Mr. Gingerly there! He does not appear to be very strong on the pins; yet I dare say he, even at his age, could contrive to walk that much."

Again was Gingerly seized with a fit of coughing, which compelled him to conceal his face with his handkerchief.

"I hope, my dear Gingerly," said Damper to him, as they were taking a stroll along the Marine Parade, "I hope that, by what you have observed this afternoon, you are cured of your folly. I speak to you as a friend, and with a friend's freedom. I observed all that passed, though, for want of opportunity, I made no remark to you upon it. 'Tis clear the girl likes that vulgar puppy, that impudent attorney-ling, and looks on him as an Apollo upon earth. Rely on it you have not a chance. You have *his* black bushy head, huge whiskers and fierce mustachios, together with your own superabundant thirty-odd years against you. So give it up, my dear fellow; like a sensible man, give it up at once."

"No," replied Gingerly; "I am more determined upon the point than before. The affair is taking precisely the turn I could have wished. I did not expect her to surrender at the first shot—I should have been disgusted if she had done so. But her reserve! her modesty! Did you not observe her timid acquiescence in my invitation to a walk?"

"'Timid acquiescence,' you call it! Unequivocal repugnance."

"Maiden coyness, I tell you. And then, that natural little piece of girlish hypocrisy, resorted to for the purpose of concealing her *real* feelings! Did you mark that? I mean her *pretending* to prefer a walk with that insignificant, impertinent, ill-bred, vulgar,——! D--n the ugly rascal!—Damper; if Mrs. Bustle allows fellows of that sort to sit down at her table, no gentleman will remain in her house. We'll go home at once and tell her so. No, no: George Gingerly is not the man to give in to a rival of *that* stamp."

"Go on, if you will," said Damper; "but the farther you proceed the more uncomfortable will you find yourself."

"By dint of delicate attentions," said Gingerly, "I'll carry her against the world!"

"And well have your 'delicate attentions' already served you!" exclaimed the consoling Damper. "The first—the book—has turned to the advantage of the amiable Mr. George Hobnill, who, spite of his own resolute abnegation, is enjoying the entire credit of it."

"Not he!" replied Gingerly; "a coarse-minded fellow like that, would never be suspected of any thing half so elegant. Though--ahem!--it is possible I might have cut that a little too fine. But the second—the wine—what say you to that? Fifty guineas to a shilling, if that Hobnill, or Hobnail, or whatever his vulgar name may be, had not swallowed it at the very moment when——But I'll punish the fellow if I meet him again. I'll overwhelm him with ridicule, and break his heart that way: I'll *call* him Hobnail!"

It was half-past nine. They returned to their quarters at Mrs. Bustle's. In the drawing-room they found the Captain and Mrs. Bustle, in one corner, playing cribbage; and, in another, was the quiet little gentleman, fast asleep, with a newspaper on his knees. Reclining on a sofa was a youngish man, evidently dressed at some leader of fashion who unquestionably knew what he himself was about; whilst the costume of the imitator, approaching, though but very little, towards caricature, proved that he (the imitator) did not. This Exquisite was engaged in picking his teeth; and (as a subsidiary employment) skimming a new novel which he had just procured from a circulating-library.

For the benefit of future readers, as well as to exhibit his own fine taste and profound judgment, he occasionally made a pencil-note in the margin. These notes were brief but pithy: as, "What stuff!" "Not so bad." "You don't say so!" "I shouldn't wonder!" "*Tolerable* good!" "*Abominable* bad!" The commentator (as he afterwards turned out to be) was one of the "Sweetly-pooty-pettun-Mem" gentlemen from the Emporium of Fashion in Regent Street. But the principal group in the room consisted of four elderly ladies in petticoats, and three other old women in trowsers, who were squabbling at a game of penny-loo, and, in the best-bred way imaginable, accusing each other of cheating!

Gingerly looked around him in the hope of finding Miss Betsy, but she was not present. "Then," thought he, "she is fatigued by her walk, and has retired for the night."

As the clock struck ten, the Captain said to Mrs. Bustle, "This is rather too late for Betsy to be out."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Bustle; "George, you know, is with her."

A certain athletic Irish Officer in the Life-Guards, whose nerves were not easily disordered, said, when endeavouring to illustrate the effect produced upon him by some sudden and terrible shock, "It threw me into such a state, (and truth compels me to confess it,) that, by Jasus! you might have knocked me down with a poker!"

An instrument of much less power would have served to prostrate Mr. Gingerly, upon hearing the words uttered by Mrs. Bustle.

Five minutes passed away—ten—fifteen—twenty!—but no Betsy appeared. Gingerly now computed the time by seconds, and each second appeared to him an hour. He went to the window and peeped: he went to the door and listened. His bald head was steaming—he consulted the thermometer, and was astonished to find that it indicated no more than 74°. At length, at eleven o'clock, Miss Betsy, accompanied by her George, returned.

"And how did you find your Aunt Heathfield?" inquired Mrs. Bustle.

"Quite well, Mamma. And I have promised to go to her on Saturday and remain till Monday. And George is to come and take me there; and then he is to come over and pass the Sunday with us; and then George is to come on Monday and bring me home again. And, O Mamma! Cousin Harriet is come home from school, for good; and she is so delighted with George!—now don't deny it, George dear; you know it's true—indeed, I told her that if I were not *certain* I should be jealous."

"Come, Gingerly," whispered Damper to him, "go to bed." But Gingerly was riveted to the spot!

"And, O Mamma!" continued the young lady; "we went into M'Seedling's Nursery, and saw such beautiful flowers! George insisted upon buying some for me. I chose four myrtles, four jessamines, four red-roses, and four such beautiful white rose-trees! But they would not sell them for less than a guinea-and-a-half; and, although they are such *loves*, I would not allow him to give so much for them. A guinea-and-a-half again, indeed! That would be too much."

"Too much!" exclaimed the Captain; "by the Powers! and I think so too. He had better save his money for the *occasion*." Again Damper whispered his friend "to bed."

"Well," said Betsy, "I have such a passion for flowers, that scatter the road with them and I'm sure it would lead to my heart."

Gingerly's countenance brightened. "Come," said he to Damper, (at the same time rubbing his hands,) "I *will* go to bed."

He wished "good night" generally. "Good night to *you*, Mister--Hob-nail," said he to his rival; and brought up with a significant "Ahem!" But no effect was produced by the perpetration of this heart-breaking ridicule.

"Good night, Mr. Ginjawbread," replied Hobnill; and there was a general laugh.

Utterly confused, bowing very low, placing his hand upon his heart, and attempting to look—a look!—he stammered forth, "May light slum—Miss Bet—I mean, Miss Eliz—Miss—May your downy pal—Oh! Miss Bets—goo—good afternoon." He left the room; and as he closed the door he fancied he heard a titter, and something about "sheep's eyes." When he had reached his room, he rang for a servant, to whom he gave particular orders to call him at five o'clock!

Seven o'clock of the following morning found Gingerly at M'Seedling's nursery. The plants which had been selected by the charming Miss Betsy Bustle stood in a place apart, exactly as she left them. As he beheld them Gingerly's heart palpitated.

"What is your price for these plants?" inquired Gingerly.

"Maybe ye're wanting them, Sir," said M'Seedling; "if so, ye'll no find their like within ten mile round."

"What is the price of them?" repeated Gingerly.

"I refused thirty-five shillings for them yester-e'en, which was offered me by a young *mæilitary* gentleman and his wife, as I guess."

"D--n the military gentleman!" impatiently exclaimed Gingerly; who, although he knew how much it was that M'Seedling had actually demanded for his plants, yet he did not choose, by correcting the man's memory, to expose his own knowledge of what had occurred on the previous evening. "D--n the military gentleman! What do you ask for that lot of plants?"

"Weel, Sir," replied the nurseryman; "I'm just thinkin' I canna in conscience tak' less than twa *pund* —"

Gingerly's hand was instantly in his pocket.

"Ten," added the wily professor of the most innocent and most ancient calling on earth.

Gingerly paid the man the sum he demanded, though not without a passing reflection in his own mind on the unsettled meaning of the term 'conscience.'

"Now," said Gingerly, "I have paid you handsomely for these things, and I shall expect in return that my instructions will be strictly attended to concerning the delivery of them. They must be left at Mrs. Bustle's Boarding-house, at Brighton, at half-past nine precisely. Should the carrier be asked who sent them he must say he doesn't know. He must simply leave the plants and, along with them, this card." Saying which, he took a card from his pocket; and, having scratched through his own name so carefully as to allow of its being read, he wrote on the other side: "These, the fairest of the vegetable creation, to the fairest of the human creation."

There! thought Gingerly, as he retraced his steps to Brighton; I think, my *military* gentleman, I have now done *your* business for you.

The hint about strewing the road to her heart with flowers was pretty plain: and I have strewed it to the tune of two-pound-ten. The card is ingeniously contrived, though sending it is a bold step, certainly; but it will prevent mistake. At any rate, Master Hobnail, you shall not smuggle my trophies this time. "These, the fairest of the vegetable creation, to the fairest of the human creation!" That's a touch above an attorney's clerk, I flatter myself. A delicate attention and elegantly contrived!

For reasons best known to himself, Gingerly, on this particular occasion, took his breakfast at the York. His walk had given him an appetite, which he inflicted, in all its vigour, upon the cold chicken, and ham, and eggs, and rolls, which were placed before him. This ended, he returned to Mrs. Bustle's; and appeared in the eating-room just as the general breakfast was served. The party consisted of the same persons as were assembled at dinner on the day before, and Hobnail was seated next to Miss Betsy as upon that occasion. Gingerly was so fortunate as to find a chair immediately opposite to his idol, and next to him was his friend Damper.

"Don't you take anything, Mr. Gingerly?" said Mrs. Bustle to him, after he had sat some time unoccupied at table.

"I—I'll take half a cup of weak tea, thank you, Madam," replied he, in a tender tone, and with a sigh.

"But don't you eat anything, Sir?"

"I—I have no appetite," was the reply, and with the same accompaniments.

"Then, decidedly, you *are* in love," continued the lady.

By the most fortunate concurrence of circumstances—(fortunate for Gingerly's cause)—even whilst Mrs. Bustle was uttering these words, Jenny, one of the maids, entered the room.

"Please, mum," said Jenny, "hasn't nobody ordered no flowers to be sent here?"

Gingerly turned pale, and his heart beat against his side as if it would have jumped through his waistcoat.

"Not that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Bustle. And, having looked enquiringly round the table without receiving any reply, she continued: "No, Jenny; it is a mistake; they are not for here."

Jenny went out, but presently returned. "Please, mum, the man says he is sure on it as how they are for here; he says Mrs. Bustle's boarding-house, quite distinct; and he had a card to leave along with them, only he had the misfort'n' to lose it by the way, which, howsom-ever, isn't of no consequence, as he has found the house without it."

Gingerly's heart sank in his bosom.

"Do go, Betsy, my love, and see what all this is about," said Mrs. Bustle.

Betsy obeyed. Scarcely had she left the room, when, with eyes sparkling with joy, she bounded in again.

"O, George!" she exclaimed, "how *very* foolish of you! It is a delicate attention, truly delicate, indeed! but you shouldn't have done it."

"Done it! done what?" inquired George.

"Now, how silly it is of you to pretend astonishment, George, dear—Go, Jenny, and see those flowers taken *very* carefully up into my room.—O, Mamma! they are such loves!—It is very foolish of you, George; but, certainly, never anything in my life gave me half so much pleasure!"

"*Paw* my life, Betsy, I'm *paw*fectly ignorant of what you mean ;" said Hobnill.

"You ridiculous creature ! where is the use of your denying it, when they are the very plants, every one of them, which I selected last night, and you tried to bargain for."

"I *saw*lemnly declaor —."

"What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Captain O'Popper. "If you didn't send Betsy those plants, Mr. George, why, somebody else did ; and as nobody else has the smallest right in the universal world to take such a liberty, that other somebody, whoever he may be, is an impertinent fellow. There's a bit of logic for you. But I'll beat about till I discover who this somebody is ; and then we shall see whether Mr. Somebody or Captain O'Popper is the best man at ten paces."

"Lord, Sir!" said Betsy, "it *is* George.—Now—now, hold your tongue, George, and don't deny it, unless you'd make me very angry. I knew them every one again the instant I saw them. Besides," added she, (at the same time bestowing upon him a tender look, and gently placing the tips of her delicate fingers on his arm,)—"besides, dear George, it is so completely your style of thing!"

George, finding denial to be in vain, relinquished the contest. He looked at his watch, rose from table, and announced the necessity of his return to Shoreham

That's something, and be hanged to him ! thought Gingerly.

"And *must* you go back this morning, George?" inquired Betsy.

"Well, if you must—But just stop a moment." She ran out of the room, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, returned with a handful of flowers. "Here, George," she said (as she placed one of them in his button-hole, and put the others, carefully made up in a sheet of writing-paper, into his hand) "take these. I plucked some of the most beautiful of them for you, for no one has a better right to them than *you*. Good bye, George!—And, George; he sure you come back to dinner to-day, for I shall want you to walk with me to Aunt Heathfield's again this evening."

The feelings of poor Gingerly, during this scene, may be (to use a phrase the originality of which is not insisted upon) may be more easily conceived than described. The rival having fairly taken his departure, Gingerly rose from his seat, walked to the window, back again to the table, resumed his seat, rose, walked towards the fire-place, once more to the window, then to the door, and—out he rushed.

"Is your friend ill?" said Mrs. Bustle to Damper.

"I fear so," replied Damper; "I'll follow him." But Damper knew very well the cause of his friend's disorder.

Damper sought Gingerly all over the house, but he was nowhere to be found. He then went out—paced the Marine Parade—traversed the Steync—East Cliff—West Cliff—up one street—down another—looked into all the libraries—but to no purpose. He neither saw, nor could he hear anything of, Gingerly. He became alarmed. He went to the Chain Pier, and walked, hurriedly, to the end of it. But there was no Gingerly ! "Can he have been so rash!" exclaimed Damper. One of the men belonging to the Pier was sitting smoking a pipe on the signal-gun. Damper approached him. With some hesitation Damper said, "Pray—pray, my good friend—have you seen an elderly gentleman throw himself into the sea within these two hours?"

The man deliberately took his pipe from his mouth, did what smokers are in the habit of doing upon such an occasion, and, after leisurely scratching his head, said—

“An elderly gentleman, Sir?—Let me see!—an *elderly* gentleman. Why—a—no, Sir, I can’t say as I have. But if I should see c’er a one in the course of the a’ternoon, where shall I have the pleasure of letting you know?”

Damper retraced his steps, and soon, to his great joy, met Gingerly. The latter allowed him no time to speak, but thus, at once, accosted him:—

“It is awful! truly awful! Would you believe it? That rascally attorney’s clerk who walked off with those flowers—with the credit of the little act of gallantry, too—they were my flowers—it was I who sent them.”

“I would have sworn it,” replied Damper. “To repeat Miss Betsy’s words, it was ‘so completely your style of thing.’ But let me congratulate you on finding you alive: I began to fear you had committed some desperate act.”

“Why, no, I have not yet done so. An ingenious expedient has occurred to me;—I’ll try it—I don’t think it can fail, for the dear girl has a great deal of feeling.”

“True,” replied Damper, “but not one particle for you. Be wise, book a place in the four o’clock coach, and return to town. All your ingenious expedients, all your delicate attentions, have turned to the advantage of the interesting Hobnill; and take my word for it that—”

“I won’t listen to anything you can say,” cried Gingerly, interrupting him. “This *cannot* fail—at least if you will second me in it.”

For some time Damper refused to have anything more to do with the affair; but, upon Gingerly’s promise that, should his next delicate attention be no more successful than the others, he would abandon the pursuit of the fair Betsy, and return to his quiet chambers in Lyon’s Inn, Damper undertook to assist him. Thus pledged, he listened patiently to Gingerly’s instructions; the result of which is now to be shown.

“You seem agitated, Mr. Damper,” said Betsy, who was sitting alone in the drawing-room when he entered.

“Why, the fact is, Miss Bustle—I—I am afraid to acquaint you with it, but soon or later you must know it;” replied Damper, who was almost ashamed of the ridiculous commission he had undertaken.

“Good Heavens! what has happened?” exclaimed she.

“Why—this morning, a gentleman, a *certain* gentleman, went into Tuppen’s Library. Scarcely had he entered, when he heard another gentleman mention your name in a way not altogether respectful. This, the gentleman,—that is to say, the *certain* gentleman,—could not endure. He struck the other; a challenge ensued; within an hour afterwards they met on the Downs; exchanged shots; and the gentleman, your champion, was wounded.”

“Wounded! who was it?” inquired Miss Bustle.

Now comes the trial, thought Damper.—“It is onc,” said he, “who takes the deepest interest in every thing that concerns you. In short—for the circumstances of the case compel me to speak out—he entertains for you the most unbounded affection; and, as you already possess his heart, he has authorized me to—”

Betsy Bustle fainted! Damper rang the bell violently. In a moment there was Mrs. Bustle, *sal volatile*, Captain O'Popper, hartshorn, George Hobnill, burnt brown paper, and all the lodgers. In the midst of the confusion Gingerly (with a lackadaisical air, and his left arm in a sling) entered the room, and stood, unperceived, behind the crowd which was pressing about the fair fainter. Not a little delighted was he at the effect produced by this, his last, and most ingenious, expedient.

"Betsy, my child, what *is* the matter?" cried Mrs. Bustle.

"Betsy, my dear, what *is* the matter?" echoed George.

Either these sounds, or the burnt brown paper, or the hartshorn, or the *sal volatile*, or perhaps, the suffocating pressure of the persons about her—a circumstance inevitable on occasions of this nature—revived her. She opened her eyes; and the first object she beheld was George, kneeling at her side, and officiating as administrator of the burnt brown paper aforesaid. She burst into a flood of tears. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she threw herself into his arms, and exclaimed: "Oh! George! how *could* you be so foolish as to expose your dear, your precious life, on my account? Had anything fatal happened to you I should have gone distracted! But whereabouts are you wounded!"

"Wounded!" exclaimed George, in utter amazement; "wounded! What an idea! *Paw* my honour I——"

"Now don't deceive me, George; let me know the worst. But your endeavouring to conceal it from me is so like you! It is so *very* delicate. Oh! Mamma! after this, can you refuse to ——?"

"I understand you, my dear child: you have my consent; and, with the consent of George's parents, the banns shall be published on Sunday."

"George," said the Captain, "I didn't think you had so much in you. But you are a brave fellow—so, as to the consent, by the Powers! I say *ditto* to that. And Mrs. Bustle," said he in a whisper to the lady; "as we are both in a consenting mood let us consent to marry one another at the same time."

"Oh! Captain!" was the lady's laconic, but expressive, reply.

Gingerly, pale, and trembling from head to foot with rage and disappointment, was about to rush forward and explain; but he was restrained by an admonitory gesture from his friend.

"My dear Gingerly," said Damper, taking him aside; "remember your promise: the four o'clock coach and Lyon's Inn. Keep your own counsel: so shall you appear ridiculous in the eyes of none but of an old and trusty friend. Your ingenious contrivances, from first to last, have all turned to the advantage of your rival; nor have you the credit of being even suspected of the smallest of them. If you are resolved to marry, say '*Will you?*' to the first woman you may happen to meet; for, rely on it, at your time of life, you are not likely to entrap a female heart by DELICATE ATTENTIONS."

P*.

* * In the hope of preventing "a collision," the writer of this paper begs leave, to state that he is himself preparing the subject of it for the stage.

THE DANCING AT THE OPERA.

How is it that the Ballet in action, the most refined, brilliant, and most costly portion of our amusements, occupies what may be esteemed a secondary place? For although it is degraded by the general appellation of "dancing," and although for many years past its objects, and consequently its manners, so to speak, have been barbarously lowered, yet we question whether its just purposes and real attainments do not require as much of genius, power, science, and practice, as the best singers possess or employ; and perhaps the combination of music, scenery, decoration, dress, and action, produces quite as exalted a pleasure in the minds of spectators qualified to judge of a ballet in action, as any opera upon the cultivated musician. To the million of mankind, to those especially who are not highly instructed in the fine arts, but who may yet possess all the rudiments of fine taste, it may be safely averred, the ballet gives even a greater pleasure, for painting and dancing have this advantage over the other arts, that they affect all natures and all eyes alike. "A fine piece of painting," says one of the ablest writers on the subject, "is but the copy of nature; a finished ballet is nature itself, embellished with all the ornaments that art can bestow. If a painted canvass wraps me in illusion; if I am moved at the sight; if my mind is affected; if the colours and pencil of the skilful artist so far bewilder my senses as to show me nature, give her speech, make me fancy that I hear and answer; how shall my feelings be wrought upon, what will be my sensations at seeing a representation still more striking, and enforced by the acting powers of my fellow-creatures? Such living and varied pictures will overpower my imagination; for nothing creates such concern in man, as man himself." We need seek for the philosophy of this truth no further than in the true precept of Horace, "*Segnius irritant animos*," &c., which embodies the fact that ideas reach the soul more rapidly through the eye than through the ear, and we may add, more vividly too. Nor is it a less important circumstance, that the mind is affected by the music of a ballet, the action giving to the melodies their interpretation and direction, instead of the words of an opera. In the one, the action is the predominating principle--in the other, the words in their connexion with sounds.

"The pantomime," (the ballet in action) says the philosophical Arteaga, "is a mute language of action invented by human sagacity for the purpose of augmenting the sum of our pleasures, and to establish between man and man a new means of communication independent of words." He even exalts the eloquence of gesture above that of speech, and he quotes, for instances, Tarquin, who, in answer to the ambassadors while walking with them in his garden, cut off the heads of the poppies; and the more touching anecdote of the Indian girl, who being asked by her lover what was the cause of her frequent sighs, declared her passion, and at the same time spared herself the confession, by holding up to him a mirror. But we have no necessity to prove the strength of the beauty of the language of gesture—our task is to show its progression as a public amusement.

France must be considered as the nursing mother of this art*—the

* In tracing the progress of the art in France, we only precede its history in

fons et origo. But it was given to the genius of one man, and he was of another country, Switzerland, to rear it to perfection; that man was Noverre. He gave to the dance the character of history and of poetry, of expression and of sentiment.

So little is the art understood, that almost as a matter of necessity, before we commence the history of its progress, we propose to give a slight sketch of the nature of its real elements, from which some rules for forming a judgment may be framed. The mechanical parts are steps linked together with ease and brilliancy; a clearness, neatness, and precision in execution; that power of bringing all the muscles into a sudden state of rigid quietude and firm position, for which there is no other term than *aplomb*; and, above all, the graceful opposition and equilibrium of the limbs which the eye perceives at once to constitute the perfection of attitude. To dance well, the body should be firm and motionless, particularly when the legs and feet are in exertion; "for when the body follows the actions of the feet, it displays as many grimaces and distortions as the legs execute steps. The performance is then robbed of its ease, uniformity, harmony, exactness, firmness, perpendicularity, and equilibrium; in a word, of all those beauties and graces which are so essential to make dancing afford pleasure and delight." These are the elements which it is given to genius and imagination to fashion into the expression of sentiment; an endless mixture of intricate steps, difficulty of execution, and complicated movements, destroy the language of dancing. Simplicity, softness, and luxuriance of motion, enable the performer to attend to the mechanism of his steps, and to the actions characteristic of the passions, thus conferring a greater power of expression. It is physically impossible to throw life, energy, and truth into gestures and attitudes, when the body is distorted by extravagancies of motion, and the mind is engaged in guarding against the accident of a fall, or any injury of the limbs. A ballet is then a drama, in which dancing is to be considered the vehicle of the action, passion, and poetry; it is a drama which, rejecting the aid of speech, demands but so much the more energy and power from its other constituents.

It seems at first glance singular that tragedy should have been esteemed the subject most suitable for dancing; but if to affect the mind be the object, the noblest incidents and situations are those which produce the best stage-effect. These are therefore the most legitimate subjects: the passions are best expressed by heroes and heroic deeds. From hence it will be inferred, that a fitting incident having been fixed upon, the difficulty lies not in assigning the primary and distinctive parts, but in introducing the subordinates. The figurantes ought to continue the scene, not by a number of symmetrical but unmeaning figures and steps, but by that animated expression which keeps the attention of the spectators alive, and employed upon the main subject.

Such is the theory of the composition and action of the ballet. We come next to the qualities of the author. If Dr. Johnson has been

England, for the English merely followed the French, and imported their artists. It is extraordinary how few English names have ever appeared amongst dancers, and it can only be accounted for by the superior cultivation of the art in France discouraging the English artist.

deemed extravagant in his enumeration of the faculties and the knowledge necessary to the formation of a poet, what will be thought of the requisites declared by the man (himself one of the class, and the head of it) to be necessary to make up a composer of ballets? "History, mythology, ancient poetry, and chronology, ought to be the primary objects. And indeed," he continues, "all our success entirely depends on our exact knowledge of the above sciences. Let us, therefore, unite the genius for poetry and painting, since our art borrows all its charms from a perfect imitation of nature. A slight knowledge of geometry cannot but prove very advantageous, as it will help the master to introduce his figures in due proportion, to calculate exactly, and execute with precision. The ballet-master must himself be an expert mechanist. A composer who wishes to rise superior should study the painters, and trace them in their various manners of drawing and composing. Both arts have the same object in view, whether it be for taking likenesses, mixing the colours, and preserving the *chiaro oscuro*, or for grouping the figures properly, laying on the draperies, throwing the former into elegant attitudes, and giving them life and expression. From the above principle, I dare conclude that the knowledge of anatomy will serve to render more clear and intelligible the precepts which he has to give to his pupils. It will be an easy matter for him to distinguish properly between the natural and habitual defects in their conformation. A ballet-master who is no proficient in music, will make a bad choice of his airs. He will not enter into the spirit or character of them; the motions of his dancers will not mark the time with that precision and delicacy which are absolutely necessary, unless he is endued with that sensibility of organ which is more commonly the gift of nature than the result of art, and is far above what may be acquired by long practice and steady application. All I look for in the ballet-master is a general knowledge, a slight tincture of those sciences which, by the connexion they have with each other, are likely to contribute to the improvement of our art and its reputation."

Nor are these all—the decorations, dresses, and properties (in theatrical phrase) are not less the subjects of his choice and care. He must be skilful not only to provide that these are appropriate, but that their forms and colours blend, harmonize, and melt into each other, according to the nature of the lights under which they are presented. Noverre carries this down to the proportions of distance, and proves by instances the success of his recommendations, wherein persons of different sizes, from men to children, were introduced to give the proper illusion and effect. We, of this age, have lived to see his precepts acted upon with an almost miraculous precision, if not by the accomplishments of the ballet-master, at least through the agency of the combined talents of the artists employed in the different departments of the modern stage. To sum up the qualities of a ballet-master, he says, "he should be endued with the most poetical and extensive genius—to correct the faults of authors—suit the dance to the action—devise scenes in perfect analogy with the drama—adapt them to the subjects—invent such incidents as have escaped the writer's genius; in fine, he must fill up those vacancies which too often disgrace their productions: such is the business of a ballet-master."

These are the postulates laid down by Noverre. Let us now examine

into the actual state of the ballet before this improver, whose consciousness of the powers of his art embraced so wide a field of knowledge, inquiry, and imagination, commenced its renovation.

About a century ago, the Opera at Paris was a wretched theatre in the Palais Royal; it was burned to the ground, and a second erected on its site suffered the same fate. Another was then built by a female of the name of Montansier, in the Rue de Richelieu, and adopted by the government in 1794. In the early state of the entertainment, about the period to which we have gone back, nothing could be more wretched than all the appointments of the stage. The salaries of the principal dancers were low, the numbers of the *corps de ballet* did not exceed sixteen performers, with a few supernumeraries, and not more than three new pieces were given during the season. The scenes, decorations, and costumes, went on from year to year, and the establishment was disregarded by the public. Two French dancers only appear to have attained much celebrity before the middle of the century. The feeble character of Lully's music is brought to account for the no less feeble effects of the performance. Mademoiselle Prevost, and her scholar Camargo, seem to have been at once the sole candidates, and they were also bitter rivals for the public favour.

Camargo died in 1776. She was immortalized in the theatre by being the inventress of "cabrioles," says Grimm, "which Allard has carried in our days to so exalted a pitch of perfection. It was Camargo who first ventured to shorten the petticoat, and that invention, which has enabled the amateur to pronounce with confidence upon the legs of the dancers, has since been universally adopted; out of this invention, however, dangerous schisms arose. The Jansenist of the pit exclaimed against the heresy and the scandal, and would not permit the petticoat to be abridged; the Molinists, on the contrary, declared that this reformation brought us back to the spirit of the primitive church, which abhorred to see pirouettes and gangouillardes embarrassed by the length of these vestments. The Sorbonne of the Opera was for a long time at a loss to establish the point of discipline which thus divided the faithful; but at length a decision was made which reconciled the religious world. The Sorbonne pronounced for short petticoats, but declared, at the same time, that no dancer should appear without drawers. This decision became a *fundamental* point of discipline, by the universal acknowledgment of all the powers of the theatre. Since Camargo left the stage," the lively Baron concludes, "the dance has made such progress, that the descent of her fame to posterity depends altogether upon the abbreviation of the petticoat*." According to Count Algarotti, an order from court commanded the female dancers at Naples, about the same time, to appear in *black* drawers.

The public talents of Camargo were at direct opposites with her person, demeanour, and disposition. She was neither handsome, tall, nor well made; but her style of dancing was full of gaiety, brilliancy, and action, and she never danced but to the most lively melodies. She was

* This age will scarcely believe, that dancers could have loaded themselves at any period with hoops, yet such was the fact. "I would leave off," says Noverre, "those stiff hoops and *tonnelets*, which, when the body is in a peculiar position, raise the hip nearly upon a line with the shoulder, and thus disfigure their natural conformation."

indeed the only airy spirit that enlivened the heavy and dull mass by which she was surrounded. Yet it is no less singular than true, that the moment she quitted the stage where she had enchanted the public by her life and spirit, her countenance sunk into the very picture of melancholy, and she became grave even to sadness.

Camargo was followed by a successor of the name of Sallé, whose style is described to have been pure, passionate, and expressive. "The naïveté of Mademoiselle Sallé is not forgot," says Noverre, in one of his early letters; "her graceful deportment is still remembered with delight. All the affected airs of the female dancers in her style cannot obliterate the memory of that noble and harmonic simplicity of the manner, ever tender and voluptuous, but constantly decent, of that lovely performer." She came to England, and it is related, upon the authority of Garrick, that at her benefit the people fought for admission, and showered down gold and Bank notes upon the stage at her feet.

These heroines interested the genius of Voltaire, who addressed to them the following lines:—

" Ah ! Camargo que vous êtes brillante !
 Mais que Sallé, grands dieux ! est ravissante,
 Que vos pas sont légers et que les siens sont doux :
 Elle est inimitable, et vous êtes nouvelle.
 Les Nymphes sautent comme vous,
 Et les Graces dansent comme elle."

The male dancers of this time were more numerous than the female artistes. One of them, named Dupré, was distinguished as the great; not however so much in honour of his talents, as his stature. He was, according to the best authorities, perfectly well formed, and had a brilliant execution; but he wanted variety, and that expression which results only from mind.

Javilliers, Dumoulin, and Lany, were but second rate. There were no less than three Metters—the style of the one, surnamed "the Devil," because he so continually personated the dæmons of the classic ballet, was hard and dry; another was called "the Bird," a cognomen which declares his volent ability; and the appellation given to the third was singular enough, "Little Breeches!" He became afterwards a teacher and a ballet-master, but he merely followed in the track of his predecessors.

Subsequently to this period (1740) the direction of the Opera underwent two changes, which entirely altered its ancient form. The first introduced pomp and magnificence; the second an excessive variety, which was alike fatiguing and fatal to the artist.

Beeton and Trial became directors in 1770, and they enjoyed in a very eminent degree the protection of the Princes of Conti and the Prince of Soubise, in an age when patronage was of all things most important. Their efforts were of course addressed to satisfy their patrons, and they accomplished their purpose by assembling youth and beauty, and by the aid of a luxurious grandeur, which was in accordance with the taste of the princes. They selected about twenty girls of exquisite forms and features, yet not more than fifteen or sixteen years old. How they attained even the moderate excellence of a decent figurante it is not easy to say, but they did attain so much of their art. Nothing more captivating to the eye, nothing more seductive to the fancy could be

conceived, than this bevy of beauties, each more handsom than the other, and prepared by their charms and their allurements to contend for the favour of the Grand Sultan. The splendour of their ornaments glittering with gold and jewels, together with person, grace, and talents, afforded a scene the most magnificent, *piquant*, and voluptuous. Their dress completed all that was to be desired, for it gave variety. It was at once pure and noble, and *Bacquet*, by whose taste the costume was arranged, reached the very point of a just perfection.

The scenery, decorations, the chorus, and the *corps de ballet*, received similar augmentations, and thus the entire establishment was elevated to a uniform scale of magnitude. The change of the direction brought on the ruin of the Opera; it fell to M. de Vismes, a farmer-general, who endeavoured to reign by dividing. He created eternal disputes between the artists, and harassed them by severe study, a multitude of rehearsals, and a continual change of performances. He replaced them by a troop of buffoons from Italy, and the receipts failed. In fine, De Vismes, though supported by ingenious ballets, sustained by the great musical ability of Gluck and the delicious melodies of Piccini, by excellent singers and an admirable orchestra, left the government deeply in arrear (for the government in France bears the expense of the theatre), and was permitted to retire upon a pension of more than double the amount assigned to the first artists, who had delighted the public for the best part of thirty years. But before we complete the relation of this catastrophe, we must enumerate the artists who supported the Opera.

Vestris the father, called by his comrades from his assumption of the title, and his malpronunciation, *le Dieu de la danse*, inherited the talent as well as the *soubriquet* of his predecessor, Dupré. He equalled his master in the perfection of his execution, and surpassed him in variety and taste. He particularly excelled in his *pas de deux**, to which he imparted both elegance and sentiment. While Noverre was ballet-master at Stutgard, (where it is said he ruined the revenues of the duchy, by the extraordinary magnificence of the operatic establishment, for which he had *carte blanche*,) Vestris made continual excursions thither, and there acquired the heroic style in the grand ballets, of which he represented the principal personages. For a time his retirement was fatal to good taste; deprived of his example, the dancers ran to the very extremes of extravagance. The Revolution came, unlimited license was allowed, and taste was sacrificed to the caprices of the wildest fancy.

Gardel was the substitute for Vestris during his absence, but no sooner did he return to Paris, than Gardel, in spite of his great ability and zeal, was eclipsed.

Lany imparted a novel grace to old men. He was perfect in the mechanism and knowledge of steps, but, as a composer, void of invention. He composed well for himself, but badly for the theatre.

Dauberval (a pupil of Noverre's†) was gifted with considerable

* An apology is due to the reader for the apparent pedantry of using foreign terms throughout this whole article, but the English, having no school of dancing, have also no scientific nomenclature, and they cannot be avoided; "A dance of two" would be more bald than "*Pas de deux*" seems affected.

† Noverre was originally a dancer, but having the misfortune to break the tendon *Achillis*, he turned his attention to composition, and thus an accident

talents, and an eager desire to obtain a knowledge of all that bore upon his profession. A tendency to obesity compelled him to quit the serious style, but his previous studies enabled him to excel in any other, and he completed that begun by Lany*. The *pas de quatre*, executed by these performers and Mademoiselles Allard and Palin, were delicious; adorned with a fresh and natural gaiety, a varied yet still joyous expression, an admirable unity and a rare precision governed every movement; these dances charmed the public, even without the aid of the pirouette. The talents of Mademoiselle Allard demand an especial notice; a perfect dancer, an admirable actress, able herself to compose without the assistance of her master (a rare power amongst her sex), she always obtained the best merited applauses†.

Mademoiselle Guinard was a favourite from her very first appearance till she left the stage. The Graces had lavished their gifts upon her; she attempted no difficulties—a noble simplicity reigned throughout her performance—all her attempts were tasteful, and she informed all her execution with sentiment. She at last abandoned the serious for the mixed manner which Noverre‡ created for her and Le Picq. She was inestimable in the ornamental ballet, and when she retired, that species became for a time extinct.●

There are many curious anecdotes of this lady, amongst the rest the following:—Guinard's room was hung with pictures, and eminent amongst them was a portrait of herself under the form of Terpsichore. She however quarrelled with the artist Frangonard, before it was finished: another was engaged. Frangonard, anxious to see how his successor proceeded, obtained access to the room, where, happening to find a palette, colours, and brushes, he by three or four touches changed the smile upon the lips of Terpsichore into a furious grin of passion and imbecility, and immediately escaped. It so chanced that the lady arrived a few minutes after with a bevy of friends, who came to decide

contributed to his own fame, and the invention of the purest models of the art.

* During the performance of Noverre's ballet of "Medea," the Count D'Estaing appeared for the first time at the Opera. He remained for some time unseen, but being at length discovered he was recognized by the loudest plaudits, in which the drums, trumpets, and military instruments of the orchestra joined. Dauberval, who was playing the part of Creon, in the scene where the people of Corinth offer their homage to their new monarch, advanced to the front of the stage, presented a crown of laurel to the Count, and laid it at his feet. These compliments had less effect because they wore the appearance of having been concerted, and because dancers were thus made the representatives of national feeling. The Count expressed his estimation of them in the following manner. He wrote the next day to Dauberval in these words—"Had I been the Minister of Justice, I would have punished you, but being only Count D'Estaing, I send you a hundred Louis."

† Allard was the mother of young Vestris, who, on that account, was called Vestrallard. She divided her favours between Vestris and Dauberval (which has given rise to a ludicrous anecdote of the latter), and was a woman of very loose habits, though so fine an artiste.

‡ Up to a certain time, heroic subjects only were deemed worthy of representation in grand ballets. But this ingenious man adventured a new species, and introduced scenes of domestic and familiar life. "The Deserter of Naples" was, I believe, the first of the kind; and perhaps the success of this experiment may have been the remote origin of those touching dramas which have of late been so frequent both upon the Italian and the English stage, from the English "Deserter," down to "La Gazza Ladra." Noverre visited every capital in Europe, but it was at Stutgard and Vienna that his earliest fame was obtained.

upon the merits of the new painter. No sooner did Guimard perceive the change than she fell into a bitter passion, which rendered the unhappy likeness only the more perfect.

The *débüt* of Mademoiselle Lany after her return from Berlin was a triumph. She had an elegant and lofty carriage, perfect execution, strength, elevation, and brilliancy in every movement; but from a timidity brought on during her pupillage by severe treatment, she was always in a trepidation, which deprived even her most correct execution of the charm of expression.

Heinel was the next to astonish the capital and the court with her perfections. She was the pupil of Lepy, and came to France from Stuttgart and Vienna, where she had sustained several principal characters in the serious ballets. The charms of her form, which presented the exact image of Thomson's line,

"Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand"....

the perfection and majesty of her manner, made her the very model of excellence in the serious ballet. How much she was esteemed may be gathered from the way in which the lively narrator, so often quoted, has told the consequences of a visit she made to the capital of England. "We are deprived," he says, "of one of the strongest antidotes to ennui, by the absence of Mlle. Heinel, whom our fashionables have entitled Mlle. Angel. Cruel England has carried her off during the last two months, and she is engaged at the Opera in London for the whole season. Happily she has not succeeded to any great degree; they do not like her style,—they find her legs too thin, her feet too long, and her eyes Chinese*. What shall I say to these critics? By my faith the English are easily disgusted! They have nothing to do but to send her back again directly, and we shall be quite satisfied with her defects. In truth Heinel is the glory of Germany, the country of her birth; the delight of France, which enjoys her talents, and the first dancer in Europe. If I were less engaged I would go to the Opera every night she appears, merely to witness her entrance and her exit. The grace and majesty of her carriage enchant me. *Incessu patuit Deus.*"

Le Picq came to visit Noverre, in Paris, from Naples, who brought him out. His fine proportions and noble figure—the enchanting harmony of his movements and his exquisite finish, no less astonishing than his facility, raised him to the highest estimation both with the court and the public. It was on this occasion that the Anacreontic ballet, "*Les Caprices de Galathée*," was composed for a fête given by Monsieur to the Queen at Brunoy. Le Picq, Guimard, Dauberval, and Allard contributed by their talents to its eminent success.

Le Picq was received enthusiastically,—they named him the Apollo

* The Baron appears to have been misinformed in these particulars; for, according to Dr. Burney, her attraction was the salvation of the English establishment. "At this time crowds assembled at the Opera House, more for the gratification of the eye than the ear: for neither the invention of a new composer, nor the talents of new singers, attracted the public to the theatre, which was almost abandoned, till the arrival of Mlle. Heinel, whose extraordinary merit had an extraordinary recompense; for, besides the 600*l.* salary allowed her by the Hon. Mr. Hobart, as manager, she was complimented with a *regalo* of 600*l.* more from the Maccaroni Club. 'È molto particolare,' said Cocchi, the composer, 'che quei Inglesi non fanno conto d'alcuna cosa se non è ben pagata.'"—*Hist. of Music*, vol. iv., p. 498.

of the dance, but he was driven from France by the cabals of the dancers. He subsequently went to Naples and London, where Noverre brought him out in the character of the God whose name he bore, and he finally quitted England to enter into the service of the court of Russia: his talents elevated him to the esteem both of the court and the nobility. Theodore was a dancer who has been compared to a balloon, from the lightness of her volant elasticity, she scarcely seemed to touch the ground. She married Dauberval.

Nivelon came out at the same time with Le Picq, but his fine talents were rendered of less value by being dissipated in several styles, instead of being concentrated to one. This was occasioned by his sincere desire to fulfil his duties to the theatre, and thus he was made useful, to the sacrifice of his own powers. He came to London, and is still, or was very lately, living in a refined retirement in one of the provinces at no great distance from Paris.

Mlle. Coulon, enjoying the favour of the public during a very long period, and possessing similar powers to Nivelon, seems to have devoted them in the same manner. The last upon the list before we arrive at the dancer, who is characterized as being "*Le plus étonnant de l'Europe*" was the second Gardel. Nature formed him to replace the elder Vestris, but he had only time to display the direction of his strong powers towards the grand style, when a constitutional malady drove him from the performance to the composition of ballets. He was afflicted with flying pains from which he could obtain little relief. His talents as a composer were equally undoubted.

The introduction of the younger Vestris formed an epoch, perhaps the highest pitch at which the art of the performer has ever arrived. It was in the year 1772 that Vestris le jeune (alias Vestrallard) appeared, and the manner of his introduction was perfectly in accordance with the self-love and pomposity displayed by his father, Lou Diou, in all his actions. He led the boy forward, and after a brief address to the spectators, he turned to the young candidate for public applause, and said with a lofty air, "*Allez, mon fils,—montrez votre talent! Votre Père vous regarde!*"

The Baron de Grimm, the great gossip of his time, thus speaks of an incident which would, of course, interest alike the court and the Parisians: ---"We have just witnessed a singular phenomenon at the Opera. The great Vestris has been replaced by a boy twelve years and a half old; this boy has danced with the same precision, the same *a plomb*, and nearly the same force as the great man, who is not humbled by seeing himself almost eclipsed by a child. It is because that child is not only his pupil, but also his son by Mlle. Allard." The Baron goes on to talk rather loosely of this joint production, whom he says the public have named Vestrallard.

The ballet of "*Les Caprices de Galathée*" was revived in the early part of his career, and young Vestris took the part in which Le Picq had, some years before, so greatly distinguished himself. However sublime, brilliant, and admirable was the talent of the son of the *Diou de la danse*, it is no matter of wonder that, at his age, he should not yet have acquired the degree of sensibility, nor the exquisite softness which Le Picq exhibited with so much elegance and facility, and which indeed the *Diou* himself had never reached. Speaking of the attain-

ments of this youth, he was lately heard to say with his characteristic dignity:—"Up to this point," (placing his hand upon his heart,) "I have nothing more to desire of my son; but as to the carriage of his head and shoulders, he has many years to labour. I myself passed one year in rounding my arms,—I give him six to dance the minuet, and it is not too much. Oh! Sir, if I could now execute with my feet what I have in my head, you should see! But age will not allow what genius has conceived." It is not above two or three years since, the great success which, thanks to his lessons, his son had attained, allured him to consent to acknowledge him. "If he goes on thus," said the Dion, "I have in store for him a noble donation for his new-year's gift. I shall permit him to take my name."

Amidst these exaggerations of the inordinate vanity of the father, we have, however, the surest authority for the talent of the son, in the public enthusiasm, and also in the report of Noverre himself. "While all the race of the young hailed the wonder," says this consummate judge, "those of maturer judgment, and of taste, could but lament the change. All the dancers embraced with idolatry the new Palladium which Vestris had set up for them. All became imperfect and unfaithful copyists, and while they aped the master, they have exhibited only, up to this day, the most coarse and unpolished outline. They did not perceive that *the inevitable cannot be imitated*; for to be able to do so they must have been cast in the same mould, have been inspired by the same taste, the same dispositions, and the same physical powers. Being without all these gifts, they laboured but in vain. The females, in their turn, ran into a like extreme, and thus the dancing of the Opera has become insupportably and monotonously uniform."

The pirouette in dancing appears to bear an analogy to what the shake was in singing in the time of Farinelli. The elder Vestris executed this grace much better than his son, but he was never profuse in its application; he left it to be an object of desire. But now that ornamental portion of the dance has become the principal. Young Vestris did not perform it with delicacy; he turned with extraordinary velocity, and when the centre of gravity warned him of the danger of a loss of equilibrium, he checked himself, and resumed his position, by a forcible stamp of the feet. If this expedient be not a miracle of balancing the figure, it is one of address, discretion, and necessity. Unhappily the pirouette has not remained the sole property of Vestris; it is become the favourite resource of most other dancers, "and," says Noverre, "if I may be pardoned the expression, the daily bread of the public." After the example of Vestris all of both sexes use it; they turn themselves, and they also turn the heads of the spectators."

While the great master of the art expresses his justly founded dislike of the invention which may be traced in its tasteless results, even to our own times, and which he regards in the light of a disorder that must, sooner or later, work its own cure; while he declares that, to observe the rapidity of Vestris's turn, which baffles computation, one would conceive he must be a lineal descendant of the most famous of the dervishes; while he censures the plaudits so absurdly lavished upon the defects of the dancer, he does ample justice to his surprising ability. "His great talents," says the composer, "his experience, the riches of his resources, give hopes that he is at this moment occupied in the endeavour to create

a new style, based upon the principles common to all the imitative arts — principles he ought never to have forgot, and which he alone can resuscitate—that he will hasten to present in his own person a perfect model of art; that he will embellish it, and make its beautiful proportions resplendent by the harmony of his movements, and the exquisite finish of an execution, simple but learned; that he will recall the graces which difficulties and extravagancies have banished. Such is the prayer which connoisseurs breathe; it is that of friendship, and of all those who are interested for his fame, and that of the art of which he is the brightest ornament." This was written when Vestris was near his zenith.

About the year 1779 the contests among the dancers seem to have been a subject of much interest in the court circles. There was, in fact, an operative rebellion. "The minister," said Madame Guimard, "orders me to dance. Very well—only let him take care, for I can make him jump." This sally was told to the King. "It is your own fault, gentlemen," observed the young monarch: "if you regarded them less, the dancers would not be so insolent*." Vestris having made an impertinent answer to M. de Vismes, the latter asked him if he knew to whom he spoke? "To whom I speak!" replied the dancer, "to the farmer of my talents." These disputes rose so high that at length Vestris the younger was ordered into custody. Nothing could be more touching, nothing more pathetic than the parting of the parent and his child! "Go my son," exclaimed *Lou Dion*, "this is the brightest day of your existence! Take my carriage, and demand the apartments of my friend the King of Poland! I will pay all expenses." Dauberval underwent a similar punishment: the commentators of the time indulge in no little pleasantry at the expense of the performers and of the court. Meetings, debates, resolutions, and embassies to Versailles, they say, followed these punishments, and the dancers submitted to the King the choice between their resignation and the dismissal of the director. Thus were likely to be revived consequences no less disastrous than those which happened to the Parliament during the time of the Fronde, and the arrest of Brancheuil and Brausel. But the King signified that he was weary of these impertinences, and that perseverance would draw upon them his utmost displeasure; so they returned to their duty. "We know not the whole of the articles of the treaty which has put an end to these illustrious misunderstandings," says Grimm; "all that is ascertained is, that it is the intervention of a marshal of France distinguished for his dexterity in his negotiations with Spain, which has contributed to bring together these high contracting parties, and to square the public interests and the good of the administration with the delicate and haughty spirits of the Opera. May their cares be rewarded by a long duration of the consequences of the peace they have so happily effected!"

* This fact is strongly corroborated by an anecdote told by Horace Walpole in one of his letters:—"I was presented, to the Prince of Conti last Friday. In the middle of the levee entered a young woman, too plain, I thought, to be anything but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion by seeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle, and do the honours of it. I asked a gentleman near me if that was the Comtesse de la Marche? He burst into a violent fit of laughter, and then told me it was Mlle. Auguste, a dancer! Now, who was in the wrong?"—*Horace Walpole's Letter to John Chute, Esq., from Paris, Jan., 1768.*

Soon after this Vestris heard that his son had run into extravagant expenses. He assembled a convocation of his relations, before whom he addressed the young man with that accent of dignity which was so peculiarly his own. "Augustus," said he, "the world talks of the wretched state of your affairs; they say that you have debts with all your tradesmen; that you abuse the confidence which the name I have permitted you to bear, obtains for you. If you do not reduce your matters to order I shall not suffer you to bear it any longer; we have always maintained our own honour,—understand me, Augustus, I will have no Gueméné in my family."

In 1784 young Vestris returned to Paris, from London, with a sprained foot, which precluded his dancing. The Queen, being desirous that the Count de Huga should witness the exhibition of his rare talents, sent to him three times to request him to give some splendid instance of his powers, though only in a single entrée. Her majesty had been studiously informed that he had rehearsed in the morning, but the fact that the attempt had increased his malady was suppressed. In whatever way the story was related to the minister, M. le Baron de Breteuil punished his non-appearance at night, by sending him to the prison of La Force: the news threw all Paris into a ferment; parties were formed for and against the artist; but nothing could equal the consternation of his family. "Alas!" exclaimed *Lou Diou*, his heart wounded, and his eyes overflowing with tears, "this is the first difference of my house with the Bourbons!" To have heard the croakers of the metropolis, it might have been imagined that the honour of the nation had been compromised; it was averred that Vestris had disobeyed the orders of the Queen, and ought, for his disrespect, to be banished the theatre and the realm. On the other hand the Vestrises complained of injustice and calumny, the younger declared that, unless he was restored to liberty, and received an honourable reparation, he would appear no more; the elder threatened to quit France with his august family; pamphlets, epigrams, and caricatures were showered down from all quarters. The Queen herself at length quieted the storm, and ordered the release of Vestris. Marshal Noailles said, that instead of sending him to prison, he would have sent him immediately to Stockholm, and would not have allowed him to depart thence till he had jumped to the entire satisfaction of the King of Sweden.

The first night of his re-appearance the theatre was besieged by a multitude of both parties; there never was so large and so stormy an audience. He was saluted with plaudits and hisses, and cries of "Down on your knees." They had chosen for the melody to which he danced, the well-known air of "Sir, behold my tears!" And the action applied to its character, but the noise was so great that the orchestra could not be heard. Vestris alone retained his presence of mind; he danced to perfection. Orders were issued to the guard not to interfere unless the dispute rose to personal violence; but when they saw stones flying at the performers, they marched into the centre of the pit and the caption of some of the most violent appeased the riot.

At this time flourished Duport, who rose rapidly to the first rank. His address and brilliancy, his firmness and vivacity, his force and pliancy were surprising. He filled his execution with quick and difficult steps, but which he performed with infinite ease; his pirouettes were so rapid that

the eye was dazzled. At this period he appears to have made too violent and too long-continued efforts for his own success, or even safety. But these defects time would correct, and experience would teach him the value of light and shadow. Henry, a serious dancer of great promise, and Beaupré, a comic dancer, seem to have attained much repute, particularly the latter, whose dancing "was as gay as his temper." He was the delight of the public, and not less esteemed by his companions.

We pass over several names whose repute appears scarcely to have extended beyond the metropolis of France, to come to those of Didelot, Des Hayes, and Laborie, all equally known to England, and indeed to every capital in Europe, where the ballet was cultivated. Didelot was an enthusiast in his art, so much so, as to touch the point where

"True genius is to madness near allied."

He was in London about the close of the last century, where he not only danced in, but composed the ballets. "*La Conquête du Pérou*" was almost the last and best of that species. His wife, Madame Rose, was a noble dancer in the grand style; she was majestic in form and movement, but perhaps her features were amongst the most ugly that ever deformed a human countenance. In the divertissement she generally wore a loose white robe with a scarlet cincture, and in this dress she was caricatured as "*Madame Rose en chemise de nuit, with a red garter round her waist.*" Noverre entitles her "*the pearl of dancers in the heroic style.*"

One of the principal partners of Vestris was Mlle. Chamerois; she displayed the same force, the same address, the same firmness, and the same brilliancy; and she had, moreover, the advantage of her sex, that nameless power which confers a charm upon everything a handsome woman says or does. A curious circumstance followed her early death. Two poets celebrated that event. They neither invoked Apollo nor Terpsichore, whom she nearly resembled, but one addressed himself in his transport to St. Roch, and to her dog. In this fanciful allusion he introduced the saints of both sexes, the angels and archangels, and placed Mlle. Chamerois in paradise. Her dancing, elastic, light, and voluptuous, created so lively a sensation amongst the blessed in that celestial region, that they were all seized with a passion for the same exercise, and began to dance, to leap, and to prouette. St. Peter, seeing the festivity only through the key-hole of Heaven's gate, so strongly participates in the delight, that he is allured from his post, and mingles in the sports.

The other poem excited little notice, but the one we have just alluded to, made even those laugh who were scandalized at the impurity.

Louise Curtois, who formed herself upon the model of Chamerois, and attained to her grace, was also cut off early by death. Clotilde was a serious dancer of first-rate talent—a scholar of Vestris; her deportment was noble and elegant, and she might be likened to the Diana of antiquity. Her execution was perfect, and she measured and grasped, as it were, the stage; the grace of her arms, and her entire figure, was proportioned to the majesty of her stature. She was formed for the *grand caractère*, and nothing was required but that she had entirely devoted herself to the study.

The critic, whose descriptions we have chiefly followed, declares "that the pen drops from his hand," and that he wants words to paint the

perfections of Madame Gardel. Her performance was dazzling, her feet sparkled like diamonds; her execution had the most exquisite finish. The most difficult *times*, the most embarrassing combinations of steps were surmounted by this rival of Terpsichore with equal ease and perfection; she had a fine tact, and an ear so delicate, that her dancing was precision itself. She reconciled one to the pirouette, which she performed with such sweetness, and closed with so captivating a pause, that she never disturbed the public feeling by an effort that was discoverable. Her figure was well placed; it was so thoroughly under her command, that it seemed not at all to partake of the rapid and dazzling movement of her legs and feet; her arms were beautifully grouped; she was the delight of the spectators; she was to the dance what the Venus de Medicis is to sculpture, and those who knew her private character were as much enchanted by her frank and modest manners as by her wit and her politeness.

To describe the peculiar attributes and manner of the several dancers would be wearisome, were it not that from these portraits alone can be gathered a theoretical understanding of the principles of the art, and a just taste established. Our little history aims not only to amuse by a record of the persons and anecdotes who have illustrated the dance, but to show, by instances, upon what the art depends, and how the judgment is to be formed. We find, even in dancers who have not reached the pinnacle of fame, materials for our purpose. Mlle. Chevigny was of this class. Her *dance* was perfect, her execution animated and brilliant; *the formation and connexion of her steps* were exact and determinate; she had vigour and grace, and she united all the powers and charms which the art demands. Nature was indeed prodigal to her; a noble figure enriched with a pair of beautiful eyes, which said all she wished to express, ever changing features susceptible of the impress of all the passions; eloquent gestures, because through them the soul gives utterance to its emotions, and informs them to perfection with all the movements proper to paint every sentiment and every affection—such it seems were the great qualities of this performer, whose character her eulogist sums up by declaring that hers was the pantomime which ought to be cultivated, “for it spoke without language or a voice.” She was stopped in her career by a hurt in the knee, but she still sustained all the loftier honours in the school. From this picture surely may be drawn many of the elements of taste in spite of the obscurity which necessarily attends the use of general terms. From this sketch principles may be compared with practice.

When Bigottini first appeared, the critics said she lavished too much attention upon her feet, and neglected the carriage of her head, her bust, her arms, and her figure. But in spite of her negligence it was predicted that time would give her the pre-eminence she had attained when she visited England.

It would be thought superfluous should we attempt a particular description of the various female dancers, Dehle, Dupont, Fabre-Gardel, Vestris, Felicité, Hutin, Hilligsberg, (a particular favourite in England,) Parisot, Hulin, Milanic, Mercandotti, Noblet, Brocard, and others who assisted in filling the corps de ballet, down to our own times. Of Fanny Bias and Taglioni, the remembrance is yet fresh and strong; but we can hardly judge of their powers comparatively with those of their pre-

decessors, to whom heroic characters were assigned. The ballets of later days scarcely outgo, in the expression of the passions, the diversissements of an earlier age. The heroic ballet is almost extinct; fairies, sylphs and dryads, some intermezzi of a *demi-caractère* have superseded the loftiest, and, we may add, the true objects of the art. That such was the case among the dancers of antiquity is made clear by multitudes of passages, and particularly by Cassiodorus, who says, "Our ancestors gave the name of *mute music* to that art which shows how to speak without opening the mouth, to express everything by gestures, and even to render intelligible, by certain movements, as well as by different attitudes of the body what we should find very difficult to communicate by a continued discourse, or a whole page in writing." To this dignity of expression it was the object of the great master, to whose writings we are so much indebted, to restore his art, and he did so restore it*.

Noverre chose his subjects from the highest heroism, and the noblest poetry. He constructed the most passionate as well as the lightest dramas; he took, for instance, the death of Agamemnon, Æneas, and Dido, Alceste, as well as the graces, and Cupid and Psyche. Nor are his tragedies in action inferior in interest to the finest that poets have produced; he not only sought for his resources in the learning of the ancients, in the Greek tragedies, but in nature herself. He considered the rules of Aristotle, and he compared effects; and when we examine the structure of his grand ballets it is impossible not to be struck with the beauty, grace, congruity, and effect of the arrangement of his scenes. In the second series of his letters he has entered into an exposition of the construction of his "Death of Agamemnon," and with a profundity that shows his genius has demonstrated the differences between his own, and the sister arts of poetry and painting, and described the means to which he has resorted.

It were to be wished that our limits would allow even an abstract of the scenes by which the intrigues of Ægisthus and Clytemnestra ripen into the catastrophe. The brilliant imagination of Noverre has contrived a succession by which not only the passions and characters of the *dramatis personæ*, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Ægisthus, Electra, and Iphisa; Cassandra, Orestes, and Pylades, (together with countless assistants,) are developed, but which give occasion for the most splendid processions and festive celebrations; all, however, contribute to the catastrophe. The drama is continued through five acts, and it is impossible to conceive anything more pathetically or more magnificently expressed.

We may turn to two others of a lighter, but of a more delicate and beautiful cast,—*The Graces*, and *Cupid and Psyche*. Wieland's own poem is not more poetical than Noverre's programme; it may be read again and again, for it places the most vivid pictures of the actions and events described with an Arcadian simplicity, yet with a passionate strength, unknown to any other species of representation. Cupid and Psyche is of the same genus; this ballet, perhaps, was received with greater applause than any other that he produced in England. Towards

* During the minority of Louis XIV. ballets were performed at court, in which the monarch himself danced. The Queen of England sustained characters in the masques of Ben Jonson. In the "Masque of Blackness," the Queen, with eleven ladies of her court, appeared; and in the "Masque of Beauty" with fifteen others, who constituted a part of the *dramatis personæ*.

its close, the ballet-master, with his niece, was standing wrapped up in a great coat waiting for his carriage when, in obedience to the demands of the audience, two of the dancers rushed upon him, and led him forward to receive the applauses which were lavished upon him. The old man was reluctant to appear in such a dress, and at such disadvantage, but there was no resisting;—bending, rather than bowing to the delighted spectators, he came before the house, and while the female dancers fantastically twined their wreaths of flowers round him, the principal (Cupid) crowned him with a chaplet, amidst thunders of applause. The person from whom we had this relation, was his niece, who beheld the scene of her relation's triumph with a sensibility not to be expressed; to Noverre himself it was as overpowering as unexpected, and he always spoke of it as the most melting, yet the most triumphant feeling of his life. Such demonstrations of public approbation were then rare; we do not know, indeed, whether this was not the very first in England. Now they are robbed of much of their value by frequency.

At this time (from 1780 to 1790), when these fine productions were at their acme, it was customary to engage a ballet-master for the season, who was to compose two grand ballets and two of an inferior order, called *divertissemens*; the expense of each of the former was estimated roundly at 1000*l*.*, and the whole strength of the house, scene-painters, band, decorator, dresser, and property-man, was placed at the command of the ballet-master. Hence the call for the various knowledge assumed to be necessary to the composer of such beautiful concentrations of these various arts. Noverre, we know, superintended them all down to the pattern of a suit, and the effect corresponded to the attention given to the preparations. Dr. Burney says, that in 1780 dancing had superseded music, painting, and machinery at the Opera. "After the departure of Mademoiselle Heinel," he continues, "no dancing had so much delighted the frequenters of the Opera as that of M. Vestris and Mademoiselle Baccelli, till the arrival of M. Vestris Paine, when pleasure was sublimed into ecstasy. In the year 1781 Pacchierotti had been heard so frequently that his singing was no impediment to conversation, or even to animated narrative and debate; but while the elder Vestris was on the stage, if during a *par sent* any of his admirers forgot themselves so much as to applaud him with their hands, there was an instant check put to his rapture by a choral hu—sh! For those lovers of music who talked the loudest when Pacchierotti was singing a pathetic air, or making an exquisite close, were now thrown into agonies of displeasure lest the graceful movements *du dieu de la danse*, or the attention of his votaries, should be disturbed by audible approbation. Since that time the most mute and respectful attention has been given to the manly grace of Le Picq, and light fantastic one of the younger Vestris; to the Rossis, the Theodores, the Coulons, and the Hilligsbergs; while the poor singers have been disturbed, not by the violence of applause, but the clamour of inattention."

There was scarcely, however, a single and true, and ballet given after the engagement of Noverre ended. Dauberval and Gallet, his

* The engagements for the season of 1793 or 1794, without the figurantes, have been computed at 8550*l*. The sums which have been lost by the Opera-house are large almost beyond credibility.

pupils—Didelot and Des Hayes, with many others, gave ballets, but they rarely, if at all, ascended beyond the level of the *divertissement*. They degenerated to such things as “Little Peggy’s love,” and the train of mythological dances which have since been accepted for the heroic pantomime, and now occupies the stage almost to its entire exclusion.

Thus the reign of these noble specimens of poetry and imagination was of short duration. They had waned even before the death of Noverre, who lived long enough to perceive and to denounce the coming change; nor can we conclude our slight sketch by a more just explication, than that in which he has closed one section of his work. He says, “I have avoided, as much as possible, all criticism; yet not wishing to give a senseless panegyric on the absurdities adopted by fashion and false taste, I may be allowed to set myself against all those abuses which are intruding upon dancing, to the destruction of all its graces; banishing the rules of proportion and fine taste, and replacing everything that can lend a charm to the art, by an emmyant monotony of bad attitudes, disproportioned times, and unnatural pauses. When I can be persuaded that the Graces and the Nymphs ought to dance like Bacchanals, the Sports and the Smiles to move like Fauns and Sylvens—when they can prove to me that angles, whether right, salient, or acute, can make the beauty of the imitative arts—when painters, whose opinion and talents I respect, shall demonstrate to me that they must renounce the curved lines and wise proportions that nature has traced for them—when they can convince me that, in the imitative arts, all ought to be stiff and formal—that it is a beautiful sight to see sixty arms well raised above their heads, and thirty right legs, carried by a spontaneous movement to a level with the shoulders, I will be silent. . . . I have already said, and I here repeat, that there exists an intimate analogy between painting and dancing; plan, distribution, grouping, *repose*, *gesture*, *attitude*, *expression*, *correct design*, *right proportions*, *historical and fabulous subjects*, all these belong equally to painting and dancing. . . . It belongs, then, to my coadjutor Gardel to keep off these abuses, and to declare open war against all the novelties born of caprice and folly. Being the absolute head of the most brilliant portion of the Opera, he ought to oppose himself with firmness all the innovations introduced by stupidity and ignorance. If the Colifichets and the Guinguins are the children of folly and caprice, the Graces are the daughters of taste and decency; it belongs then to M. Gardel to proscrib[e] all that can impoverish and lower his noble compositions. He cannot forget that the principles of the fine arts are immutable, and that they are not the slaves of fashion, and the ephemeral fancies of caprice. Having only Nature to imitate and adorn, we ought to remain faithful to this our common mother. Woe to those ungrateful children who forsake her! What do they produce? Frightful caricatures, puppets, exaggerated and monstrous works, insipid and disgusting productions, rejected by an enlightened public, and the shame and contempt of those who gave them birth.”

THE ROMAUNT OF MARGRET.

I plant a tree, whose leaf
 The cypress leaf will suit,
 But when its shade is o'er you laid,
 Turn ye, and pluck the fruit.
 Now reach my minstrel harp,
 Which hangeth on the wall,
 And hearken loving hearts and hold,
 To a wild madrigal.
 Margret, Margret !

Sitteth the fair ladye
 Close to the river side,
 Which runneth on with a merry tone,
 Her merry thoughts to guide.
 It runneth thro' the trees,
 It runneth by the hill—
 Pathless the ladye's thoughts have found
 A way more pleasant still —
 Margret, Margret !

The night is in her hair,
 And giveth shade to shade,
 And the pale moonlight on her forehead white,
 Like a spirit's hand is laid.
 Her lips part with a smile
 Instead of speakings done :
 I ween she thinketh of a voice,
 Albeit, uttering none.
 Margret, Margret !

All little birds do sit
 With heads beneath their wings,
 And nature doth seem in a mystic dream,
 Apart from her living things.
 That dream by that ladye,
 I ween, is unpartook ;
 For she looketh to the high, cold stars
 With a tender human look.
 Margret, Margret !

The ladye's shadow lies
 Upon the running river ;
 It lieth no less in its quietness,
 For that which resteth never :
 Most like a trusting heart
 Upon a passing faith —
 Or as, upon the course of life,
 The steadfast doom of death.
 Margret, Margret !

The ladye doth not move—
 The ladye doth not dream—
 Yet she seeth her shade no longer laid
 In rest upon the stream.

It shaketh without wind—
It parteth from the tide—
It standeth upright in the cleft moonlight—
It sitteth at her side!

Margret, Margret!

Look in its face, ladye,
And keep thee from thy swoond;
With a spirit bold thy pulses hold,
And hear its voice's sound.

For so will sound thy voice,
When thy face is to the wall!
And so will look thy face, ladye,
When the maidens work thy pall.

Margret, Margret!

"Am I not like to thee?"

The voice was calm and low;
And between each word you might have heard
The silent grasses grow!

"The like may away the like,"

By which mysterious law,
Mine eyes from thine, and my lips from thine,
The light and breath may draw.

Margret, Margret!

My lips do need thy breath—

My lips do need thy smile—
And my pale deep cyne, that light in thine,
Which met the stars ere while,

Yet go with light and life,

If that thou lovest one
In all the earth, who loveth thee
More truly than the sun,

Margret, Margret!

Her cheek had waxen white,
Like cloud, at fall of snow:
Here like to one, at set of sun,
It waxed red also.

For love's name maketh bold,
As if the loved were near,
And sighed she the deep, long sigh
Which cometh after fear.

Margret, Margret!

"Now, sooth, I fear thee not—
Shall never fear thee now."

(And a noble sight, was the sudden light
Which lit her lifted brow).

"Can earth be dry of streams,
Or hearts of love?"—she said;

"Who doubteth love—knoweth not love—
Already is he dead!"

Margret, Margret!

"I have"—and then her lips
Some word in pause did keep;
And gave, the while, a quiet smile,
As if she smiled in sleep—

The Romaunt of Margret.

"I have—a brother dear,
 A knight of knightly fame—
 And I broidered him a knightly scarf
 With letters of my name ;"
 Margret, Margret.

"I fel his gay goss-hawk—
 I kissed his fierce blood-hound—
 I sate at home when he might come,
 To hear his horn's far sound.
 I sang him songs of old—
 I poured him the red wine ;
 And looked he from the cup and said—
 I love thee, sister mine :
 Margret, Margret."

It trembled on the grass
 With a low shadowy laughter—
 And the sounding river which roll'd ever,
 Stood dumb and stagnant after.
 "Brave knight thy brother is,
 But better loveth he
 Thy pour'd wine than thy chant'd song—
 And better both, than thee !
 Margret, Margret !"

The ladye did not heed
 The river's pause—the while
 Her own thoughts still ran at their will,
 And calm was still her smile—
 "My little sister wears
 The look our mother wore ;
 I smooth her locks with a golden comb,
 I bless her evermore."
 Margret, Margret.

"I gave her my first bird,
 When first my voice it knew :
 I made her share my posies rare,
 And told her where they grew.
 I taught her God's high words—
 God's worthy praise, to tell :
 She looked from heaven into my face,
 And said, 'I love thee well,
 Margret, Margret !"

It trembled on the grass
 With a low shadowy laughter—
 And each glass-eyed bird awoke and stared
 Thro' the shrivelled tree-leaves after.
 "Fair child thy sister is,
 But better loveth she
 Thy golden comb than posied flowers—
 And better both, than thee !
 Margret, Margret !"

The ladye did not heed
 The withering on the bough ;
 Still calm her smile, albeit the while,
 A little pale her brow.

"I have a father old,
The lord of ancient halls;
An hundred friends are in the court,
Yet only me, he calls"—

Margret, Margret.

An hundred knights are there;
Yet read I by his knee—
And when forth they go to the tourney show,
I rise not up to see.
'Tis a weary book to read—
My tryst's at set of sun—
Yet dear and loving neath the stars
Is his blessing, when I've done."

Margret, Margret.

It trembled on the grass
With a low shadowy laughter—
And moon and star, most bright and far,
Did shrink and darken, after.
"High lord thy father is,
And better loveth he
His ancient halls than hundred friends—
His ancient halls, than thee,
Margret, Margret!"

The ladye did not heed
That the high stars did fail;
Still calm her smile, albeit the while——
Nay! *but she is not pale.*
I have a more than friend
Across the mountains dim;
No other's voice is soft to me,
Unless it name him."

Margret, Margret.

"Tho' louder treads mine heart,
I know his step again—
And his far plume aye, unless *turned away,*
For tears do blind me *then.*
We brake no gold, a sign
Of stronger faith to be—
But I wear his last look in my soul;
It said 'I love but thee!

Margret, Margret!"

It trembled on the grass
With a low shadowy laughter—
And the wind did toll, as a passing soul
Were sped by church-bell, after.
And shadows, 'stead of light,
Fell from the stars above,
In flakes of darkness on her face
All bright with trusting love,—

Margret, Margret!

"He loveth none but thee?—
That love is ended too:—
The black crow's bill doth dabble still
I' the mouth that vowed thee true.

The Romaunt of Margret.

Will he open his dull eyes,
 When tears fall on his brow?
 Behold! the death-worm, to his heart,
 Is a nearer thing than thou,
 Margret, Margret!"

Her face was on the ground,—
 None saw the agony;
 But the men at sea, did that night agree
 They heard a drowning cry.
 And when the morning brake,
 Fast rolled the river's tide—
 With the green trees waving overhead,
 And a white corse lain beside!
 Margret, Margret!"

A knight's blood-hound, and he,
 The funeral watch did keep—
 And he turned round, to stroke the hound,
 Which howled to see him weep.
 A fair child kissed the dead,
 And started from its cold,—
 And alone, yet proudly, in his hall,
 Did stand a baron old!
 Margret, Margret!"

Hang up mine harp again,
 I have no voice for song;
 Not song, but wail—and mourners pale,
 Not bards, to *love* belong.
 Oh! failing human love,
 Oh! light, by darkness known!
 Oh! false, the while thou treadest earth,
 Oh! deaf, beneath the stone!
 Margret, Margret!"

No friends! no name but *His*,
 Whose name, as *Love* appears,—
 Look up to heaven, as God's forgiven,
 And see it not for tears!
 Yet see with spirit-sight
 Th' eternal Friend, undim—
 Who died for love, and joins above
 All friends who love in *Him*.
 And, with his pierc'd hands, may He
 The guardian of your clasp'd ones be!
 Which prayer doth end my lay of thee,
 Margret, Margret!"

E. B. B.

STEEPLE HUNTING.

CHAPTER I.

ONE of those manias which from time to time run riot with "John Bull," and divert that worthy grumbler from the contemplation of his grievances, has recently attacked him, somewhat severely, in the guise of a steeple-chase. Vainly did the farmer swear, as he saw his freshly-ploughed fields torn up in all directions by a horde of the most reckless intruders;—idly did the grazier mourn over dismembered gates, scattered sheep, and shattered fences;—unheeded did the "little tenants" implore, and the "large tenants" threaten;—the band of horsemen swept onward, and defied opposition. In some instances, the results have been sufficiently disastrous. One fat rector was rode over, and carried home lifeless on a shutter. Another elderly gentleman, who came on the field as a spectator, was elbowed into a deep ditch, where he lay for an hour, and during that period had the pleasure of seeing his five sons take their flying leaps over him. A maiden "gentlewoman, of considerable experience," who was tempted by the occasion to make her appearance at the Melton Mowbray steeple-chase, was driven, by the rush of riders, into a quickset hedge, whence, after forty minutes' struggle, she emerged with one shoe and three parts of a stocking, the crown and one string of her bonnet, the front breadth of her gown, and the tip of her boa,—a melancholy and most instructive example of the "pursuit of amusement under difficulties!" She declared, with the most earnest and touching sincerity, as she regained the turf, that she was "pricked to the quick by her misfortunes." Alas! where was the ardour of Captain Prinsep—where the well-known gallantry of Colonel Peel—that it did not bring them to the relief of a damsel so uneasily circumstanced?

But the practice is far more general than is at first supposed. There is a class of grave-looking gentlemen who go steeple-hunting all their days. Their uniform, as to coat and vest, is black; and their continuations invisible green or Oxford grey. They muster strong on field-days; and the ardour with which they lie on the scent is at once edifying and exemplary. Bishop P—— was indisputably a steeple-hunter when he wrote, first *against*, and then *for*, the Papists. The late Dr. G—— was a steeple-hunter of no common nerve when he handed over to the celebrated Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke two halves of two 500*l.* notes, to secure her influence in procuring him a vacant mitre. The learned minor canon who wrote, a year or two since, a ponderous quarto, entitled "Bishops the Bulwarks of the English Church," was clearly a steeple-hunter; and the renowned Mr. Gathercole, beneath whose lash the Dissenters rebel, and in the thunder of whose anathemas learned prelates* exult, belongs, incontrovertibly, to the same section of the sporting community.

Best of readers! I have also, in my time, been a steeple-hunter! With what success, you must judge.

For fourteen years of my life I belonged to the class now commonly known by the name of *meritorious curates*,—that is to say, I had the sole charge of a parish of seven hundred souls, in which I had to maintain my position in society, dress like a gentleman, and relieve those

* See the Bishop of London's last Charge.

whom all spurned but myself, upon the wages of a journeyman cabinet-maker. About eighteen months previous to the expiration of this period, owing to the death of two succeeding male heirs under age, the advowson of the living on which I was curate, the estate which surrounded it, and the noble woods which embosomed it, fell into the hands of an individual who, on his entering life, had as much chance of being opulent as I have of becoming an archdeacon. To the way in which he graced his honours no words save his own can do justice. On his succeeding to the estate, he found the parish engaged in the laborious and costly enterprise of enlarging, or rather rebuilding, the church, which for years had been a "church in danger." A pew was forthwith demanded, of sufficient size to accommodate himself and his family. His request was at once attended to, and the matter considered arranged. A few weeks after, he called upon me in a perfect ferment, the perspiration standing on his brow, his eyes rolling, and every muscle in his face quivering. "Good heavens, my dear Sir! what sum do you think the parish churchwarden has charged me for my pew? I never heard of such extortion! Five pounds, as I'm a living man!"

"Well, Sir, that does not appear to me unreasonable."

"Not unreasonable! Are you aware of what you're saying? Not unreasonable!"

"No; not for a pew capable of holding ten persons, near the reading-desk, and in the most preferable part of the church."

"What has that to do with it? I tell ye its an extortionate demand. I've measured the whole pew three times over, and *there isn't forty shillings'-worth of timber in it!*"

The pew arranged, the next affair was the erection of a monument to his father, who had been gathered to his people upwards of half a century before. The 'Squire furnished both design and inscription. The former consisted of a very corpulent female figure weeping into a little tiny urn, which it was quite evident, from the *size of her tears*, she would very speedily fill. This was intended to represent Virtue inconsolable for the loss of Mr. Morehouse, sen. ! An immense cherub at each corner blew a trumpet with all its might, out of which proceeded the words "Faith, Hope, Meekness, Charity." The verbiage was to this effect:—

"TO MR. MATTHIAS MOREHOUSE,
The best of Fathers and most upright of Underwriters,
This Monumental Tablet
is erected
by
His reverential and ever-afflicted Son,
MICHAEL MOREHOUSE, Esq.,
of
The Grange,
hard by."

On this monument the 'Squire used to fix his eyes during service with an expression of the most cordial complacency. His form seemed to dilate with satisfaction as he gazed on the little urn and the large lady. He prided himself on his Church of England principles, and his punctual performance of his Sabbath duties,—and as he stood upright in his pew, and repeated the Belief in tones which the poor wheezy clerk tried in vain to drown, with his eyes shut, see-sawing himself upon his toes backwards and forwards, and closing each period with a solemn shake

of his head,—he was, as a whole, such an exhibition as is not often seen within the walls of a country church.

But the 'Squire, though deficient in taste, was not deficient in tongue; he abounded in civil speeches. We never met that he did not assure me of his zeal for my welfare, and of his wish to serve me; and so hearty and so repeated were his declarations of good-will, that I was fool enough to believe them sincere.

Matters stood thus when my rector died; and knowing the 'Squire had no son, brother, nephew, or cousin to whom a benefice of 160*l.* could be acceptable, I ventured one morning, after he had been more than commonly profuse in his professions, to put them to the test. In a sentence, I asked him for the vacant living. He shook me cordially by the hand, called up one of his blandest smiles, and began—

"My dear friend, I could not think of proposing anything so paltry to your acceptance. With your grasp of intellect and moral worth—don't allude to it—it is quite beneath you—quite unworthy of you."

"My expectations are very humble," was my reply; "allow me, therefore, to judge whether——"

"No, no! don't talk of it."

"I see many abler and better men worse off than myself; and the living, though small, would satisfy——"

"I cannot hear of it. My regard for you is such that—quite impossible—quite impossible."

"I understand you, Sir, and construe this last sentence into a refusal."

"Not exactly that; but—but—the living is gone! My butler asked and got it for some friend of his own. I believe the rascal has sold it; but that's no affair of mine. Not a single shilling will find its way into my pocket. No, no! Wou'dn't wound my conscience for all the gold of Ophir. But the bishop will provide for you. A man of your deserts and long services cannot be overlooked. You would be buried alive in this hamlet. No, no! Aspire to something better."

This was a complete check: my run for the season was ended. I did not attempt another steeple-hunt for some years; in fact, I almost came to a resolution to forswear the sport altogether, and only swerved from my determination under the following circumstances.

→ CHAPTER II.

Upon the curacy to which I removed after the rebuff recorded in the last Chapter, I remained some years. My sporting days—as far, at least, as steeple-hunting was concerned—were past and over. Old men died, and young men succeeded them; but I instituted no inquiry—preferred no application—and persevered in the quiet discharge of my daily duties. Yet as age silvered my brow, and my family grew up around me, and the many cares and anxieties incident to their establishment in life pressed sorely upon me—with all my acquiescence in the maxim, "*whatever is, is right*," and all my trust in the awards of an inflexibly just and unalterably wise Providence, a feeling of melancholy foreboding for the future would occasionally come across me. This was insensibly deepened by the spectacle daily presented to me. My next neighbour was a clergyman residing on a large living. He had health—he had wealth—he had a small (and what is invaluable to a pastor,) a

peaceful and contented body of parishioners—good society within his reach, and a parsonage which, for its external advantages and internal embellishments, was a fairy palace—and he was wretched!

As I listened to his interminable complaints, a murmur—why should I not confess it?—would not unfrequently struggle for utterance. “Here is a man with all the elements of happiness within his reach—gifted with every capacity for enjoyment, insensible to the many blessings of his lot, while I—peace, busy Tempter, peace!”

But to his ailment. He was haunted by a perpetual fear of death. None of his family had survived their fortieth year; he was fast approaching that period, and looked upon himself as a doomed man. Whenever this feeling came over him he was powerless. I have often been called to his assistance when the bells for his church-service were ringing—when a corpse was on its way to his burial-ground for interment—when a couple have been standing at the altar impatiently waiting his arrival: no argument, no raillery could rouse him. His house-keeper recommended Dr. Jephson and Leamington Spa; I prescribed abstinence and exercise. He talked of Abernethy and blue pill; I said, “Drink less wine, and lay down your carriage!”

Neither alternative was adopted. He sent for the village doctor, who for some weeks dosed him *ad libitum*. Debilitated by drugs and fright, the rector sunk so rapidly that his country attendant became alarmed, and wished for another opinion. A physician was called in: the sight of this grave-looking personage at his bed-side so thoroughly convinced the patient his hours were numbered, that his nervous excitement became so violent, and his symptoms so aggravated, that Dr. W. deemed “the case a very peculiar one,” and begged for a consultation. A second physician was summoned. “They may muffle the bells as soon as they like for master’s funeral peal,” said the clerk when this fact was made known to him. “*What man on earth was ever known to hold it out agen THREE doctor?*”

Amen was right: within a fortnight after the arrival of the consulting physician, Mr. Edmonstone was quietly sleeping beneath the turf of his own churchyard!

CHAPTER III.

Who was to be his successor? The living was large, and the question was fiercely debated; and while each village quidnunc pretended to be wiser than his brother gossip, and not one of the fraternity could possess any accurate information on the point, I went on quietly taking the duty. The question of patronage was in this instance interesting; it was vested in three maiden ladies of eccentric views and vagabond habits. They were rarely unanimous on any subject; and on the last vacancy were so long in making up their minds on the merits of “a mere moral preacher,” whom the elder Miss Hebblethwaite patronized—of “a true Gospel trumpet,” whom the youngest sister admired—and of “a man of moderate views,” whom the second sister preferred, but who was scouted by the other two as “that worst of characters, a Borderer,” that the six months allowed them for presentation expired. The living lapsed to the bishop, and his lordship very quietly instituted a near relative of his own; many therefore, and various, were the speculations which the present vacancy occasioned. The sisters were cursed with a hatred of repose—they lived only in locomotion; “*Onward*” was the

motto of their lives. The grave, as a place of rest, must have been inconceivably odious to them ; and Mrs. Hemans' beautiful thoughts on "The Calm of Life," utterly unintelligible. For months their movements were unknown even to their lawyer and agent. Now they were at Boulogne—now at Buxton—now at Versailles—and soon afterwards at Bowness. Their steward was only apprized of their existence by their applications to him for money, which he was always ordered to remit "by return of post." The last time they were heard of was at Milan ; and if their next letters had been dated from Aleppo, it would have caused no feeling of surprise among the circle of their dependents.

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile, week after week rolled away without bringing any tidings of the new rector. Three months had expired ; still we were without the slightest intimation of the Miss Hebblethwaite's intentions. The fourth month had nearly closed, when two young gentlemen came down and made surprisingly minute inquiries about the *temporalities* of the benefice. One was *said* to be the diocesan's grandson, and the other the Miss Hebblethwaite's heir-at-law ; but, to the infinite mortification of Mrs. Dalby, the leading-gossip of the village, nothing positive could be elicited respecting either. The fifth month wore away, and both the lawyer and the steward became uneasy in right earnest.

"How mortifying," said the first, "that this noble living should again fall into the hands of the Bishop ! and yet I see no means of preventing it. Were I not sure they would view it as an unpardonable offence, and discard me for ever from their confidence, I would advertise the ladies in all the public papers, as the only means of discovering their domicile."

The lamentations of the steward were in a different strain, but quite as characteristic.

"A very pretty piece of business, upon my word ! This comes of women being entrusted with landed property ! This comes of going to foreign parts—frenchifying and frog-eating—instead of residing at your own hall, among your own tenantry ! A thousand a-year to go to some one of Bishop Tomline's offsets ! O Lord ! O Lord ! It's well the old squire's dead and gone ! He that was always so precise and business-like in all he said and did—it's enough to make him turn in his coffin ! It's well, indeed, if I don't go crazed myself ! And God only knows whom the Bishop may choose to send us ; some young chap, perhaps, who will be for raising the tithe, and changing the tenants, and worrying the ladies out of their wits when they return—that is to say, if they ever *do* return ; or can have the face to return after playing up a second time a vagary of this sort. But what rational act did you ever hear devised by the joint-stock brains of three maiden ladies ?"

The sixth month began and was within five days of its close, when the steward burst into my little study at an early hour one morning with an old, dirty, crumpled newspaper in his hand—"They're found—they're found—be stirring, my dear Sir, be stirring—the Miss Hebblethwaites are in England—are at Cheltenham ! Look here !" and unfolding a greasy and well-thumbed number of the "Bath Chronicle," he pointed with his fat finger to a paragraph, headed 'ARRIVALS. *The Miss Hebblethwaites, at Montpellier House, from the Continent.*'

Lose not an hour ; see them at once, and secure the living for yourself ; here's a letter of introduction from Lawyer Barkbite ; here's another from me ; here's money, and a chaise at the door. Take the paper with ye ; see the boys well, and they'll drive like mad. Follow up the scent ; push forward, and you'll save the living from the old cormorant at Farnham."

While my wife and children were crowding around, one dressing me, another feeding me, a third packing my valise, and all doing their utmost to expedite my departure, the lawyer arrived. With a greater appearance of interest than I had ever seen him evince on any former occasion, he put a packet into my hand, and said, "This will save time and obviate all needless delay. You will find here the presentation drawn out in form upon a proper stamp, and requiring only dates and signatures. Now," continued he, drawing me aside, and dropping his voice to a whisper, "these are eccentric women, and have never yet acted in any one single instance like the rest of the world. One never knows what may be the ruling whim of the moment ; they have an insurmountable aversion to business, and it is not at all impossible that they may deny their right of patronage—or affect to disbelieve the fact of Edmonstone's death—or require further evidence on the point—or perpetrate some folly or other, in order to get rid of the trouble of presenting. Don't therefore be discouraged at the first refusal ; press them hard ; go over the ground again and again. The proverb, though musty, is true, "Faint heart"—you know the sequel ? Above all—"

"Be off," said the steward impatiently, "and prosper. You'll break my heart—" and as he spoke the tears actually made their appearance on his rough, honest face, "if you don't succeed. But you *must* succeed, and you *shall* succeed, and I shall see you, Ma'am," said he, turning to my wife, "in the rectory-house yet ; and now break cover !" And actually pushing me into the chaise, he shut the door with an air of the most ruthless determination, gave the word to the drivers, and sent me for the second time in my life—STEEPLE HUNTING !

✦ CHAPTER V.

I reached Cheltenham late on the evening of the second day. Those were the times of ignorance ! There was no "Age," no "Criterion," no "Quicksilver" to hurry his Majesty's lieges to that stage whence "no traveller returns." Ann Nelson was in her teens ; and Jem Stevenson in his cradle. Steam and railroads were unknown,—and the most impatient mortals were compelled to put up with a pace somewhat under six miles an hour. Anxious and agitated I stood before Montpellier House at nine the following morning ; no ladies of the name of Hebblethwaite were to be found there, and the day was half spent, when, by dint of bribery, I was able to ascertain that the fair ones I was in search of had quitted Cheltenham the week previously for Bath.

For Bath, in a perfect fever of anxiety, I took the first coach ; and at every milestone which we passed did I congratulate myself that I was so much nearer my destination ; when midway between Bath and Gloucester I heard a shriek from a female passenger—a crash ensued—a shock, and glass flew about in all directions. The coach was overturned ! My "escape," I was given to understand, was "wonderful, under all the circumstances !" That is to say, I left the coach with a

gash across my lip, another across my brow, and half-a-dozen severe bruises: nor did the evil end here. From the delay and confusion, crimination and recrimination peculiar to such incidents, we did not reach Bath till midnight. Another of the very few days I had to spare had lapsed irretrievably and uselessly!

I rose early the next morning, aching in every limb, and after a long and weary round of inquiries discovered the house which contained the objects of my search. I rang at the door and sent up my card; a starched and most forbidding-looking Abigail chilled my very soul with a reply—"The Miss Hebblethwaites see no stranger. It is contrary to their rule."

"But," said I, slipping a guinea into the severe-looking lady's palm, which closed on it without a muscle of her face moving,—“I am ^{only} in name a stranger; I come from that part of the country where the Miss Hebblethwaites' property is situated, and my errand is of importance to them as well as myself."

"I will see what can be done," said the frowning duenna. "Meanwhile, I cannot admit you into the house; you must wait without."

In about twenty minutes she returned. "Does your errand relate to any matter of business?"

"It does."

"Is it of pressing importance?"

"It is."

"Does it affect only one, or all the ladies?"

"One and all."

"They will see you then in an hour from this time." And without waiting for one word of dissent or acquiescence, the door was slammed in my face.

I was punctual to a second in my appointment; and should have been rather before it, but for a score of men who worried me with questions, and were in search of a poor lunatic who had just escaped from a neighbouring asylum. The same austere-looking damsel answered my summons, and preceded me into a large comfortless-looking room. In a few seconds steps were heard along the passage; the door opened, and the Miss Hebblethwaites made their appearance. They advanced with considerable caution, and sat themselves down in a row; the eldest sister, who came first, had a tendency to obesity, and was evidently not averse to good eating. The second advanced, in a dress so singularly and studiously plain, that it was clear she saw sin in a gay riband, and depravity in the trimmings of a cap;—she was the devotee. The youngest was attired with that attention to fashion which proved she by no means thought her day over, and had not made up her mind to celibacy;—this was the belle. They each dropped a formal curtsy; then, pointing to a chair, the eldest sister "begged I would explain my business."

"I have ventured to call on you," I began, in somewhat tremulous tones, "with reference to the vacant living of Fallowfield; but this letter will best explain my errand,—” and I pulled out the lawyer's missive, and tendered it to the elder lady's acceptance. She took it with an air of reserve, turned it over and over, and was evidently by no means anxious to become acquainted with its contents.

"Who is the writer?" she at length demanded.

"Your man of business, Mr Barkbite."

"Never heard of such a person," said the gourmande, firmly.

"Never in my days," said the devotee with a solemn air, and crossing her hands demurely over her lavender silk dress.

"Never! never!" echoed the flirt, in a sharp brisk tone.

"This is strange, I continued; "but here is another letter, the handwriting of which you will immediately recognize,—that of Mr. Heavisesides."

"And who is he?" cried the stout lady.

"Who is he! No other than your steward."

"Oh dear, how dreadful!" said the elder female, more to her sisters than to me; and the three began to converse in a low ominous whisper. Feeling no time was to be lost, I recommenced my suit by saying—"I arrived in Bath only last night, having sought you, in vain, at Cheltenham; we were only aware of your having returned from the Continent."

"The Continent?" said the belle, opening her eyes wide, in uncontrollable amazement,—“We never were out of England in our lives!”

Well might Mr. Barkbite call you eccentric, I thought; but, however, my point is to make you sign, and that point, *coute qu'il coute*, I must carry.

"I assure you that Mr. Edmonstone is dead. Here is the certificate of his burial; there is very little time for deliberation, the living is on the very point of lapsing to the bishop; and, as curate——"

"Poor creature!" said the gourmande, compassionately; "he fancies himself a clergyman." And as she uttered this aside, she fixed her eyes on me with the most sceptical expression. Heat and dust, and anxiety, and want of sleep—to say nothing of my gashes and bruises—rendered my appearance unclerical enough, to be sure.

"What do you wish me to do?" said the fat lady, at length, with a perplexed air.

"Sign, sign," said I, producing the presentation, and tendering a pen.

"Do nothing of the kind," interrupted the devotee, very warmly. "You don't know who he is; remember the wickedness of the world, and the wiles of Satan. You may be signing away your maintenance."

"Good man!" said the flirt, coming up to the rescue of her elder sister, "we have no living. We never had; were one ours you should have it at once. Will that satisfy you?"

"To satisfy me," said I, still tendering the pen and presentation, "you must sign."

Again they whispered among themselves; and seeing the fat lady feeling for her feet, and being convinced they contemplated making a move, prior to attempting their escape, I got between them and the door, and uttered—"I merely want your signature. I shall just have time to get to Farnham; be considerate, be generous; think of my large family, long services, and narrow means. By one act of yours you can change the latter into independence, into affluence. I entreat—I implore you to sign!"

"Let me look at the paper," said the elder lady, somewhat softened.

"You shan't touch it," said the devotee, interposing. "Would you reduce us all to the state of a common pauper?"

"It cannot have that effect,—you have no relation who can hold the living; no nephew, no brother."

"No brother!" cried the flirt, in amaze. "What's the man talking about! We had five alive and well this morning! My worthy man," continued she, dropping her voice, and speaking in a soft, coaxing, wheedling tone, "you are labouring under some gross and grievous error—indeed you are! Believe me, you are under the influence of some unaccountable mistake."

"Rather, of some awful, fearful, dreadful delusion!" growled the devotee, sternly.

"Only sign!" cried I, sticking to my purpose, "I ask no more. Oh! if you only knew the house of doubt, of suspense, of misery, from which I have just made my escape!"

"Ah! sister," screamed the flirt, "you're right. I see it now; what *will* become of us? Help! Help! A madman! Murder! Help! Help! Help!"

The trio here screamed in concert; the door flew open; and before I had the power of giving any explanation, I was apprehended as the gentleman who had just made his escape from Dr. Drinkwater's establishment.

Hours elapsed before I could establish my own identity, or obtain permission to depart. When that was given, freedom was comparatively immaterial. Whether the ladies were the real or false Miss Hebblethwaites—whether their conduct was the result of eccentricity or fright, availed but little. The time allowed for presentation had expired. The living was no longer within their control. It had lapsed, beyond remedy, to the Bishop.

CHAPTER VI.

And in the interim, what turn had affairs taken at Fallowfield?—A very droll one. About two o'clock in the day succeeding my departure, the Miss Hebblethwaites returned to the Hall from Nice, where they had been residing for the last six months! They brought with them a young man of very fashionable exterior, with a fine commanding figure; and, as far as his carefully cultivated whiskers would allow one to judge, of handsome features. Him the eldest sister at once announced as the Rector of Fallowfield—and *HER HUSBAND*! She was fifty-three, and he was barely twenty-five; but of course it was a match of pure affection! No baser motive could possibly have influenced it. Disinterestedness was apparent throughout. Her gouty legs and ponderous frame had, no doubt, enchained her young husband's affections; and he had wheeled her to the altar in utter ignorance of the fact that she had a vacant living of one thousand a year, at that moment at her disposal. She spoke—for these old women, when they marry young boys, are surprisingly eloquent—loudly and largely as to his many estimable qualities; declared that he was "a most single-minded and simple-hearted being;" that "none but those who knew him intimately were aware of his worth;" that "in devotion to his duties he was another Henry Martyn;" and in all respects *A MOST DETERMINED CHARACTER*."

This last assertion nobody was inclined to question, seeing he had married a woman nearly old enough to be his grandmother!

He preached, and read himself in, on the following Sunday. His delighted bride averred that "he had the vigour of Channing, and the imagery of Chalmers;" and all the parish admitted him to be a most

promising young man! Whether the promise will ever bear fruit is still to be decided; for this was his first and last ministerial effort in Fallowfield Church. On the Tuesday following, the quartet ordered their travelling carriage, and again resumed their wanderings: on which, for anything that is known to the contrary, they are still engaged.

CHAPTER VII.

Again a change was necessary, and I became curate to the honourable and reverend Mr. H., the brother of Lord F. He was a beautiful instance of a dignified yet active clergyman, around whose declining years were gathered the affections of the good, and the respect even of the vicious; and who was silently, yet incessantly, carrying on his preparation for the solemnities of another scene. His aristocratic feelings, which were adventitious to his birth and position, were curiously tempered by his innate benevolence and kindness of disposition. No change—no deviation—no departure from the established order of parochial duty, *as he had laid it down*, was permitted, without previously receiving his approval and personal sanction. He exacted from his colleague that deference which he thought their relative position entitled the one to receive, and called upon the other to give; and which no stipendiary of sense and reflection will ever withhold. And while this rule of discipline he never relaxed, he was still the kindest and most considerate of incumbents. A gentleman himself, he was most cautious of wounding in the slightest manner the feelings of another; and whatever arrangement could conduce to your comfort or enjoyment, was sure to be espied out and *ordered* by him long, long before it had occurred to yourself.

His health, which was impaired when our connexion first commenced, gradually gave way beneath the inroads of old age; and after three years of harmony and comfort, I could no longer disguise from myself the prospect of my becoming again a wanderer.

"Come to me," said he, "every other day and read to me. *Every* day I should like to see you; but *every other day* I cannot do without you."

I felt a delicacy in obeying his repeated summons; for I feared my attentions might be misconstrued; and the past had taught me a bitter lesson. The "*ruling passion strong even in death*:"—he evidently expected, and even waited for some application on my part.

"Are you aware that my brother, Lord F——, is the patron of this living?" he one morning, when he appeared more than usually conscious of his progress towards dissolution. "I am," was my reply, and took my leave. The Baron came to see him that evening; and so great was the affection subsisting between the brothers, that I was again and again assured by those about him that any request from the dying clergyman the peer would hold sacred; and that I had but to name my wish of succeeding to the living, in order to obtain it. But no! my last STEEPLE CHASE was fresh in my recollection; and I resolved, "*thro' weal, thro' woe*," to abide by the resolution I then formed—never again to be a suitor for preferment to any human being.

The invalid rallied unexpectedly on the following morning, and detained me by his bed-side reading and talking to him for a longer period than usual. At length I rose to take my leave.

"Have you any request to make?" said he, in his usual manner—a mixture of kindness and reserve.

"None," said I, firmly.

"Your position here will be insecure when I am called away."

"I am aware of it."

"And the future—have you made any provision, any arrangement respecting it?"

"None whatever."

"And your wife and family—what do you propose respecting them?"

"To leave them and the future to the goodness and mercy of God."

It was thus we parted, and for ever! He died the following morning, and was buried amid the tears and lamentations of a bereaved people.

Weeks rolled away, and the applications to Lord F. for the vacant living poured in from all quarters. Persons whom he had never before heard of called upon him; others, from the most distant parts of the kingdom wrote to him; visit and letter alike tending to the same point—preferment. His Lordship was a model of polite endurance. He received all—answered all—and promised no one. Meanwhile our preparations for departure were proceeding; and in almost every letter I opened, I expected to find the usual polite intimation that my "services were no longer requisite"—in other words, a *notice to quit*.

Six or eight weeks passed on in this uncomfortable manner, when late on one Saturday evening Lord F. surprised me over my sermon.

"I have called on you, Mr. —, to tell you that I have at length made up my mind on the subject of the living. I shall give it away forthwith. I intencion this, because I conceive your movements to depend, in some measure, on mine."

"They do, my Lord."

"The gentleman whom I intend to present to Rivermede will not require assistance; and I fear, therefore, that your services here, as curate, will unavoidably terminate."

"This contingency, my Lord, I have expected; and am prepared to meet it."

"You have expected it, you say? Pray where do you intend to go?"

"Where God may please to send me."

"And have you no curacy in prospect?"

"None, my Lord."

"Then you had better remain where you are: and that you may do so in comfort, here is the presentation to the living." "Now," continued he, thus kindly giving me time to recover from my surprise, "I bestow you not because you are a man of character, and stand well with your parish, for in these respects you are only on an equality with some three score *angelic* clergymen—egad! they merit bishoprics, not rectories!—whose pretensions have been submitted to me within the last six weeks—but I select you because you are no preferment-hunter; and because amid many that might be supposed to have some claim upon my notice, you alone have had the delicacy to abstain from all solicitation. Every happiness attend ye! and now, good night."

Rivermede Rectory then was mine! And here, most indulgent of readers, is your happy and grateful babbler wearing away the brief remnant of his days!

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.*

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

THE Avery and convent affairs which I have already given, occurred in this *ci-devant* cradle of liberty and religion, and refuge of the oppressed when England was ill governed; now the more developed scene of universal suffrage, suppositious equality, and domineering prejudices:—their trials must serve to show the feebleness of justice and the impunity of crime.

But here is a solitary history in which retribution was not altogether asleep, only dozing. The culprits had a narrow escape of being tried; but considering the miserable uncertainty of juries, witnesses, and everything appertaining to the administration of justice in this country, I believe the poor sufferer's friends were right to compound the matter. This statement, which I take verbatim from the Albany "Evening Journal," April, 1835, is as follows:—

"*The Orville Outrage.*—We saw a few days since a letter in the 'Courier and Inquirer,' giving the details of an outrage committed upon a female, in the village of Orville, Onondaga county, so horrible in its character and so revolting in its details, that we could not—*would not*—believe there were monsters in human shape capable of such unparalleled cruelty.

"Meeting with a friend yesterday, from Syracuse, we inquired into the history of this outrage, and found the facts as set forth in the 'Courier and Inquirer' literally true, and substantially as follows:—

"The wife of—Tyler, who was sent, about a year since, to the state prison, was left residing at Orville. It was rumoured, during the fall, that an improper intimacy existed between this woman and a Mr. Young, and although no evidence of it existed, and none of the decencies of life were known to be violated, a village *excitement* was raised against her; the embers were finally fanned into a blaze, and having possessed themselves of a bucket of tar and a bag of feathers, eight men proceeded in a sleigh, at twelve o'clock at night, to the house of the offender, where they confidently expected to surprise her in bed with her paramour. Breaking into the house, they found the woman in bed with her children: after searching in vain for Young, they seized the woman, dragged her with nothing on but her night-clothes into the street, put a gag into her mouth, threw a blanket over her shoulders, put her into the sleigh, and drove off, leaving *three little children alone, without a fire or a light, shrieking with terror!*

"The monsters drove off about three quarters of a mile, took her into a field, tore off her night-clothes, and with the instruments of torture prepared for the purpose, these eight unfeeling wretches perpetrated upon a defenceless and unfortunate female an outrage of the most horrible character.

"After literally enveloping the miserable woman in tar, they rolled her in the blanket, took her to an unoccupied and unfrequented barn, where they left her entirely helpless and still gagged to perish with cold, unless found, as she was, by accident.

"The cries of the children in the morning attracted the attention of the neighbours, and, upon learning what had occurred a search was made for the woman; nothing, however, was discovered till nearly dark, when a quantity of tar and feathers were found on the snow in a field where the outrage was committed. From this spot the villains were traced to the barn, where George Grinnell found the poor creature alive, but speechless and senseless! She was taken home and a physician sent for, who discovered that her jaw had been dislocated; several benevolent ladies kindly assisted in relieving the suffering woman from her dreadful condition, and, after several weeks

her health was restored. A strong feeling of indignation ran rapidly through the community;—the monsters were soon identified, and prosecutions commenced: the causes were to have been tried during the present month, but were settled a short time since by the payment of 1400 dollars from the defendants to the victim of their barbarities."

In every part of the Union there are persons who feel and express themselves indignantly at such acts to each other; but they do not—dare not—exclaim against the tyranny of a mob: and they know it would be fruitless, for they are the minority, both in morals and politics.

However, it is gratifying to know that there is a spot where Lynch lawyers are compelled to pay for their pranks,—where amateur executioners do not altogether represent the sovereign people,—where there is almost as much chance of justice as amongst the Tipperary boys; or perhaps even under the Emperor of Japan,—but this can hardly be: at all events I trust that Onondaga county will become a favourite asylum for the unjustly oppressed outcast, and the harassed wanderer, the feeble, the timid, the high-principled, and the unambitiously refined.

Onondaga county is in the State of New York, near the borders of Canada, from which it is separated by Lake Ontario:—how is it that we do not read of such occurrences in Canada? They have a press that need not fear to expose the conduct of assassins, or to lacerate the feelings of the numerous and implacable friends of assassins. But such deeds do not there occur; though doubtless they have among them the same corrupt ingredients for crime which everywhere form a portion of mankind,—ferocious animals, growling, like a wolf fenced out from a farm-yard, about the infringement of natural liberties, and the rights of uncivilized wild beasts. It may be supposed that the majority of such gentry give the preference to the neighbouring republican States when they can possess that freedom so well suited to them, and so justly described by Moore, as enjoyed by the bad at the expense of the good: There let them rail against English laws and the bonds of civilized life; and uniting in an unholy co-partnership with the Irish midnight marauder, the Temple-bar pickpocket, and the Kentucky gongeer, denounce the rest of the world as slaves, and assert their inherent right to do as they *damned** please. Canada can dare to protect the worthy, and to crush the assassin, for she has the strength of Britain at her side; and will do wisely to continue to cling to it.

Before I conclude this subject, I again refer to the Avery and convent cases, which afforded so great a cry about justice, and so little of its fruits; and I will also instance the great fire which lately took place in Fulton-street, New York, which destroyed property to the amount of 800,000 dollars, and has been ascertained to be the work of an incendiary. In personal crimes which only concern individuals, such as theft, forgery, &c., there is no particular difficulty in obtaining evidences and convictions, as the number of prisoners in the State prisons testify. Such culprits are generally poor and solitary wretches, undistinguished for bigotry or daring, and being unable to excite an interest with sect, party, or clan, they are led unpitied into solitary and silent confinement: it is only great and daring offenders, with friends, backers, and admirers, who can evade or triumph over the laws.

For a mere rabble who have no interest in order, and who live by rapine, to encourage impunity is perfectly natural; but for men possessed of property, (for even strength is a valuable inheritance in America;—men who have families, or hope to have them; for such to be lovers of needless and unproductive anarchy seems an extraordinary proof of at least a bad taste. It must in some degree arise from low and careless habits, and society, and the unrestrained growth of the passions; but probably still more from the perpetually recurring excitement of elections, and the *quorum magna pars*

* A common phrase.

sua,—the important part they have filled in law-making, which they fancy gives to an assembly of themselves a right to alter, suspend, or bend to their own purposes their own work and the officers of justice being the creatures of their own choice, and of their own kidney,—and elected annually, and naturally the friends and very humble servants of their kind majority. Consequently the best security and protection a stranger can have, is by at once mixing among them, joining in their habits, and taking a warm interest in whatever interests them, by these means he soon becomes one of them, and acquires a protection stronger than the law. He had better not rely on a gentlemanly and reserved carriage, though accompanied by the most unblemished conduct: such would savour too much of aristocracy in America. A judicious amalgamation of both methods, accompanied with a good humour, address and unflinching courage generally succeeds well, and procures respect and good will.

This want of legal address which the multitude choose to dispense with, compels many who can obtain no justice from a source so warped and twisted to serve the purposes of others, to try to right their own wrongs: hence arise assassinations, whipping, treachery, way-laying and sometimes stratagem. In a lawless state of society there can be no fair fighting, strength and address give too much advantage, and must be counteracted by stratagem and ferocity. I have frequently heard men boast of having overcome an adversary by biting: and I almost witnessed a fight between a blacksmith and colonel! at which the latter finding himself pommelled by the blacksmith closed on him and bit a piece out of his hip and no one blamed him. People of property and education would for the most part enjoy order and subordination if they could: but some among them join and countenance the overwhelming majority, and putake the compact which they cannot mend.

Many of the propensities of the Americans can be clearly traced to the Irish, though they despise that people more than any other, except the negroes. Multitudes of them are Irishman by descent: by far the greatest number of European settlers are Irish, and yet little as they are esteemed individually, they are the only people of foreign birth who form a party in the nation and are abused and flattered for their votes which as they generally hang together sell very materially. The few gentlemen and educated men among them shut themselves invariably separate from the mass, and are found among the most cultivated and polite citizens. I mean the description of people who break each other's skulls at fairs with blackthorn sticks for pure love of fighting,—who are insensible to discomfort and privations so long as they can procure whiskey and tobacco, who detest nothing so much as order and subordination to fixed laws but will follow like Cossacks, an arbitrary and fighting leader of their own selection who are the most vociferous in crying out for liberty, by which they understand the right of breaking the heads of their foes at elections, and of then friends it fails—

‘And call it freedom when themselves are free.’

In short, they are a mixture of deceit, ferocity, devotion, good nature, and blarney at home, but in America they soon lose the blarney, for they have no use for it, and assume a pretty considerable dash of assurance instead. No, I will not degrade the Americans so much as to call them an improved edition of the above semi-barbarous character, but they certainly bear a stronger resemblance to them than to any other European nation. There may be observed the same quarrelling and fighting propensities, diam drinking, tobacco chewing, and indifference to comfort, the same ardour for politics, and dislike of restraint, the same envy, hatred of, and affected contempt for, superior refinement and gentlemanly habits, with an approval of republican coarseness, and more than republican equality. A great deal of the hatred to England still to be found among the Americans, I think may also be traced to the Irish; a nation to whose misgovernment and in-

justice so many of their peculiar feelings and vices may be ascribed. But the Americans are constantly, though slowly, rectifying that great and ceaseless influx of vulgar Irish habits, or at least are adding better education, greater steadiness, whether in pursuits, in friendship, or in enmity; and a cautious and courteous civility, far more useful and necessary in their licentious state of society than amongst the middle classes of England; and hardly less so than in the most polished and punctilious courts of Europe.

Perhaps there has never existed a people who held so high an opinion of their own national importance, and of the excellence of their constitution, as the Americans, at least not since the days of Rome in the zenith of her power—one might almost imagine that, like the imperial city, they already held the destinies of the world in their grasp, instead of merely viewing them as the natural inheritance of their children. From this proceeds their impatience of the censure of foreigners, or even of the satire of their own writers, unless it be rendered palatable by a larger portion of praise to make it go down,—like the sugar which is given to children to disguise their physic—and their open disgust at any commendations, however just and obvious, paid to nations who are not too insignificant to excite envy or emulation. Whosoever would give merit to anything foreign must, to obtain a hearing mix it up with still more excessive praise of something American; as for instance, you may extol the nose and live on the cheeks of the English beauties provided you give a preference in Grecian features and expression to the American. You may praise an English ship, provided that you observe that the English are beginning to imitate the Americans in naval architecture. In company one evening with an American, a travelled, liberal, and well informed man, he began to tell a gentleman present about his travels in England and to praise the roads, post chaises, &c. the listener appeared to sit very uneasily to shift his position, and to fidget about, while the other did not seem to observe, but lunched out still more fully in his circumstances, till the sufferer could endure it no longer, but pitched up his hat and rushed out. As soon as he was out of hearing, he muttered to his fellow listener heatedly, and told me that when he saw a man and not under a little praise of the old country, he was determined to give him a dose of it.

A simple young Englishman being in company with five or six young Americans, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and one of them having played "Hail Columbia" "Nigger doodle" &c. on the flute, the English youth asked him unthinkingly if he could play "Rule Britannia." No sooner had he said the word than his opposite neighbour emptied his glass in his face and he would have been roughly handled by the whole party if he had not declared that the words had never occurred to him, but he had merely thought of an old national air. Now, let us imagine an American in England, in a small social assembly, to ask for an American national tune, or even let him glorify a little about the stupid bantering, he may be laughed at, or wondered at, but certainly he would run no risk of being assaulted.

As a specimen of the self satisfaction with which the Americans speak of themselves, and their contempt for other nations, I will quote a few extracts from the "Louisiana Advertiser," of the 11th of April, 1837, published in New Orleans, which is, perhaps, the last place on earth that any person would come to, to look for good government. The editor asks—

"Did foreigners really come to this country to obtain office, or did they flee hither from the tyranny and oppression of the despotic governments of Europe, or simply with a view of making fortunes here, which they were unable to do at home?"

"If they have fled here from tyranny and oppression, we have received them with hospitality, and afforded them protection—under theegis of our constitution and laws they may quietly enjoy liberty and all the benefits and advantages arising from our free system of government, and the mildness of our laws.—Why are they not satisfied with this?"

"No, they are wiser than we are—better republicans,—more devoted patriots; and the reins of government must be given up to them. The United States is a good country; protection and hospitality is (are,) extended to the stranger, but then our manners are uncouth, our constitution is not like their *charts*—our laws not like their *ordinances*; in a word, nothing here reminds them of Paris, or *la belle France*; and therefore all power should be intrusted to them that it may be changed to suit their ideas of civilization. But slowly, gentlemen, stay here quietly,—make as much money as you please, but permit the natives of the country to continue the management of their own affairs."

This appears to have been addressed to natives of France, who had become citizens of the United States, and were candidates for office; and it may be imagined by uninformed persons that the observations were just, as being applied to subjects of Louis Philippe. I have resided in France under Louis XVIII., under Louis Philippe, and under the most despotic days of Charles X., and I never endured the slightest personal apprehension.—I always felt that I was under the protection of a civilized state; that no one dared to injure or molest me with impunity, and, as I experienced no desire to infringe their laws, I was always insensible to their pressure. In a city in France, where I happened to be, two carmen met in a narrow street, and, quarrelling for priority of right, one of them struck the other; for which he was tried, and in consequence of his good character, was sentenced to only six months' imprisonment. If such a quarrel took place in New Orleans, and one of the men stabbed the other, no such severe punishment would be inflicted:—a negro would be hung, a stranger might be sent to prison for want of bail, but a citizen would suffer no restraint or inconvenience. This undoubtedly shows a great extension of liberty, and ought to prove exceedingly attractive to those gentlemen who feel the pressure of the laws too sensibly in Europe; however, let them remember that it takes some time to become quite free on the banks of the Mississippi: and that, in the mean time, they may get assassinated by the extra free, or hanged for a premature attempt to assume the same liberties.

However, the Americans have lowered their tone considerably within the last three or four years—particularly that class opposed to the present administration; which comprises, though a minority in number, a decided majority of the wealth and intelligence of the community: and even a considerable portion of the Jackson men must think lightly of a system which they wish to break up,—I mean the nullifiers.

The first disaffection to the federal power sprung up in Georgia in 1831, and arose from their being opposed by the President in their encroachments on the territories allotted to the Indians. It seems to be the constant fate of these wretched natives to be the dupes and victims of treaties with powers at whose mercy they lie, and who religiously keep faith with them as long as they have little interest in breaking it; but when their own wants acquire sufficient weight, their faith kicks the beam,—the Indians are cajoled, or worried into new treaties, remoter lands are assigned to them, to be seized by future aggressors, till the Pacific Ocean stops their progress, should any survive to reach it. When I heard Mr. Catlin describe thirty-seven native Indian tribes on the Upper Missouri, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, now far beyond the boundaries of rapacity and civilization, I calculated in my mind that thirty years would hardly elapse before hordes of Americans, Irish, and other Europeans would need their hunting grounds for tillage: though, according to Mr. Catlin, long before that period, starvation will have reduced their numbers, or they will be forced to seek for buffaloes in less accessible regions, as they destroy that animal, their sole support, in a wasteful and improvident manner.

The next aggression of any importance was in the State of Alabama: where it was caused, not by the State, but by individual settlers, who entered the rich district belonging to the Choctaws, and squatted on their lands,

which they cultivated for themselves; and worried and ill-used the Indians on many occasions. Their complaints, helpless as they were, reached President Jackson, (their rights being derived from the United States,) who at once issued a most decided proclamation, ordering the aggressors to withdraw under pain of being expelled by military force. They paid little or no attention to this; some soldiers were sent to expel them, and one or two of them were shot in acts of violent resistance: this decision, though nothing more than what was just and proper on the occasion, irritated the majority of the inhabitants, who, though strong Jackson men, and admirers of what was called his Roman firmness, by no means approved of the thing when brought home to their own door. Gale, too, the governor of the State, suspended his loyalty to Jackson on the occasion, and issued a counter proclamation, calling out the State militia to oppose the United States troops; and a civil war seemed inevitable, unless one side should back out. Now there are two modes of backing out,—one to acknowledge error, ask pardon, and retire; and the other to continue to bluster and threaten great things while the matter is being quietly arranged: this last seems to be the favourite amicable mode of settling both public and private quarrels in the United States; the one side cooling as the other waxes warm, till, gradually an equilibrium takes place; and by such means have extreme measures been hitherto avoided by the confederation. On the occasion in question, General Jackson, who had probably thought that his manifesto would settle the business at once,—finding his friends in Alabama so warm on the subject, prudently gave way, and left the governor to soothe the intruders, or recompense the Indians; and by avoiding the principle, to solder over the breaches in a temporary manner, leaving to future governors and presidents the management of future difficulties.

While on the subject of the Indians,—though I am aware of the small importance of my opinion, yet as from what I have written it may be misunderstood,—I think proper to give it for whatever it may be worth. While realms are thinly peopled, and more land lies at every man's door than he can cultivate, men may enjoy their hunting grounds, and each individual live off the wild produce of ten thousand acres; but as industrious races multiply, and swarm from the parent stock, it would be unjust to prevent them from extracting by cultivation the rich fruits of the soil, which for ages had been reserved for that purpose; for it is more just that a thousand should be fed than one, yielding to that one priority of rights, but limiting them to a space necessarily requiring them to pay for their subsistence the common penalty of man,—the sweat of their brows. I have often heard the opinion stated, that the Indians were the rightful lords of the soil of America, and so they were so long as they had only buffaloes and deer to contend with; but when they can have sheep, and cows, and corn, and civilization without slavery, is tendered to them,—if they reject these offers, and prefer the wild and precarious existence of savage life, let them retire, and give place to races formed by nature to dwell in crowds. It is vain to complain that in time the Indians will become extinct; for of course they necessarily must become so as hunting tribes; but their places will be more than supplied by races formed to people deserts, and to cultivate them, and to employ those latent treasures, hitherto rejected, or wasted on men and other animals of prey.

But the United States government having made treaties with the Indians, and suffering them to be broken by states or individuals, shows either a laxity of national honour, or a consciousness of the weakness of their delegated power, and of the slightness of their bonds of union. This last I believe to be the real cause; and that the president and his advisers thought it wiser to endure a little bullying, while the stronger may without disgrace incline from the weaker, and a little want of imperial dignity in the eyes of a few Indians and their friends,—than to show to the nations of Europe, for the first time, that a civil war was a possible occurrence in the best of all

republics. But while this system is pursued the union is gradually weakening; fresh cases of contention daily arise, and the interference of the supreme head must become finally less respected and feared.

The tariff, or customs on foreign goods, has been, and may still be, a subject of contention. The Southern States being producers of the valuable crops of cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco, and not being manufacturers, or ever likely to be so, owing to the necessity of a slave population, the insalubrity of climate, and the dearthness of food, arising from a more profitable employment of the land,—these states being obliged to import a considerable portion of their provisions, and all their manufactured goods, are not so fond of their northern associates as to wish to give them a much higher price than they can purchase them at in England, from whence they obtain in turn ready money for their cotton. And the Northern States being merely producers of provisions, and having a superabundant population owing to the cheapness of the necessaries of life, and a more healthful and temperate climate, saw clearly that if they were to make fortunes, it must be as manufacturers; accordingly, being numerically the strongest in the congress and senate, they had a rate of tariff passed, much higher than was required for the national want, but sufficiently high for the purpose of insuring to them a large share of the custom of their brother-states. The southerners, it appears, were somehow blinded in the matter at the commencement, perhaps owing in a degree to their enmity to England, which had been fostered by the then recent war; but their eyes were soon opened to their real interests; and their patriotism not being of so ardent a nature as to cause them to prefer the good of New Jersey or Connecticut to their own, they complained loudly of the injustice they sustained: however, it was not till South Carolina began to bully, and to threaten nullification, that Mr. Clay, Webster, and other advocates of the protective system, surrendered a portion of a revenue for which they had no further uses, the national debt being paid off. When I stated to Americans that a high protective system was not the way to make a manufacturing people, as it prevented competition, which was the true stimulant to promote excellence and cheapness, such as could give them a chance of ever competing with England on equal terms,—the usual reply was, “that it would never answer to have wages so low as in England; and that if there were Americans unwilling to allow to their manufacturing fellow-citizens good clothing and feeding, to which every man was entitled in exchange for his labour in the United States, let them separate, and become vassals of England.” This was of course the North that spoke. Now for the South. “If,” said the South, “the people of the North cannot live in plenty without levying a tax on us to support them, let them turn to other pursuits—(there are plenty of lands in the far west,)—and not aim at what is beyond their strength; when population increases they will find themselves at low wages, and all the tariffs in the world will not cause them to give higher wages than are necessary to procure them, though they will tend to increase their profits, and deteriorate their fabrics.” However, this difference has been got over for the present, by a compromise; but how long harmony may continue must ever be uncertain, when interests are so diametrically opposed;—let us conceive England and Turkey subject to the same duties and restrictions;—community of language will prove but a feeble bond of union when interests pull different ways.

These statements are familiar to Americans, and seem so much so to me, that I should never have offered even this hasty sketch, was I not well aware of the want of information so manifest in England on American affairs; which in many instances, that I have observed, leads to very erroneous judgments, and generally the reverse of those opinions formed by the enlightened and liberal of their countrymen in America.

In addition to the fixed and periodical causes of dispute among the United States, accidental differences must occasionally be expected to occur. The

boundary question now fomenting between Michigan and Ohio, respecting a few square miles of territory, is of this description, and now rages with a degree of virulence, which sets all national courtesy at defiance, and which among European nations would have led to fighting long ago. But the United States appear to be like brothers in this respect, that though they scold each other ever so much, they are reluctant to come to blows. This question, must, however be settled; Michigan, though the most enraged of the two disputants, is too feeble to contend with Ohio, backed by the United States forces: whoever has remained a few months in America, must have perceived that ranting about Leonidas, Marathon, and Cincinnatus, so much the fashion there, leads to nothing either in purity, moderation, or patriotic devotion.

The United States undoubtedly possess physical force sufficient at present to settle all differences between her component parts, without the sense of which her moral weight appears to be inadequate. The proportionate strength between the head and the members cannot, of course, in process of time, vary much on the whole, however individual states may preponderate; because, whatever increase is acquired by each, becomes added to the general stock; but the moral and constitutional weight of the head, and the obedience of the members, are daily losing ground. This appears evident from the facts which I have just given, showing that each State prefers her own most trivial interests to the safety, honour, and welfare of the whole. There must be, and there is, in each of the state governments a natural desire to regulate their own concerns, without any other interference whatsoever; witness their irritable jealousy on the subject of slavery,—imprisoning missionaries in Georgia, who were acting under the license of the United States, and recently hanging them in Mississippi. State rights are the order of the day, which sometimes mean state encroachments; and Jackson, the bold and the arbitrary, has, probably without desiring it, contributed to forward their views; for the rivalry and party spirit between him and the United States bank had that immediate tendency. In his interpretation of the constitution, which he has always declared to be the only mode by which he would understand it,—he declared an United States Bank to be unconstitutional, under any possible restrictions, and a dangerous engine of influential power; (he was too strong for them however)—and in furtherance of his warfare against that corporation, he absurdly charged them with being in a state of insolvency, and commanded the secretary of the treasury to transfer the government deposits from them to the state banks, and on his refusal dismissed him, and appointed a more subservient tool during the vacation of the senate, who fulfilled his orders, and thus established in the bosom of each state, many engines of power and corruption, if banks must necessarily be corrupt; and that these local banks are more corrupt than the United States Bank ever could have the power to be, is evident to all impartial persons who ever had an opportunity of witnessing their operation. The United States Bank is under the control of the proprietors of its stock, whose interest it is to conduct the establishment in a manner that will enhance its value, and prolong its existence, by strictly fulfilling the terms of their charter; whilst the state banks, and branches, being vested in the state legislators, have no personal interest in them beyond that of extracting from them advantages to themselves during their ephemeral power; and wield them for the advantage of the strongest faction for the time being. Jackson was of course influenced by the knowledge that his was the strongest faction in most of the states, and that consequently the fictitious capital raised on the credit of each state, would be through the means of directors devoted to him, chosen by legislators of his party;—employed in the maintenance of his power, or that of his chosen successor; whilst the same legislatures can, and do refuse, to grant to monied-men, corporate powers to employ their superabundant capital in banking; and thus render them dependent on the despotism of Jackson and the democracy.

This is the way they crush the Aristocracy, as they call persons whose industry is crowned by prosperity, in America; they deprive them of some of the modes of employing their own wealth, and in some degree compel them to yield the management and use of it, to persons who have none of their own.

If there be a constant tendency in the States to usurp power, so also is there in the federal government a disposition to give way to it; for this last consists merely of state delegates, who assemble to arrange some affairs common to all, and who can feel much less interest in their transient offices, than in the concerns of their own states, to which they are more sincerely attached by birth, connexions, property, and permanency. In short, with the exception of a few distinguished statesmen, who are always returned to Congress, and whose country is the capital, they are identified with their states; and like a traveller at an inn, who cares little about temporary accommodations in comparison of those of his own house, he looks for his advantages, applause, and durability at home: or like the Irish grand juror, he tries to obtain as large grants of money as possible, for public works and improvements in his own district, and will not too narrowly investigate the claims of others, to have his own admitted. Candidates too for the presidential chair, which becomes gradually more difficult of attainment, must find it their interest to court the states, both through influential individuals, and through their legislatures; and should sacrifices be made at the expense of the United States, it cannot offend an almost imaginary intent, (I do not mean imaginary in foreign relations,) though it may excite individual jealousy: such has been the course pursued and encouraged by General Jackson.

Another deteriorative quality in the constitution of the United States is, a tendency in the executive branch to encroach on the rights of the other two; and this has, I believe, been first exemplified by the present administration. While presidents were chosen from among the ranks of statesmen, there was every chance that men of ability should be selected, and that such men should be gifted with, and recommended by, sound sense and moderation; and Washington, though a military hero, fortunately had left them a model; for who could be daring enough to pass those boundaries which he had placed to his own authority? But men of sound sense and moderation cannot long continue to please the multitude; and can rarely find opportunities, or possess qualifications, to obtain distinction in the field—the first of all recommendations to a rude people. Consequently, when conquerors cannot be found, daring, reckless, and artful men, have the best chance of becoming demagogues, and of course presidents. This description will not exactly fit General Jackson: possessing the strongest possible recommendation, that of repelling an English and invading army, he needed no other qualities; however, he chanced to be reckless and daring, and his advisers supplied the artfulness.

Bitterness of feeling towards the English government, though much diminished, still exists to a considerable extent. I have heard many persons persist in asserting, in the face of probability and refutation, that the watchword, "*Beauty and Booty*," was actually issued to the British army at the attack on New Orleans—a story so utterly absurd in the nineteenth century, arising from no-one-knows-what authority, and liable to be confirmed by every English soldier if true,—that the rage to blacken gallant men must be strong indeed with those who had recourse to it. The believers in this story are certainly not the most enlightened, but they are all Jackson men. I have also heard Americans exult and chuckle over the number of British officers and men killed at the above memorable attack; and have no doubt but that the victory was doubly enhanced by the blood of the repulsed.

The same causes which raised Andrew Jackson to the President's chair, have also rendered the memory of Buonaparte wonderfully popular in the United States. He is infinitely more blindly worshipped there than in

France. That they place him before all modern generals, is, I think, nothing more than justice ; but his littleness, his selfishness, his faithlessness, and his inhumanity, are altogether lost sight of in the refulgence of his military glory. I have before mentioned that an old American republican insisted that he had committed one error, and only one, and that was—suffering himself to be made an emperor. I once was present when a gentleman was striving to persuade a Spanish barber, who was cutting his hair, that the Spanish nation ought to regret that Napoleon had not succeeded in Spain ! But it would not do ; for the barber, notwithstanding the respect he owed to his customer, who was a man of importance, indignantly spurned his arguments.

These accounts, though they may seem out of place, are not altogether so, as they will serve to illustrate the sources of the President's popularity, and of a power above the constitution. And as the whole of the inferior classes are his supporters, his friends, by pandering to the grovelling taste of pulling down to our own level whatever is distinguished by wealth or intelligence, contribute to increase that popularity ; so that while his attacks affect only the rights of those whom they feel, but deny to be their superiors, the legality of his proceeding runs no risk of being questioned. His taking the responsibility is a farce ; for to whom is he responsible ?—To the faction whose leader and demagogue he is ! Lord George Gordon might just as safely have taken the responsibility as leader of the mob of London in their riots and burnings, had that mob been itself the sovereign power. His exercising the veto, in opposition to the two other powers, I will pass over, as a constitutional act, though an exercise of power which neither the Kings of France nor England dare to practise, but which with him seemed to be only anticipating the will of the people. But he committed many acts, which, if not illegal, certainly ought to be so ; must have been so intended, and even avoided as such by his predecessors. His removal of the deposits, his arrogance with the senate, his removal of officials, and appointing others during the adjournment of the senate, to avoid their check—these, and many similar acts, though singly of no very great importance, yet in the aggregate show a great assumption of power.

The people are daily modelling the Congress to suit his progress ; he may shape his conduct to almost any course, and he will be supported by the least intelligent and most numerous division of the population, so long as he rails against aristocracy—and by every office-holder, so long as the support of his party is made the condition of holding office. He has now a majority in the Congress ; but the Senate, being less immediately under democratic control, still has a small majority against him, and senators being elected for four years, it requires some time to turn the balance there ; yet even now it follows very nearly in his wake. There are few questions which Jackson cannot dispose of as he pleases : that the permitting a national bank, or not, which concerns fifteen millions of people, entirely depends on his fiat, is a matter of history ; and the appointment of his successor will probably occupy a succeeding page in the same record. His age alone seems to allow a hope that the balance of power may revive under a more prudent and less popular successor, but his will be the distinction of having first laid bare the weakness and corruptibility of the American constitution. My opinion is, that were he now twenty years younger, and that if the United States had been engaged in a prolonged war, in which he had distinguished himself as a conqueror, that the absolute rule of these States would be in his hands—to wield it as a Napoleon, or decline it as a Washington. It requires no conjuring to tell which example he would follow.

EVIDENCES OF GENIUS FOR DRAMATIC POETRY.

NO. II.

THE decisive success of the stage representation of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion" has relieved us, in a great measure, from one of the objects we had proposed in the present series of papers. We cannot now anticipate the triumph of that success—we have to pursue it merely. Its importance, in relation to the present condition of the theatres and of dramatic poetry, can scarcely be too highly rated.

"Ion" was not written with a view to the actual stage. So equivocal, indeed, does the author seem to have considered his position in regard to such a literary effort, from the high rank he holds in a severe and exacting profession, that "Ion" was not even intended at first to meet the public eye in any shape, and for upwards of a year was restricted to private circulation. The courage necessary for the exertion of such genius is one thing; and an indifference to what has long been suffered to prevail, erroneously or not, as a sort of understanding with society, is another and a very different one. One of these characteristics had been already shown by Mr. Talfourd, when he shrank from displaying the other. These are in truth not times, when men of the highest genius are independent of certain forms and associations, or can dare to venture at their own peril even after glory itself. It appears to us that Mr. Talfourd acted in this matter with admirable delicacy, no less in giving way to the apprehensions which induced a private circulation of the tragedy in the first instance, than in withdrawing these at once, when the reception of the work had suggested such to be the more proper course. No doubt can be entertained that "Ion" would ultimately, in any case, have reached the world; but it is well to have it, while we have yet amongst us the living example it holds forth—an example elevating, and, indeed, invaluable, in such a "working-day" world as this is—of the compatibility of the finest powers of imagination with the most laborious pursuits of a noble industry. The mere influence which its stage success is likely to have upon the best interests of the English theatres, should inspire the warmest acknowledgments of all who feel the slightest concern in their behalf. Achieved, as that success was, in the face of almost every disadvantage, it seems to us to offer the most striking evidence we have had of late years, that the living tide of enthusiasm which once set in towards the true drama has not settled yet into a standing-pool of indifference.

"Ion," as we have said, was not written with a view to the actual stage. It is impossible, however, as the author intimates in his interesting preface to the private edition, for any aspirant to true dramatic composition to write "without an ideal stage present to his mind." Nothing can be more absurd than the plea which is generally offered for a tedious and (if we may use such a word) unactable drama, that it was intended, forsooth, as a dramatic poem. A poem and a drama are two very different things. They have each their own peculiar facilities—they have each their own selected restrictions—they have each a certain compensating good. No mutual exchange of these can be effected without loss to both. Wherever the plea has been set up, it

has been with a view of concealing the poverty of an unsuccessful attempt. For no man of power or genius would consent to fetter himself with certain conditions—such, for instance, as the recognized rules of the drama—while he had made up his mind, at the same time, to reject all the advantages which are incident to them. The mere proposition is an absurdity. Nor will such absurdities, we may add, cease to intrude themselves into this question, until it is placed on other grounds than general criticism has been hitherto disposed to acknowledge.

The distinction of the dramatic poet from every other is not a distinction of form. It is, in the strongest application of that term, an *essential* distinction. The consideration of the Unities has been improperly mixed up with a discussion, with which, in reality, it has nothing whatever to do. From the way in which these Unities, indeed, are constantly put forward, one would imagine that the only place where they were known was in the French drama; for if we are to mean necessarily by them a sort of formal, polished, and passionless reflection of the listless and artificial in intellect and feeling—if, where they exist, we are to suppose that the story they encircled was a mere succession of conventional decencies and proprieties, to the limitation and proscription of strong emotions—then, most assuredly, we cannot be understood to speak of the Unities of the old Greek Drama. A certain dignity of form that Drama had—a dignity of attitude and expression—a severity in the selection of its figures, and an exquisite one-ness in their grouping; but the heart of man—the great republican heart of the world universal—beat at that time with as quick and articulate a pulse as now, though it was subject to influences we have ceased to feel, and suffered its emotions to be suspended or controlled by those remorseless doctrines of fate and destiny, which the world acknowledges no more.

When we opened this tragedy of “*Ion*,” therefore, we did not hesitate because we found its grouping and arrangement “classical”—we did not shrink back because we found its persons surrounded with the associations of the Greek mythology, and subjected to the capricious laws of the Greek superstition—we waited to see if its language, its situations, and its character, fulfilled those conditions which, in a former paper, we described as essential to the drama in all ages; and, finding this, we had no longer any fear of its effect upon our own. The author had achieved his purpose of writing with an “ideal stage” before him.

The reader of “*Ion*,” however, discovers more than this as he proceeds. By means of the sentiment of this beautiful tragedy, certain materials are supplied for the English thinker, which, so far from interfering with the truth and exactness of the Greek mould it is cast in, enable him to appreciate these more thoroughly by throwing round them an accessory interest, precisely analogous to that which local and religious prejudices would have thrown round them in the fancy of an Athenian. In the character of “*Ion*,” we have a subject most exquisitely chosen. We behold, struggling with the dark and fatal doctrines of the time, a natural and noble anticipation of a later and happier age. We are not shocked by the dreadful sight, unredeemed by good, of a half-divine Being fastened on a solitary rock, and scorched and blasted there, because he had attempted to relieve the sufferings and the sorrows of humanity. The lofty and most lovely self-devotion of “*Ion*,” though

witnessed among the influences of the direst fatalism, is so treated as to shadow forth more than the remote illustration—even the positive personal embodiment—of all that, since that early time, has blessed and advanced the world. Duty meets Calamity, the extremes of both are reconciled, and the bitterness of fate is defeated by a luxury of beauty and of good. We cannot conceive it possible that a reader should not feel this deeply; and how much more deeply must it not have been felt by the audiences who witnessed the tragedy at the theatre! To move an individual even slightly, is, as a French writer would express it, “*passionner la multitude.*”

Mr. Talfourd, in the preface we have already alluded to, describes the character of his hero, and its treatment, thus:—“The idea of the principal character,—that of a nature essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought, not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach,—vividly conscious of existence and its pleasures, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty,—is scarcely capable of being rendered sufficiently striking in itself, or of being subjected to such agitations, as tragedy requires in its heroes. It was necessary, in order to involve such a character in circumstances which might excite terror, or grief, or joy, to introduce other machinery than that of passions working naturally within, or events arising from ordinary and probable motives without; as its own elements would not supply the contests of tragic emotion, nor would its sufferings, however accumulated, present a varied or impressive picture. Recourse has therefore been had, not only to the old Grecian notion of Destiny, apart from all moral agencies, and to a prophecy indicating its purport in reference to the individuals involved in its chain, but to the idea of *fascination*, as an engine by which Fate may work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action, most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue.” The reader might guess, from this short outline merely, that the difficulty hinted at was likely to be turned to power and beauty. We have already stated that it is so, and that while the tragedy is thoroughly enveloped in an atmosphere of Greek feeling, opportunity is taken to strike out from the darkness of its national creed, a light which associates itself at once with the noblest persuasions of the modern world. Ion is, as the chief person in every Greek tragedy is, a religious offering to the “*Gods*,” but the sacrifice is not made, in his case, to mere deifications of his own passions—it is made in the truest spirit of humanity. The faith of Ion, translated into the imagery of Greece, creates divinities worthy to receive his offering; and when, in the last scene of the tragedy, he resigns life and love to save his country, it is done with all the intensity of that pure sentiment which afterwards—in the sufferings of the best of men that e’er wore earth about him.” that

“Soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed,”—

—lifted up the whole human race.

In pursuance of the course and intention of these articles, we will now illustrate the general principle of dramatic writing, which we formerly enlarged on, by extracts from Mr. Talfourd’s tragedy. We avail ourselves of an abstract we have drawn out of the progress of its inci-

dents and story. The purity, sweetness, and flexibility of Mr. Talfourd's style of versification will be made obvious, among other and greater characteristics, as we proceed.

The scene is at Argos, during the reign of King Adrastus. A plague is raging through the city, and the sages have been prevailed upon by Medon, the high priest of Apollo, to take refuge within his temple. Ion is a foundling, who has been educated in this temple, and assists in its services. The tragedy opens there, with some of the sages assembled, to whom, after some admirable touches of preparation, Ion enters. We are instantly made to feel the natural and pure elements of his character; at once it is exhibited before us; and, without a thought of resentment or passion upon him, he seems as insensible to their approach as he has been to the plague, from the midst of which he has just returned, in right of the permission his earnest prayers had won from the high priest of the sanctuary, that he alone should "visit the sad city at his will." The high priest himself, Medon, enters next, hailing a presage of hope in the aspect of the sky, and of help—"but help achieved in blood." At this Ion shrinks, his colour changes, and we begin to feel the influences that are upon him; which are soon, however, again subdued, by the sweetness and charity of his nature. After describing a desperate revel indulged by the king during the past night, in the midst of the misery of Argos, he closes with an expression of pity; and, rebuked by one of the sages, who asks him what plea he can discover for the tyrant, rejoins—"Is he not childless, friendless, and a king?" These are, indeed, the causes of the recklessness of Adrastus; while to the latter the sages attribute the visitation of the plague as a special curse of Heaven. Before the tragedy opens, Phocion, the high priest's son, had been despatched to Delphos with the king's consent, to consult the oracle; but, shortly after his departure, Adrastus had become more frantic and restless, refused to meet the sages, scourged one of their messengers, and threatened death to the next who should go unbidden. Ion now implores the perilous office, and with such irresistible entreaty, that Medon cannot withhold it. Before departing, he asks to see Medon's daughter, the partner of his childhood and youth.

A scene between Ion and Clemanthe follows, as deeply felt and delicately written as anything we could produce from the whole range of the acted drama. It opens with some affecting descriptions, by Ion, of the miseries of the plague-stricken Argives, from which the timid and astonished girl is roused by the altered tone and manner of the speaker, to see, in a mere fancied playfellow, the master of her deepest affections. He declares the purpose which is about to take him to the palace. Suddenly, with a thousand passionate denials, she says that he shall not go; and the egotism (that true offspring of love—self caring for another's sake) with which she adds that, when he departs, she "shall be alone," betrays the secret she had borne unconsciously till then—

"Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,
And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.
Do not despise it in me!"

The scene concludes thus:—

Ion. Heaven has call'd me,
And I have pledged my honour. When thy
heart
Bestow'd its preference on a friendless boy,

Thou didst not image him a recreant; nor
Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.
Thou hast endow'd me with the right to claim
Thy help through this our journey, be its course

Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end,
And now I ask it!—bid my courage hold,
And with thy free approval send me forth
In soul apparel'd for my office!

CLEMANTIS. Go!
I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying—and if thou shouldst fall—
ION. Be sure I shall return.

CLR. If thou shouldst fall,
I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—

All this is written with matchless force and tenderness, and with that reality of dramatic treatment which places the entire scene before us. The words sculpture the action which should accompany them.

Adrastus is now introduced. The scene of the second act rises on a terrace of the royal palace, along which the tyrant walks with feverish restlessness, heedless of the infectious airs that blow from across the plague-struck city. His attendant warns him. He answers in a speech to which we beg the reader's particular attention. It brings the speaker to the eye at once in all the grand distinctness of his own character, and in the no less grand uncertainty of the Greek faith and knowledge. Every word has its meaning here:

"ADRASTUS. Let them blast me now!—
I stir not; tremble not; these massive walls,
Whose date o'erawes tradition, gird the home
Of a great race of kings, along whose line
The eager mind lives aching, through the
darkness
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes
Of armed sovereigns spread to godlike port,
And, frowning in the uncertain dawn of time,

A soldier enters, and fearfully announces the approach of a messenger from Argos. Adrastus orders the headsman to be set in readiness. He knows that he is doomed, but he will not suffer the "low fog of murky discontent" to veil his "setting glories." Crythes and Ion enter.

"CRYTHES. The king!
ADRASTUS. Stranger, I bid thee welcome;
We are about to tread the same dark passage,
Thou almost on the instant—Is the word?

CRY. Thou mayst behold them plainly in
the court;
Even now the solemn soldiers line the ground;
The steel gleams on the altar; and the slave
Disrobes himself for duty.

ADR. [To ION.] Dost thou see them?
ION. I do.

ADR. By Heaven, he does not change!
If, even now, thou wilt depart and leave
Thy traitorous thoughts unspoken, thou art
free.

ION. I thank thee for thy offer, but I stand

We might object perhaps to the last words, since the term "assassin" includes in our time a baseness which did not necessarily attach to it in Greece; and because, in the fourth act, we see Ion deputed by the Gods even to such a mission. But everything else is in high dramatic keeping. It is not the description of a situation that we read—we are upon the scene. We hear the voice of Ion, calm upon the verge of death, warning the tyrant of his coming hour; and the troubled torments of Adrastus, snatching a sublimity from despair:—

"ADR. I know it must; so mayst thou spare
thy warnings.
The envious gods in me have doom'd a race,
Whose glories stream from the same cloud-
girt founts,

Thine—ever thine— [she faints in his arms.
ION [calls]. Abra!—So hast to part—

[Enter ABRA.
Let her have air; be near her through the day;
I know thy tenderness—should ill news come
Of any friend, she will require it all.

[ABRA bears CLEMANTIS out.
Ye Gods, that have enrich'd the life ye claim
With priceless treasure, strengthen me to
yield it. [Exit.

Strike awe, as powers who ruled an elder
world,
In mute obedience. I, sad heritor
Of all their glories, feel our doom is nigh;
And I will meet it as befits their fame;
Nor will I vary my selected path
The breadth of my sword's edge, nor check a
wish,
If such unkingly yielding might avert it."

Before thee for the lives of thousands, rich
In all that makes life precious to the brave;
Who perish not alone, but in their fall
Break the far-spreading tendrils that they
feed,

And leave them nurtureless. If thou wilt
hear me
For them, I am content to speak no more.

ADR. Thou hast thy wish then. Crythes!
till yon fall

Cast its thin shadow on the approaching hour,
I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant,
Come without word, and lead him to his doom.
Now leave us.

CRY. What, alone?
ADR. Yes, slave! alone.
He is no assassin! [Exit CRYTHES.]

Whence their own dawn'd upon the infant
world;
And I shall sit on my ancestral throne
To meet their vengeance."

The interview, as it proceeds, is deepened into a sudden and strange domestic interest. Prompted by the influences which lift him above fear, and above anger and hate, Ion speaks to the king of love. His almost superhuman courage has hitherto obliged Adrastus to listen, but as he speaks on, the tones of his voice call back past days to his agitated listener, and the holy flame of his love-breathing words, piercing through the memories of Adrastus, reveals the last recesses of the tyrant's thought and the history of his sufferings. In a speech remarkable for its intense truth of expression, and the dramatic beauty of its feeling, Adrastus repeats the oracle which overshadowed his birth.

" At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its Prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstasies;
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand
throats,
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,

In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these
words
Of me the nursing—" Woe unto the babe!
Against the life which now begins shall life
Lighted from thence be sm'd, and both soon
quench'd,
End this great line in sorrow!"

The unhappy king then describes the persecutions he underwent in the endeavour to avert this oracle. He is threatened at last with death and shame, and he flies from the city to the neighbouring woods, where his steps are suddenly staid by the "bright vision" of a mournful maid. Scarcely has he embraced a son, the offspring of his union with her, when murderers rush into their retreat and seize the boy. They had been so sent by the parents of Adrastus, to avert the dreadful prophecy. The child is heard as if dashed into the neighbouring river, and the mother dies. As Adrastus exclaims that he recognizes her "dying patience" glimmering in the face of Ion, Crythes enters to claim his prisoner for the headsman. Adrastus drives him back, and, at Ion's entreaty, consents within an hour to meet the Argive sages. The youth leaves him, the dream of long-past days vanishes, and he is "again a king!"

The tragedy proceeds with deep interest, and a striking solemnity. In the great square of the city, Adrastus, seated on his throne, hears the assembled sages. In illustration of the general poetical power of Mr. Talfourd, we will quote a portion of Agenor's speech, descriptive of the effects of the plague.

" Art thou arm'd
'Gainst wonder, while, in all things, Nature
turns
To dreadful contraries:—while Youth's full
cheek
Is shrivell'd into furrows, and years,
And 'neath its glossy curls untinted by care
Looks out a keen anatomy;—while Age
Is stung by feverish torture for an hour
Into youth's strength; while fragile Woman-
hood
Starts into fearful courage, all unlike
The gentle strength its gentle weakness feeds

To make affliction beautiful, and stalks
Abroad, a tearless, unshuddering thing:—
While Childhood, in its orphan'd freedom
blithe,
Finds, in the shapes of wretchedness which
seem
Grotesque to its unsadden'd vision, cause
For unworldly mirth that shortly shall be
hush'd
In never-broken silence; and while Love,
Immortal through all change, makes ghastly
Death
Its Idol."

Adrastus spurs his complaints, and the sages appeal to Jove. At this moment Phocion rushes in with the answer of the oracle, and proclaims it aloud to the Argives:—

" Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease."

The soldiers of the enraged king seize him, and surround the people. At this instant of the scene, which is constructed with great dramatic

power, the shadow of Destiny falls heavily and darkly on the soul of Ioni, and he makes one desperate effort to save the king. He is unsuccessful, but Phocion is released, and Adrastus leaves the council to "mutter treason till they perish."

The third act of the tragedy is devoted to the influences of Fate, and their mode of action upon Ion. The gods give a dreadful voice to all things that surround him. We need not ask the reader to admire the startling grandeur of the picture presented in the closing lines of the following extract. Ion speaks.

"Clemante! thou wilt find me
A sad companion;—I who knew not life,
Save as the sportive breath of happiness,
Now feel my minutes teeming, as they rise,
With grave experiences; I dream no more
Of azure realms where restless beauty sports
In myriad shapes fantastic; but black vaults
In long succession open till the gloom
Afar is broken by a streak of fire
That shapes my name—the fearful wind that
moans
Before the storm articulates its sound;

And as I pass'd but now the solemn range
Of Argive monarchs, that in scorn
mockery
Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone
Bent on me instinct with a frightful life
That drew me into fellowship with them,
As conscious marble; while their ponderous
lips—
Fit organs of eternity—unclosed,
And, as I live to tell thee, murmur'd 'Hail!
Hail! ION THE DEVOTED!'"

Earnestly Clemante struggles against these horrible yet noble fascinations, and strives to re-assure her lover of the certainty of speedy joy in Argos, now that "keen hatred and revenge" are roused to crush the tyrant. What follows has a most sudden and startling effect. We hear it ringing through a theatre!—

"ION. Not by such base agents
May the august lustration be achieved:
He who shall cleanse his country from the
guilt
For which Heaven smites her, should be pure
of soul,
Gulleless as infancy, and undisturb'd
By personal anger as thy father is,
When, with unswerving hand and piteous eye,
He stops the brief life of the innocent kid
Bound with white fillets to the altar;—so
Enwreathed by fate the royal victim heaves,

And soon his breast shall shrink beneath the
knife
Of the selected slayer!
CLEMANTE. 'Tis thyself
Whom thy strange language pictures—Ion!
thou—
ION, She has said it! Her pure lips have
spoken out
What all things intimate;—didst thou not
mark
Me for the office of avenger—*no?*"

In the scene which succeeds to this, the youths of Argos have assembled in a lonely grove, round

"A rude altar, overgrown with moss,
And stain'd with drippings of a million showers,"

to devote themselves to the destruction of Adrastus. They are headed by Ctesiphon and Phocion—the first of whom burns to avenge a father's death much more than the public wrong—but Ion has been excluded for his gentleness. Betrayed by one of the soldiers, a passage to the couch of the king, who lies heavily oppressed by sleep, is open to them, and they are on the eve of casting lots as to whom the duty of using the "sacrificial knife" should fall. Their words are ascending to Heaven in solemn devotion to this purpose, when Ion suddenly rushes to the altar, and his voice ascends with theirs. Phocion hails him as sent by the serenest powers of justice. The lot falls to him, and next to Phocion, who is to strike him down if he falter, or assist him should he be foiled. Ion receives the knife from the excluded Ctesiphon, and, advancing to the altar, invokes the first gods of Greece. The severe beauty of his style in this speech is a proper inspiration of the time:—

"[Ion approaches the altar, and, lifting up
the knife, speaks.]
Ye eldest gods,
Who in no statues of exactest form

Are palpable; who shun the azure heights
Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy;
Yet, mindful of the empire which ye held

Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful watch
On falling nations, and on kingly lines
About to sink for ever; ye, who shed
Into the passions of earth's giant brood,
And their fierce usages, the sense of justice;
Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
Through the proud halls of time-embolden'd
guilt,
Portents of ruin, hear me!—In your presence,
For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate

This arm to the destruction of the king
And of his race! O keep me pitiless;
Expel all human weakness from my frame,
That this keen weapon shake not when his
heart
Should feel its point; and if he has a child
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!—
Was not that thunder?
CREMANTHE. No; I heard no sound."

After this he sinks into an abstraction from which he is roused to pray of them to leave him for a moment; and in this moment, with the deepest feeling of dramatic situation, and a power of surpassing pathos, Clemanthe is introduced. Hurriedly he entreats of her to quit that place:—

"CLEMANTHE. Not without thee.
Indeed thou art not well;—thy hands are
marble;—
Thine eyes are fixed;—let me support thee,
love.—

Ha! what is that gleaming within thy vest?
A knife! Tell me its purpose, Ion!

ION. No;
My oath forbids.
CLEMANTHE. An oath! O gentle Ion,
What can have link'd thee to a cause which
needs

A stronger cement than a good man's word!
There's danger in it. Wilt thou keep it from
me?

ION. Alas, I must. Thou wilt know all full
soon—

[Voices call ION!]

Hark! I am call'd.

CLEMANTHE. Nay, do not leave me thus.

ION. 'Tis very sad [voices again]—I dare not
stay—farewell!

[Exit.]

The close of this third act is taken up with Medon's discovery of Ion's birth, which we think somewhat weak and inefficient. Nor would we have the reader suppose that this is the only fault that could be pointed out in the tragedy. We venture to think, however, that the majority of its faults are wilful, and we feel that they interfere but little with the main effects of the sentiment and action. They proceed chiefly, as we suppose, from the author's first peremptory notion that his tragedy would not be brought upon the actual stage. Speeches are now and then introduced for no other purpose, as it would seem, than to throw off a favourite thought of the author, not the speaker; wherever these thoughts occur, indeed, and happily they are not frequent, Mr. Talfourd betrays himself by an over elaboration which we do not observe where he surrenders himself to the genius of his work; and the effect is that of an occasional homily when we are impatient to get on with the action. We would add that some of the inferior characters are scarcely adequate to the great matters in hand, and that Medon, in especial, is rather a didactic old gentleman. His conduct in the scene we have objected to, for instance, appears to us to be very weak and faulty. He discovers Ion to be the son of a man, who is doomed *along with all his race*, by the irreversible sentence of the Gods. Yet Medon, the high priest of Apollo, with the oracle of his Idivine master still ringing in his ear, having made this discovery, shows himself over delighted at it, tells Clemanthe she is blessed in her high fortune, and wishes her joy. This should be changed. No plea of sudden forgetfulness on the old man's part can excuse it. In the national faith and habits of Greece, the High Priest was, as it were, a living section of the oracle of his God.

In the fourth act, Ion, holding the knife, hangs over the couch of Adrastus, and bids him wake, and be strong to die. In this scene the passion reaches to the height, the mind is purged by the terror and pity they are excited, and is left to an undistracted course of deep sentiment,

in which, proceeding through another act, the tragedy finally and most exquisitely closes. The ancient and modern styles of tragic emotion here assimilate. We have a short but mortal contest of the passions, when suddenly above them, in deep composure, rises the form of Destiny, fatal still, but stripped of its worst horrors. We beg the reader's attention to this extract. Adrastus has made some few struggles, only to feel that his hour has at last really come. The more dreadful struggles of Ion call to the memory the mother slaying Orestes—

"ION. It is most true;
Thou spard'st my life, and therefore do the
gods

Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—
Now, while I parley—Spirits that have left,
Within this hour, their plague-tormented flesh
To rot untomb'd, glide by, and frown on me,
Their slow avenger—and the chamber swarms
With looks of Furies—Yet a moment wait,
Ye dreadful prompters!—If there is a friend,
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or
token,

Speak thy last bidding.

ADR. I have none on earth.
If thou hast courage, end me!

ION. Not one friend!

Most piteous doom!

ADR. Art melted?

ION. If I am,

Hope nothing from my weakness; mortal
arms,

And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,
And we shall fall together. Be it so!

ADR. No; strike at once; my hour is come:
in thee

I recognise the minister of Jove,
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power.

[ADRASTUS KNEELS]

ION. Avert thy face!

ADR. No; let me meet thy gaze;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me;—and which now
my sense

Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Link'd with the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood
Mournful and calm;—'tis surely there;—she
waves

Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
DEATH'S GRACIOUS ANGEL!—Do not turn
away."

The first oracle is here accomplished—for Ion, having finally raised the knife to stab, sinks senseless to the earth, on hearing, as if from the voice of Fate, that Adrastus is his father. Medon arrives in time to prevent the parricide, but not in time to withhold the impatient arm of the hot and passionate Ctesiphon, who, wondering at Ion's delay, rushes in from the watch he was holding without, and wounds Adrastus mortally. The dying king, at his own urgent request, is left to pass the few remaining moments of his existence alone with his son. We can quote but little from this interview, through which the good is made most happily to surmount the evil, but what we quote will show its dramatic beauty. Adrastus exacts a promise from Ion that he will ascend the throne of Argos, and, by great deeds, redeem the memory of his father.

"ADR. Rejoice,
Sufferers of Argos! I am growing weak.
And my eyes dazzle; let me rest my hands,
Ere they have lost their feeling, on thy head.—
So! So!—thy hair is glossy to the touch
As when I last enwreath'd its tiny curl
About my finger; I did image then
Thy reign exclaiming mine: it is fulfil'd,
And I die happy. Bless thee, King of Argos!
[DIES.]

ION. He's dead! and I am fatherless again.
King did he hail me? shall I make that word
A spell to bid old happiness awake
Throughout the lovely land that father'd me
In my forsaken childhood?

[He sees the knife on the ground,
and takes it up.]

Most vain dream!"

The character of Adrastus, which closes here, is the production of a strong, firm, and masterly hand. It is bodied forth, in the two great scenes of the tragedy, massively and distinctly. It is to be hoped that the management of Covent Garden theatre, should the author permit them to continue the tragedy, will not insult good sense and good taste, to say no more, by again exhibiting the melancholy inefficiency of Mr. Dale in such a part as this. We venture to hope that the author himself will interfere to prevent it; and let us add, while we advert to this subject, that the general "getting up" of the tragedy was truly ex-

crable. We would term it disgraceful, too, if we did not feel that some allowances should be made for the circumstances under which the performance took place, and, in that feeling, expect to see a material change next season. In justice to the author, to Mr. Macready's acting, and, more than all, to the claims of the public, this is peremptorily called for. But this by the way.

The title of king is at once assumed by Ion, who claims with it his "ancestral honours." Steadily, and with a mournful and intense quiet, the catastrophe now approaches. The still hot haste of Ctesiphon strives to intercept it. Phocion, urged to remember the office he had received by oath towards the fulfilment of the oracle, is driven to stab—~~sway~~ through all the "delicious memories" which had bound their boyhood together—at the life of the young king. Ion throws off the blow, exclaiming—

"ION. And could'st thou think
I had forgotten?
PHOCION. Thou!"

The fifth act opens in the midst of preparations for a king's assumption of his state. The people murmur, and talk of undue haste, for it is only the morning after the death of Adrastus, and they cannot see the propriety of such grand festivities in the midst of sorrow, *for the plague has not abated*. Ion is upon the scene ordering all things, and the poet here, with perception of the nicest contrast, shows him giving way to slight inequalities of temper and emotion, as though the infirmities of Humanity should not be wholly reproached in the ascent of her son, about to be deified by a more than mortal beauty. The true observer of nature is displayed also in the affecting silence which Ion is made to preserve respecting Clemanthe, from the moment of the discovery of his birth, up to nearly the close of the tragedy. When he speaks of her at last to her brother, he does not utter her name; but yet, naming her not, and struggling to avoid her, he is obliged to see her at last. Their meeting is extremely beautiful. The profound artifice of love, as Mr. Lamb finely terms the effort of Hamlet to alienate Ophelia by affected discourtesies, is here practised by Ion, who seeks, by attempted coldness, to wean Clemanthe from that loving intercourse which can no longer find a place amidst business so serious as that which he has to do. Yet still the hoping and affectionate girl, ignorant of the real cause, pleads to be loved:—

"May not thy state
Have some unnoticed shelter 'mid its folds
For love to make its nest in?" *

—and vainly does Ion strive to hold completely to his purpose,—awkwardly does his sweet countenance "counterfeit a frown!" She has asked, "And shall we never see each other?"

<p>"ION [after a pause]. I have ask'd that dreadful question of the hills That look eternal; of the flowing streams That lucid flow for ever; of the stars, Amid whose fields of azure my rapt spirit Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,</p>	<p>Yes! While I thus gaze upon thy living face, I feel the love that kindles through its beauty Can never wholly perish;—we shall meet Again, Clemanthe! "CLEM. Bless thee for that name; Call me that name again."</p>
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* We quote this from the first of the privately-circulated editions. We venture to think that the alteration in the subsequent editions is not an improvement. In the latter, the speech we have quoted above is expressed thus:—

<p>"Thou dost accuse Thy state too hardly. It may give some room,</p>	<p>Some little space, amidst its radiant cares, For love and joy to breathe in."</p>
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She prays of him at last, rather than deny her the further sight of him on earth, that he will kill her at once. What follows has matchless tenderness in it, and is expressed with the most dramatic truth.

"ION. No; thou must live, my fair one: There are a thousand joyous things in life, Which pass unheeded in a life of joy As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes To ruffle it; and daily duties paid Hardly at first, at length will bring repose To the sad mind that studies to perform them. Thou dost not mark me.

CLEM. Oh, I do! I do!
ION. If for thy brother's and thy father's sake

Thou art content to live, the healer Time Will reconcile thee to the lovely things Of this delightful world,—and if another, A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love Another—I did think I could have said it, But 'tis in vain.

CLEM. Thou art mine own then still?
ION. I am thine own; thus let me clasp thee; nearer;
O joy too thrilling and too short!"

The interview closes with "one more embrace," which, he tells her, is "the last—the last in this world." She follows him from the stage and seeks Minerva's temple, that, unseen, she may see him in his throne.

The last scene exhibits him there, in the midst of the sages and the people of Argos, about to swear allegiance on the altar. The actual progress of this scene is finely marked in the writing. We see the face of Ion, pale at the first, gradually flush and kindle. He exacts from Agenor and Medon, and the sages of his council, a series of pledges for the hope, the happiness, and the good government of his country. Finally, he asks the assembled multitude to swear that, if he leaves no issue, they will lodge the sovereign power of Argos "in the affections of the general heart, and in the wisdom of the best." They all swear this, and the tragedy thus concludes—

"ION. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach That altar unattended. [He goes to the altar. Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,

Look on me now;—and if there is a Power, As at this solemn time I feel there is, Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes

The spirit of the beautiful that lives In earth and heaven;—to ye I offer up This conscious being, full of life and love, For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow End all her sorrows!

[Stabs himself, and falls. CTEASIPHON rushes to support him.]

Avenge, and wilt forgive me.

CTES. Thou hast pluck'd The poor disguise of hatred from my soul, And made me feel how shallow is the wish Of vengeance. Could I die to save thee!

[CLEMANTIS rushes forward.]
CLEM. Hold! Let me support him—stand away—indeed I have best right, although ye know it not, To cling to him in death.

ION. This is a joy I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.— Bend thine eyes on me!

CLEM. And for this it was Thou wouldst have wren'd me from thee! Couldst thou think I would be so divorced?

ION. Thou art right, Clemanthe,— It was a shallow and an idle thought; 'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now; No vain disguise, my love. Yet thou wilt think On that which, when I feign'd, I truly said— Wilt thou not, sweet one?

CLEM. I will treasure all. [Enter IAVUS.]

IAVUS. I bring you glorious tidings—Ha! no joy

Can enter here.

ION. Yes—is it as I hope?

IAVUS. The pestilence abates.

ION [Springs on his feet]. Do ye not hear?

Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not of me;

Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread O'er Argos is dispell'd!—Agenor, give This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought

Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain— And Medon! cherish him as thou hast one Who dying blesses thee;—my own Clemanthe! Let this console thee also—Argos lives—Th' offering is accepted—all is well! [Dies. [The curtain falls.]]"

* The plan of the scene appears to have been suggested by Ford's celebrated catastrophe in the "Broken Heart," but Mr. Talfourd's treatment is more true to nature, since the silence of Ion has the plea of a great and overruling necessity which we cannot give to Calantha. Mr. Talfourd, we may add, has borrowed one of Ford's lines. Calantha says—

"They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings!"

Ion says—

"They are the patient sorrows which touch nearest!"

This it is, we feel, to move the deepest sources of tragic emotion, and to realize its highest objects. The previous passion and suffering of the tragedy are purged in this last scene; and notwithstanding all the present sorrow of the sacrifice, the mind of the reader or spectator cannot but acknowledge a kind of affecting delight.

A lively critic has inquired lately, "Which of our smartest dramatic poets, now-a-days, can ask 'How d'y'e do?' in less than three verses?" The satire meant to be conveyed is, that there is no strenuous simplicity, nothing artless, earnest, and energetic, in the living class of dramatic writing. The falsehood of this we believe we have abundantly illustrated. Can our critic bring forth from his vaunted, and we might venture to add, little relished or appreciated stores, four words more crowded with intense and noble meaning, than those of Clemanthe—I WILL TREASURE ALL? Can he name anything more deeply pathetic than Ion's BEND THINE EYES ON ME? Can he produce three words more instinct with a thousand emotions true to the situation and the scene, than the 'TIS VERY SAD, with which Ion tears himself from Clemanthe to rush to the chamber of Adrastus? But why should we adduce these or other instances to an ingenious person who has already come to the conclusion that the drama has breathed her last; and who, mistaking what he says for wit, announces to us that he has "calculated in his tables of contingent phenomena when her revival may be looked for, and expects it along with the recommencement of oracles." We will answer for it that, should oracles recommence, this gentleman will turn out to be a poor hand at expounding them.

The drama dead! You might as well announce at the same time that the "human heart by which we live" has sunk into the grave, and left the world behind it nothing but a breathing skeleton. The drama cannot die so long as the elements of tragic interest remain in the world. We more than suspect, indeed, that comedy is at a disadvantage just now, because those infinite vanities and absurdities of artificial life with which the comic poet has more especially to do, are liable to be dissipated and generalized by the sort of common education which must result from a wide diffusion of literature. But the tragic poet infallibly stands on ground which is immovable. The definition of Tragedy, which was made two thousand years ago, applies still with an undiminished force. To be of power, by exciting pity and terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions—to redeem, that is, by a composing intellectual interest, the agitating realities of a stormy existence—was held to be her province by Aristotle; and it is her province still, and will continue so till pity and terror, and real and intellectual interest, have quite gone from amongst us.

Our critic of the "Athenæum" may reassure himself on this point. If the admiration he professes for the great writers of Elizabeth's age had been indeed sincere, it would itself have checked his spleen. To admit the power of being deeply moved by the tragic drama, is in itself an admission that its materials are amongst us. For to say that the world may be, and still is, deeply and deliriously affected by "artless, earnest, and energetic" writing; and to assert, at the same time, that the world must unrefine itself before it can hope to see any "artless, earnest, and energetic" writing issue from a living man, is too evident an absurdity for discussion. The artlessness of the drama is a result produced, and

only producible, from the highest art, and this latter cannot be the product of any "state of simplicity," however strenuous. Our critic adopts a preferable style of argument, when he puts his case in the shape of a "What would you more? Has not England done enough in the dramatic way? England, who gave birth to the only true drama, and compared with whose productions of that kind, all others, *antique as well as modern*, ARE PUNY ABORTIONS." This proposition is at least distinct and intelligible, and we leave the question it involves to be discussed by some fifth-form schoolboy.

We take advantage, meanwhile, of the allusion to the "puny abortions" of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, to introduce a name which has associated itself recently with the grandest era of the Greek genius; which is illustrious as belonging to the first of our living prose writers, and one of the most original thinkers of this or any country, living or dead; and which we hope to make familiar to our readers before we have closed these papers, as belonging to one who possesses also the power, if he chooses to put it into perfect action, of a first-rate dramatic poet. We feel it scarcely necessary to add, that we mean Mr. Walter Savage Landor. This admirable scholar, among many fragments of fine verse which enrich his last production, the "Letters of Pericles and Aspasia," has given a scene supposed to have passed in the shades between Agamemnon and his daughter. Agamemnon is imagined to have descended from his horrible death, and, on the instant, to have met Iphigenia:—

IPHIGENIA. Father! I now may lean upon
your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigenia's hand.

We are not shades
Surely! for yours throbs yet.
And did my blood
Win Troy for Greece?

Ah! 'twas ill done, to shrink;
But the sword gleam'd so sharp; and the good
priest
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.

AGAMEMNON. Daughter!

IPH. Beloved father! Is the blade
Again to pierce a bosom now unfit
For sacrifice? No blood is in its veins,
No God requires it here; here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it
burn'd.

Unconsciously and calmly the innocent shade urges upon Agamemnon, in memory of the old sweetness and affectionateness of his temper, the serenity of his new abode, suited to his own serenity, and surpassing the anxious joys of earth:—

'No chance have we, not even day for night,
Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene,
Serene, too, be your spirit! None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatch'd your robe away from me,
Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him in-doors,
Before he heard the voice that marshall'd
Greece.

Therefore all praise'd you.

Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility, and most

This alone shows me we are with the Blest,
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,
Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She praised us both (which most) for what we
did.

AGAM. Ye Gods, who govern here! do
human pangs

Reach the pure soul thus far below! do tears
Spring in these meadows?

IPH. No, sweet father, no!
I could have answer'd that; why ask the Gods?

AGAM. Iphigenia! O my child! the Earth
Has gender'd crimes unheard-of heretofore,
And Nature may have changed in her last
depths,

Together with the Gods and all their laws."

Admire it in the sceptre and the sword.
What, then, can make you speak thus rapidly
And briefly? In your step thus hesitate?
Are you afraid to meet, among the gods,
Incontinent Helen here?

AGAM. Oh! Gods of Hell!
IPH. She hath not pass'd the river.

We may walk
With our hands link'd, nor feel our house's
shame.

AGAM. Never mayst thou, Iphigenia! feel
it!

Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst ex-
claim,

Greece no avenger—I, her chief so late,
Through Erebus, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

IPH. Come; I have better diadems than those

Of Argos and Mycenæ—come away.
And I will weave them for you on the bank.
You will not look so pale when you have walked

A little in the grove, and have told all
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

AGAM. Oh, Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!

[Aside.] The bath that bubbled with my blood,
the blows
That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?

Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenæ
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.
Iphigeneia!

IPH. Why thus turn away?
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
Father, and where you are, will ever be.

AGAM. Thou art my child—yes, yes, thou art my child.

All was not once what all now is! Come on,
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!

Soon again, however, remembering the fell Clytemnestra, Agamemnon turns away:—

"IPH. What spake my father to the gods above?

Unworthy am I then to join in prayer?
If, on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblest;
But, O my faultless father! why should you?
And shun so my embraces?

Am I wild
And wandering in my fondness?

We are shades!!
Groan not thus deeply; blight not thus the season

Of full-orb'd gladness! Shades we are indeed,
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.
Look on me; smile with me at my illusion—
You are so like what you have ever been
(Except in sorrow!) I might well forget
I could not win you as I used to do.
It was the first embrace since my descent

I ever aim'd at: those who love me live,
Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.

AGAM. We want not, O Iphigeneia, we
Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart

With purity, nor words that more and more
Teach what we know, from those we know,
And sink

Often most deeply where they fall most light.
Time was when for the faintest breath of thine,
Kingdom and life were little.

IPH. Value them
As little now.

AGAM. Were life and kingdom all!

IPH. Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.

They will be happy too.

Cheer! kingly of men!
Cheer! there are voices, songs—Cheer! arms advance."

Mr. Landor then marks, with subtle beauty, a tranquillizing influence from the happy shades gradually stealing over Agamemnon. Voices and songs are heard from within the grove, and a noise of Argive arms. He bursts forth—

"AGAM. Come to me, soul of peace! These, these alone,

These are not false embraces.

IPH. Both are happy!

AGAM. Freshness breathes round me from some breeze above.

What are ye, winged ones! with golden urns?"

They are the Hours, which had descended with the king, and now return to the earth again. With them the last heaviness of mortality is taken from Agamemnon, and the sudden glories of completed happiness, "above the thunder," break upon him. The scene closes with a noble alternation of the Chorus and Semi-Chorus.

We will not stop here to beg the reader to observe, how profoundly true, in a philosophical sense, is the tendency of this scene, in its intimation that the dead are not happy at once in Elysium—since by that means we are made to feel that the love which outlives death is the love we have once known—that the affections which await us in Elysium are our own affections. We ask of him to view it simply as an effort of dramatic genius. The most rare and most splendid qualities of the art seem to us to be presented in it. Every line, it may be said, embodies a dramatic picture. Behold the gentle shape at the opening leaning on the breast of the face-averting king—the affecting sweetness of the allusion to the sacrifice at Aulis—the happy gentleness of the recollection of the great Grecian monarch staying himself even at the council-door to humour childhood, or to help the infirmities of age—the

quick chords of agony that are unconsciously touched—the diadem, better than those of Argos and Mycenai, which is to be woven by Iphigeneia for her father from flowers

“Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers”—

—the kingly sufferer suffering still, “through Erebus, through Elysium,” writhing still—

“You will not look so pale when you have walked

A little in the grove, and have told all

Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.”

Such is one of Mr. Landor’s “puny abortions,” and such as it is, it may rank with the “puny abortions” of antiquity.

Our “Athenæum” critic, however, begs to be allowed to explain the term. He only means to convey, by “puny abortions,” that the Greek tragedies are “philosophical poems in a faintly dramatic shape.”

Surely he scarcely betters himself by this. Are we to be told that the *ANTIGONE* is faintly dramatic? The tragedians of Greece were indeed confined within the narrow circle of the chorus; they were obliged to practice the precision, and copy the details of nature; their ideas were necessarily exact and definite, because they were bounded by a certain severity and simplicity of material;—on the other hand, we have since had a greater master in that art, who, not unassisted (be it remembered) by the inspiration breathed over the unconscious world by Greece, acknowledged no limit in the relations of place or the continuity of time, and whose eye could glance at will from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven;—but, between the great tragedians of the classic school and that last more “daring practiser of arts inhibited,” the heart and the passions have stood unchanged. Infinite analogies of thought and expression still delight the reader of *Æschylus* and *Shakspeare*, and it may be a question still, which had the greatest power in the singleness of tragic passion. And the *ANTIGONE* of *Sophocles*? Who shall say that that noble and devoted daughter and sister,—the most soft, the most tender, the firmest, most lofty, and unfaltering of women—who shall say that she, who through the *Œdipus* at *Colonus* encounters uncomplainingly all the ills of exile and want, that she may alleviate the sufferings of her father—and in the tragedy which bears her name, lays down her life and her passionately tender love to preserve the ashes of her brother from dishonor,—is conceived in a “faintly dramatic” spirit? Who shall say it of the sweet *ALCESTIS*, that matchless pattern of delicacy and heroism, the self-devoting wife of the doomed *Admetus*,—who shall say it of *AGAMEMNON*, “treading the purple calmly to his death,”—or of *MACARIA*,—or of *HÆCUBA*, remembering her parting with *Polyxena*, that rending asunder of body and of soul,—who shall say it of *AJAX*, “sitting alone in blood,”—or of *ORESTES*, as the *Furies* descended upon him? *Virgil*, if we pleased, would tell us his impression of the last—

“Aut Agamemnonius scœnis agitur Orestes;

armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus stris,

Or vidit, afflicteque sedent in limine Diræ!”

—but we will venture here again to call in the assistance of Mr. Landor, in further illustration of his own dramatic genius, and of the true spirit of Greek tragedy.

The following lines are portion* of an unpublished scene by Mr.

* We do not give the entire scene, as we fear that we should not be justified in anticipating wholly a publication of such extraordinary power and interest.

Landor, connected with the subject we have already quoted from his "Letters of Aspasia," and called "THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA." We hold that no writer, ancient or modern, has ever made a more sudden, fearful, and tremendous plunge into the very innermost depths of tragic passion and dramatic expression, than is here, with the most glorious ease and consciousness of power, made by Mr. Landor.

"*Electra*. Pass on, my brother! She awaits the wretch,
Dishonour, despoiler, murderer . . .
None other name shall name him. She awaits
As would a lover. . . Heavenly Gods! what poison
O'erflows my lips!

Adulteress! husband-slayer!
Strike her, the tigress. Think upon our father. . .
Give the sword scope. Think what a man was he!
How fond of her!—how kind to all about,
That he might gladden and teach *us*. How proud
Of thee, Orestes, tossing thee above
His joyous head, and calling thee his crown!
Ah! boys, remember not what melts *our* hearts
And marks them evermore!

Bite not thy lip,
Nor tramp, like an unsteady colt, the ground,
Nor stare against the wall. . . but think again
How better than all fathers was our father—
Go!

Orestes. Loose me, then! for this white hand, *Electra*,
Hath fastened upon mine with fiercer grasp
Than mine can grasp the sword.

Electra. Go, sweet Orestes!
I knew not I was holding thee. . . . Avenge him.
How he sprang from me! . . . Sure, he now has reacht
The room before the bath! The bath-door opens!
It hath creakt thus since he—since thou, oh father!
Ever since thou didst loosen its strong valves,
Either with all thy dying weight, or strength
Agonized with her stabs.

What plunge was that?
Ah me! What groans are those?
Orestes. (*re-entering*). They sound thro' hell,
Rejoicing the Eumenides. . . .!"

Neither Æschylus nor Shakspeare ever conceived an incident more terrible or more true, than that creaking of the door of the bath on the ear of *Electra*, as her brother rushes in, with all its frightful and heart-withering associations. And let the reader observe the tremendous significance of every word that is uttered. Is such writing as this "faintly dramatic?" For ourselves, reverencing as we do the genius of Greek tragedy, we believe that we express our admiration of it the most worthily, in feeling that Mr. Landor has here written quite up to the high spirit of the great men who were its masters. The fine picture of Agamemnon gladdening and teaching Orestes, is in the touching vein of the chorus of the *Choephore*, the φίλτατ' ἀνθρώπων πατρί,—and if we could give the conclusion of the scene, where the frantic *Electra* counts the agonies of her horror by the drops which fall from the bloody sword of Orestes,

"They are audible,
For they are many!—from the sword's point falling,
And down from the mid-blade!"

—and where we are made to feel the coming madness of the matricide,—the reader would admit that there is really nothing grander in the tragedy we have named. "Faintly dramatic," indeed! There is a speech in the Chocphoræ, where the poor boy, "streaked with his mother's blood," struggles to tell his story before his reason quits him, before madness drives him "out of the course,"—a speech in which these lines occur:—

"ἔως δ' ἔτ' ἔμφρων εἰμί, κηρύσσω φίλοις,
κτανεῖν τε φημί μητέρ' οὐκ ἄνεν δίκης,
πατροκτόνον μῖασμα, καὶ θεῶν στύγος."

and from which he suddenly breaks into the fearful horror,—

"ΟΡ. ἄναξ Ἀπολλων, αἶδε πληθύνουσι δὴ
κάε δμμάτων στάζουσιν αἶμα δυσφιλές.

ΧΟ. εἰσὶν καθαρμαί."

which, with all its attendant circumstances, is unsurpassed in dramatic grandeur by Macbeth or Lear.

In a future paper (after closing our examination of the noble poem of PARACELsus, which the more immediate interest at present attaching to "ION" has induced us to defer) we shall resume the subject of Mr. Landor's genius for dramatic poetry, more especially with reference to some of his tragic writings that have long been before the world. We believe that we shall be able to point out some few of the causes that have stood in the way of this poet's popularity, as well as not a few of the more rare and splendid endowments possessed by him for one of the highest performances in literature. We will only add, in a few words here, that, considered generally as a poet, Mr. Landor seems to us to leave too much to be done for him by his reader. His principle of association is too subtle and refined. No inconsiderable degree of intuitive apprehensiveness, indeed, is necessary to those who would understand his poetry as a whole. Even in the first scene we have quoted in this paper, an instance of how difficult it is to keep pace with his delicate and rapid associating power, may be pointed out in the break of Iphigenia's speech,—

"Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility," &c.

and the resumption, "What *then* can make you?" &c. Links are in fact to be supplied by the reader, distances to be bridged over, and it is taken for granted that he must at once understand a most masterly connexion of the remotest analogies without going through the long process requisite to the obtuser perceptions. This is a fault, but it is a grand one. It arises, we are disposed to think, from Mr. Landor's too thorough sensitiveness on the subject of language, from his too precise apprehension of the vehicle of his thoughts. His light is diverted, and glances eccentrically off from the *facettes* of his gem-like words. The fault is just the reverse of Shelley's, which was that of presenting a vast array of synchronous images relating to the same thing. Mr. Landor is properly entitled to a term which has more than once been applied to Shelley. The author of "Gebir," "Count Julian," and "Ippolito Di Este," is the "poet for poets."

ARE THE DRAWINGS OF RAPHAËL TO BE SUFFERED TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY?

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

Sir,—The lovers of the fine arts have heard with grief, and astonishment, that the divine collection of the drawings of Raphael, exhibited by the Messrs. Woodburn, of St. Martin's Lane, may possibly be suffered to quit the country, for want of efforts on the part of government to detain them. There they are, *next door (so to speak,) to the very gallery now building for the reception of great paintings, and the encouragement of British art, and yet British art is to lose them!* Raphael himself is our neighbour, and we are to let him go! The human angel is there, hardly less divine than the angels he painted. There he waits, ready to teach our students, to refine our spirits, to enlarge our charities, to perfect our fame, and we are to calculate the miserable cost of his reception, even though he would bring gold flowing in upon us, as well as grace and glory!

On whichever side this question is looked at, we have no excuse for our hesitation. Yes, there is one; and on the face of it, a fair one, though it can exist but for a moment. The government, it is understood, does not like to commit itself to any new expenses, however laudable, especially at a time like the present, till it knows whether the public approve them. The individuals that compose the government cannot be supposed to be indifferent to these divine productions. Lord Melbourne is surely a man to lend an ear to all intelligent and kindly propositions; Mr. Spring Rice is said to be a lover of poetry, consequently of all the liberalities which it includes; Lansdowne collections of the fine arts are already eminent; Lord Holland would much surprise the public if he omitted any one grace or generosity of taste in the list of his perceptions; in short, I believe we could go the whole round of the ministry and not find a name that would not gladly be foremost in the list of Raphael's detainers. If I am not mistaken, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has acknowledged to Messrs. Woodburn, that he would willingly advocate the purchase of the drawings, if he thought the public would side with him. It becomes him, perhaps, considering his office, to doubt. But why do not all parties and ranks of men vie with each other in seeing which can best do the doubt away? How is it that we have no man in parliament at present, who can pierce beyond the surface of such a question, enter into the metaphysics or moral depths of it, and make it as clear to everybody that we ought to purchase the drawings, as it is that we ought to do anything else that is both noble and profitable? Nay, there are such men; I could name them; but why do they not speak? Why is Bulwer silent? Why Talford? Why does not Sir Robert Peel, who has the taste and spirit to be a true patron of art, interfere in behalf of these models of all art? things, as Messrs. Woodburn justly observe, calculated to advance the manufactures, as well as the greater works of the country. The greatest art includes the less: sometimes it literally serves it. In the present collection there is a design for "a chased silver dish,"—(the Nymphs and Tritons, No. 14,) which is a consummation of grace and fancy.

I am a Radical myself; and I think I can answer for it, that neither Mr. Hume, nor any other Radical, nor the Radicals as a body, would object to this purchase. Literature and the fine arts hang too much together to allow of such alienation from an intellectual sympathy; and the poorest classes of the community are too proud of the reputation they are acquiring for knowledge, and too instinctively feel the strength and future good of all intellectual co-operations, to offer any disturbance to the proposal on their part. They hope soon to be walking in their clean jackets, and with

respectful steps, through the rooms of the New National Gallery, as the fine-eyed Tuscan peasantry do in theirs; and in making friends of the fine forms of Raphael and Correggio, they will instinctively cultivate the quietest and best shaping forth of their very political wishes. There is a hackneyed quotation from Ovid, which has nevertheless not had full justice done to the niceties of its meaning,—

“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros;*”

That is to say,—to acquire such a taste for the fine arts, as to expand our perceptions of *truth* and beauty in general, and give us a *faith* in them, softens the manners by delivering us from narrowness and exclusiveness, and will not *suffer* us to be ferocious, even if wrong and passion incline us to be so.

But there are districts in Ireland starving! Should we give fifteen thousand pounds for the most marvellous collection of drawings, as long as such is the case? Sir, the fact is a very frightful one; and if the purchase prevented our relieving it, of course I should say, “Let our fellow-creatures eat, and the drawings perish:” Ovid has just said it for me. Humanity itself is the first of graces, as well as duties; and the sweet soul of Raphael (which was full of it, or it would not have been what it was), would blush to see itself stand in its way. Vasari records of him, that “his good-nature was still more enchanting than his art,” and that he was “all over amiableness and loving kindness,—*pieno di gentilezza, e colmo di carità.*” Out of what else, indeed, could these enchanting shapes and faces proceed, that encircle, as it were, the very spectators of this Exhibition with balmy and exalting arms, with a new sense of the capabilities and beautiful-mindedness of their fellow-creature man, and incline him to love his very species the better? Do we think that anything could *feign* such feelings? No; no more than a ditch could throw forth a crystal fountain, or a scorpion be a dove. Well, Sir, how it is that the starvation of the Irish is not instantly relieved would be above my comprehension, if I did not know how one evil habit is mixed up with another, and throws obstacles in the way of the most obvious and easy measures of justice. Government think sometimes, or at least fancy (and circumstances must excuse them for the fancy) that they cannot instantly set about one of the most elemental pieces of justice, for fear of reducing society itself to its elements, or at least hazarding the gradual disengagement of its workings from the worst part of their alloy. All I can say on this point is, that most certainly no kindness towards the Irish will be secured by the saving of the money proposed to be laid out on these pictures, and as certainly none will be hindered by the laying it out. He that votes for the purchase will not be the less likely, but so much the more likely, to assist his fellow-creatures; just as you would sooner be likely to see a man who issues from the Exhibition give a sixpence to a beggar, than one who would spend nothing to go in—who would feel no impulse to go and gaze upon the kind faces in the pictures. I do not say that every admirer of art is a generous man; for he may admire it more or less, as it happens, and not feel those sources of liberal emotion stirred within him, which all the truest graces of perception possess in common. But I do say that the chances, by reason of that co-operation of the sympathies, are in favour of his generosity; and if any question of assistance to Ireland could disengage itself from considerations that really have nothing to do with it—if the proposition of help to these famishing districts for instance were merely, as it ought to be, one of sending them food and comfort at once, as to a fellow-creature dying at one’s door, it is not only a likely, it is an identical proposition, depend upon it, that every hearty voter for the purchase of the pictures would be as hearty a one for sending the food. It would be, to say the least of it, a pleasure which he could not deny himself.

I confess I should wonder how the most eminent of the patrons of art in

this country could abstain from taking the matter to themselves, and subscribing to make a gift to the nation, did I not know how often the richest men may have the greatest calls and drains upon their purse; not to mention the unwillingness of any one moving or seeming to dictate, where he is not sure that he is trespassing upon no delicacies or difficulties on the part of others. It was even suggested to me the other day, by a friend, that it would be handsome on the part of the Messrs. Woodburn themselves to make the gift, as they have the reputation of being rich. My friend, however, with his natural feeling for a delicacy, laughed while he said it: for be the wealth of these gentlemen what it may, it could not be as handsome on the part of the nation to expect, or to allow the gift. The Messrs. Woodburn, though liberal men, are dealers by profession, who are no more to be expected to give up profits in this wholesale manner, than hosiers or bakers. It is enough, if they show the superiority of their trade over hosiers and bakers, by the liberality which they really do exercise. The sum of fifteen thousand pounds (which abstractedly is a mere nothing for a collection so truly unique, exquisite, and by its nature *priceless*, and therefore worth all which it could fetch, though it were jewels instead of guineas), is, as they truly say, a much smaller sum than it would cost to make a similar collection; for example, to repurchase it from another nation, *supposing it possible for another nation to let it go*. It is therefore very handsome in them to offer it as they do, and to show themselves anxious for their country's having it. The trustees of the National Gallery have, it seems, "not felt themselves justified to recommend a purchase, unless based on the sum named in the will of the late lamented collector, which was almost one-third of their true value:" but this sum, for many reasons unnecessary to mention, might have been purposely made too small by this lamented gentleman, and at all events is no guide for a real love of the drawings, and a knowledge of their value. "With every respect for those distinguished individuals, the trustees," the Messrs. Woodburn beg to observe, in their prospectus, "that had a committee of members of the Royal Academy, and amateurs who collect drawings, inspected the Raffaelles, they are confident the price asked would have been awarded them. *To be able, in one room, to trace the practice in art of this prince of painters, from the dawn of his genius to the end of his short but glorious career, by means of indisputably authentic works of his own hand, is an advantage which the most zealous artist or amateur might have dreamed of, but could not expect to see realized.*"

It is capitally well said, and as truly.—The price would have been nothing to such a consideration, had it been twice as much.

I confess I am one of those who think that no collections or academies will make great geniuses in art, any more than they ever did make them. The great geniuses come first, or by nature. But then I can never be one of those who think that academies will hinder the rise of truly great genius, till the recollection of old English poetry and the new generation of Wordsworths and Coleridges be done away. I would not swear that a greater poet than Shakspeare himself may not be seen by posterity, though it will require as great *events* as the Reformation and the publication of the Bible to bring him about; and even then, the pre-existence of the former Shakspeare might be a hindrance to his perfection. But the very greatest geniuses of all are not the only great geniuses; otherwise, since the time of Shakspeare, we should have had no Miltons and Wordsworths; and, therefore, even should the world have no more Raphaels or Titians, it may have names still great and august,—it may have new Caraccis and Claudes; and the good of collections of these great men, like that of our great English poets, is, that they serve to call back the principles of the finest taste, and save us, at all events, from an eternal succession of bad works, and the contentedness of vanity. New Caraccis will not be hindered, and daubers will.

I could say a great deal more on every part of this subject, and have an extreme desire to do so; but time, and other circumstances, cut me short

It is no matter, provided I shall not have to tear my hair, when I look over it, at finding I have omitted something which would have "convinced the most incredulous." But I hope, Sir, that others will take up the proposal, and urge it better. Above all, let everybody who has not seen the drawings, go to St. Martin's-lane while yet he has time, and convince himself. If that room were my private sitting-room, or if I could transport the drawings into another where I pleased, I do not think that one ill or angry thought could ever touch me further. It would be like living with angels, or what is the next thing, with Raphael himself; of whom his biographer records, that all who did so, became imbued with such love and admiration of the sweetness of his nature, that they dropped their heats and jealousies, and all poor, proud, and ungenial feelings, and astonished the world with the only like spectacle ever beheld among an irritable generation. Every creature that breathed, he says, loved him *.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

A LOVER OF ART.

* Good, old, honest, enthusiastic Vasari! It is delightful to read his earnest words:—"E certo (says he) fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore, che in me stesso stupisco; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra un effetto sì contrario alle complessioni di noi pittori; questo è, che hanno umore d'esser grandi (come di questo umore l'arte produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opera in compagnia di Raffaello, stavano uniti, e di concordia tale, che tutti i mal' umori, nel veder lui, s' ammorzavano, ed ogni vile e basso pensiero cadeva loro di mente; la quale unione mai non fu più in altro tempo, che nel suo; e questo avveniva, perchè restavano vinti dalla cortesia, e dall' arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura, la qual era sì piena di gentilezza, e sì colma di carità, ch' egli si vedeva, che fino gli animali l'onoravano, non che gli uomini." And then he proceeds to give accounts of Raphael's practical and active kindness to all his brethren in art.—*Vite di Pittori*, &c. 4to. 1759, tome ii., p. 133.

JOYS, WHERE ARE THEY ?

FLEE o'er the bare earth, winter winds—

I mark ye not, in your onward flow ;

They say you're sad—yet the sad heart finds

No kindred in ye, with its weary woe !

No—O no !

Bloom o'er the glad earth, spring-time flowers,

I see ye not in your beauty's glow :

They call ye bright—but are yours the powers

That light the sunk eye of a weary woe ?

No—O no !

Shine on, ye long bright summer days,

When day after day moveth onward slow ;

They say you are sweet—can your lingering rays

Bring slumber *at eve* to a weary woe ?

No—O no !

Burn brightly then, deep autumn hues,

For an hour, like love, then sink ye low :

They mourn *ye dead*—but may that infuse

A hope of long rest to a weary woe ?

No—still no !

K.

"THE DÉSENNUYÉE," AND "FEMALE DOMINATION." *

WE sincerely congratulate Mr. Colburn on the *premier pas* he has made upon his return to the World of Literature,—the Publishing World, we should rather say—over which he was for so many years one of the presidents when it was in its high and palmy state. We remember the time when his list contained all that ~~was~~ desirable in the realms of fiction—when he sought out and brought forward whatever was excellent—and exchanged sterling gold for thoughts which otherwise would have remained concealed, like lights beneath a bushel, for want of some judicious hand to remove the obstruction which shrouded them from observation. Why he has withheld his influence for so long a period, it is not here our business to inquire,—but this we know, that its re-exercise will give an energy and spirit to book-writing, as well as book-selling, which, considered even in a mercantile point of view, they stand much in need of.

The fact of Mr. Colburn being the Proprietor of this Magazine need not—nay, ought not—to prevent us from giving publicity to the above circumstance accompanied by words of sincere congratulation upon it, to the "craft" with which we are ourselves so immediately connected, and the interests of which we so directly represent. There are few modern authors of high rank and acknowledged merit, who will not readily admit their obligations to Mr. Colburn as having been, fortunately for himself, the means of introducing them to the world. The announcements he will shortly issue, must, if we are correctly informed, afford proof that the connexions formed by him during a period of nearly twenty years, are still retained by him, and that the objects of past exertions will be, ere long, again realized.

"THE DIARY OF A DÉSENNUYÉE" is an exceedingly brilliant and entertaining book. The listlessness felt by a young and beautiful widow, (beautiful, and richly dowered)—as she moves through the undeviating circle of London and Parisian society, is admirably depicted. She imagines that she returns to the world with a heart steeled to insensibility, and a resolution to be indebted to her head alone for future pleasures! There is something irresistibly amusing in the idea of a young fascinating woman trusting to her *head* for her happiness, while every line she writes convinces you more and more that she is one of all others whose *heart* will dispose of her destiny—whose heraldry, is "*hearts*, not *heads*,"—imagining herself forearmed. Our heroine resolves never more to be either *ennuyée*, or *bored*, and places herself forthwith under the *chaperonage* of her cousin, a certain Lady Cecilia Deval, who is drawn not only *from* the life, but *to* the life—her adviser is quite in character with the set she belongs to.

"No one," she says, "living in society, can be independent. The world is like a watch-dog, which *fawns* upon, or *tears* you to pieces—if

* "The Diary of a Désennuyée," 2 vols. Published by H. Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

"Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination;" by Mrs. Charles Gore, 3 vols. Published by H. Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

you choose to remain in a whole skin, take my advice—throw the beast a sop or two out of your abundance, and make it wag its tail in your honour for the remainder of your days." Our lady upon this observes—to her confidante—her Diary:—

"What a system!—what a stifling of honourable sentiment!—what a sacrifice of principle! Heaven preserve me from becoming a convert to Lady Cecilia's code of minor morals! I can understand lighting a candle to the devil, for 'the prince of darkness is a gentleman.' But to burn farthing rushlights to all the dirtyimps of Pandemonium!"

The lady is evidently not one inclined to burn rushlights, or any other species of light at an inferior shrine. She goes on observing and sketching, seeing into the secret springs, and avoiding with extraordinary tact the quicksands of fashionable society. Her head, which she considers all-sufficient, is doubtless much occupied in protecting her from evil, but the workings of a kindly and affectionate heart are apparent in all her thoughts. This is one of the rare beauties of the volumes—the perfect nature of the woman contending with her position amongst the sophistications of society.

Much has been written against, and much spleen has been provoked by, a class of novels called *fashionable*. Every milliner's apprentice, every clerk who could wield a pen, imagined his or herself qualified to expound to the multitude the mysteries of May-fair and Almack's. The book-making mania seized upon many who mistook a *desire* to write for the *power* of writing; and thus came an inundation of trash which at last overwhelmed the patience of all the readers throughout England.

It is only by the publication of books of the class now upon our table that the stigma put upon the *caste* can be removed. The authorship of "The Désennuyée" is a state secret, but there can be no mystery as to the classes of society among which he or she has lived both in England and on the Continent. The contrast existing between the habits of the upper ranks, in Paris and London, is well and ably explained; there is a reality in all described, in all felt, which carries you forward with the impression that, though fashionable natures *refine*, they do not *destroy* the principles which render interest and action important, not only to existence, but to happiness.

"The world," says the fair traveller, on her arrival in France, "is not merely a place of palaces, where pictures are hung up, and statues niched; or where Beatrices and Juliets step daintily on pavements of marble. Sculpture and painting, poetry and romance, are things both beautiful and noble—but nobler still are the every-day workings of the human mind—the progress of nations—the civilization of mankind. A morbid elegance of soul, or refinement of the imagination, produces less poetical results than many a stern reality!"

Bitterly does the traveller lament the heavy chain which confines her wanderings within the pale of what English milords and miladies deem it right to see. Yet everything she does see she seizes and understands, notwithstanding that there is an under-current of strong womanly nature bearing her forward; and carrying also her heart's best impressions and affections, towards a clearly-defined object. The manner in which she tries to avoid any acknowledgment, even to herself, of an affection which would désennuyée the most ennuyée person in the world, is beautifully as well as delicately conceived, and admirably executed. The widow's

heart, it is long seen, has been vanquished, and you are carried onward, not more by a desire to know how it all will terminate, than by the varied and piquant scenes she so admirably describes.

The narrative, wisely, is not extended into three volumes—it is as concentrated as it is brilliant; and if it be, as we have heard, a first work, it is the most successful we have met with for years. It will be perceived that we have been led into considering it as the production of a female pen. We have been so, however, unconsciously:—there can be, we think, no question that it is the creation of a woman’s mind.

We add a few morsels of extract, as samples of the whole.

“*Emmsbaden*.—Happy, thrice happy, that broad-clothed moiety of the human species, which finds itself

—“free to rove,”

free and unquestioned through the wilds and tames of the world, seeking amusement wherever it is to be found—by stage-coach, *mallesposte*, *eil-wagen*, steam-packet, ferry-boat, or *table d’hôte*—unaccountable to that brocaded Cinderella, that sister of diamond dust, Madame Etiquette—untrammelled by the galling harness of ropes, the scrutiny of the vulgar. A woman is like a schoolboy’s pet, tortured by constant care. She must not set her foot there—she must not be exposed to contact here; she must step upon roses, not upon the common earth. She must not inhale the ordinary atmosphere, but be an ambrosia-fed, feeble, shrieveless, helpless dawdle, in order to merit the epithet of ‘feminino.’ Like the Strasburg goose, whose morbid merit consists in being all *foie-gras*, she must be ‘all heart,’ ‘a creature of the affections,’ sans sense, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!

“The distinctions of my caste, for instance, have compelled me to travel *en grande dame* with the De Rawlons, fancying my comfort or my pride affected by the superior appointments of a Lord Leicestershire, and pining after gunpowder tea and pine-apple ice; while Clarence Delaval, who met me here on my arrival, has been roughing it to his heart’s content, and visiting a thousand interesting spots, a thousand curious monuments, calculated to leave an indelible impression on his mind. I allow something for the love-lorn shepherd’s mood of enthusiasm, but envy him, meanwhile, the independence of his tour.”

So much for Emmsbaden—now for Fontainebleau!

“I have deviated from my road for a peep at this fine old historical palace, fraught with reminiscences of *le roi des preux*, and the “*adieu de Napoléon*.” To-morrow afternoon I shall be in Paris, among new people and new pleasures; and the excitement of expectation seems to have effaced all remembrance of my tedious illness. I expect to find there dispatches from England, containing letters of introduction from the Delavals and Lady Southam, which will be the means of procuring me agreeable society for the winter.

“Once more, then, I am on the threshold of a strange city! To a poor weak woman, the approach to Paris is more exciting than even the approach to London; for London is the city of business—Paris of pleasure; London the emporium of sense—Paris of nonsense; London a wood of thriving timber—Paris a garden of ever-varying flowers. London is the mighty throne whence the world is legislated—Paris the graceful temple whence it is civilized. London is the stern and helmeted Pallas—Paris the many-hued Iris. London is, in short, the capital for men, and Paris for women!

There we live, and move, and have a being worthy to be so called. There we still exercise an influence in society. There we are not only allowed to talk, but still strangers are earnestly called upon to listen. There, if I am to believe a thousand travelled men and women, we exercise the prerogative which, during the last century, rendered the reign of Louis XV. a reign of *cotillons*, and conducted the husband of Marie Antoinette to the scaffold.

"Paris is, *par excellence*, moreover, the fountain-head of fashion. When a well-dressed woman enters a London ball-room, it is instantly asserted that she receives from Paris all the appliances and means which render her irresistible;—her *coiffeur* arrives from Paris every spring, and her shoes are forwarded by Melnotte in the dispatch bag. Have you a pretty piece of trinketry on your table, or a handsome vase on your chimney-piece, every admiring visiter is sure to observe, "It is evidently Parisian." No one presumes to wear an artificial flower manufactured elsewhere than in the Rue de Richelieu, or to appear in a hat which has not *le cachet d'Herbault*.

"And now I am at length arrived at this El Dorado of frivolity and fancy. The modes I used to receive with such glee in London, I shall now snatch fresh from the mint; and whereas universal Europe derives her cooks, milliners, and dancing-masters from this land of taste, I shall probably, for the first time, hail the perfection of *la cuisine et les graces*. (In grateful remembrance of George Hanton, I yield precedence to the *casseroles*!)"

"For some time to come, however, I will eat, drink, dress, and be merry, without committing to paper the commentations of my wondering ignorance. Let me be fairly *orientée*, before I presume to tell myself what I think of *la grande nation*, which thinks so much of itself. Coleridge observes, that Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder, dirty and despicable singly, but tremendous in the mass; now, as I happen highly to estimate a few separate grains, such as little Vauguon and Monsieur de Nivelles, I may perhaps also reverse the philosopher's opinion, and despise the million."

Contrast this with a peep at our English Court.

"The Queen's ball was far from so brilliant as that of the Tuileries, the apartments being neither so lofty nor so well lighted. But the whole thing bears closer examination. The *men* have twice as much the air of gentlemen as the French courtiers; and if I may presume to decide upon my own sex, I should say that, although Frenchwomen are better dressed, the English are better looking. The sons and daughters of Louis Philippe, all so handsome, and so distinguished-looking, impart, indeed, peculiar interest to the *fêtes* at the Tuileries; but, in this respect, the court of England will soon acquire a new feature, and the suitors likely to throng around our royal Portia, the object of such deep and national European interest, will lend a charm even to the gew-gaw palace at Pimlico."

"FEMALE DOMINATION" is a work in three volumes from the practised pen of Mrs. Charles Gore—a lady whom we have missed for some time, and whom we are happy to congratulate on the results of her repose. She has renewed her vigour, added to her experience, and combined them both in an excellent and instructive tale. There are few whose writings flow more gracefully, or whose minds are as richly stored.

Well-educated, versed in the manners and habits of excellent society, looking on the vices and follies of the world with a keen eye, and a keen apprehension of what is true and what is false, Mrs. Gore, while she has done much to amuse, has also done much to instruct her contemporaries. Her novels may be introduced into the hallowed circles of home—for her morality is sound and her judgment is ripe. "Female Domination" is calculated to give a valuable lesson to any who desire, in the present day, to see our wives, mothers, and daughters exercise a dominion which would eventually overturn the good order of society, and destroy the happiness of "the fair portion of the creation."

The character of Mrs. Armytage—a proud, stern, overbearing, but affectionate woman—is well conceived. Left a widow, with full control over a son and daughter, she becomes lady of the ascendant, stifling as

weakness the tenderness of her nature, and assuming a sway which ends in the destruction of her own happiness, and undermines the happiness of others! It is a good lesson, and one which ought not to be neglected. The volumes are staid and well digested—the opinions have been weighed and thought over—and the simple and delicate pencillings of Sophia's character throw a shadow of tenderness over the story which the title did not lead us to hope for. We feared a race of termagants—we have not encountered one. Mrs. Armytage is a lady, and a lady always—a sort of domestic Lady Macbeth ('bating the murder')—a Portia of advanced years—in a word, a person hitherto unknown to the page of the novelist: so that we are doubly indebted to Mrs. Gore for the introduction. Had we room, we should have extracted some of the scenes, any of which would act admirably; but we must refer our readers to the volumes. We congratulate Mrs. Gore; and once more we congratulate Mr. Colburn on this his *débüt*. As a publisher, he has never been niggard of his money, his time, or his energies: when employed to bring forward such publications as those we have noticed, it is impossible but that all parties (the public included) must derive advantage from his re-appearance in a situation for which he seems to have been especially designed.

ON PASSING THE DEFILES OF MOUNT PARNASSUS,
IN 18—.

THE pleasant sound of eaglets overhead
Rushing amidst the swinging pines—and cries
Of things not human, and wild words half said,
From cave and torrent—and smooth-lulling sighs,
And mystic shadows o'er the sunny skies
Casting their sudden twilight, as if dreams
Grew into life, or gods still strayed abroad
This weak earth burthening with their strength, and man
Awing with fearful beauty—here they come,
Building, as erst, a world of light and gloom
Fit for the walk of spirits. Yonder flow'd
In olden times the Dryads, when the glen
Sent up its evening calls, and gentle hearts
Breathed themselves wooingly through pipe and flute,
Over the slumb'rous waters. See! they shoot
The laughter-loving fauns, with eye askance
Dropping on tender tree their nursing glance,
Down in yon girdled valley, while o'erhead
Weaving their oracles in tangled verse;
And murmuring destinies for crowned kings,
Sit the Nine Sisters: glory from their strings
Fall on such souls as hear them, and rehearse,
Meetly, the mighty rhapsody! Here they met
Seers and their demigods, and on our earth
Sent forth the triumphers. Here, o'er the birth
Of heroes, bowed they, blessing them, and set
Their names in song, like stars in the sweet night—
Beacons to toiling men in after years*.

Here, gave they Love his magic of soft tears,
 And power, with looks, tide-like, to stir the blood,
 And bend the helmet's crest, and cast the mace
 Beneath the virgin's foot, and on the face
 Of Wisdom, sudden, to spread out his smiles *.
 Here, taught they words unto the speechless heart,
 Over-incumber'd with some mightiest grief,
 And sent in wail and song the best relief †.
 Here came the searchers of yon heavens, apart,
 Doubting, and sad—to learn what secrets lie
 Beneath those glorious hieroglyphs, the stars—
 What time shall meteor nations rise or die,
 And when shall be the chaos of wide wars,
 Crumbling men's wonders; and what time shall Peace
 Again breathe shape and beauty on the waste.
 And as the Sisters teach them, so in haste
 Write they, and prophesy on bended knees,
 Awe-struck, to shuddering mortals ‡. But o'er all,
 Chief, Virgins! sent you to the humble heart,
 Right-worshipping your godhead, noble love
 Of highest things; the glorious wish to feed
 The spark of light within, by task and deed—
 To bear, to strive, to wrestle, win, and prove;
 That which is godliest in us forth to send,
 Sunlike, abroad amongst our kind;—to mend
 With the wide-conquering power of Truth—to raise
 The fallen, and to bend the proud, and make
 Earth, once again, Elysium—and to shake
 Back from the neck of our earth-prison'd cave
 All tyrannies into elder night, and chain
 The hydra "Evil" 'neath the throne of Right §.
 These, strong and beauteous! are thy wonders—these
 Thy glories and thy power! Wise Sisters! these
 Thy blessings! Let us feel their touch aright,
 Here, in thy noblest temple!—Mighty trees,
 Dark rocks, and sullen waters are thy shrine,
 The high-careering winds, the hymn divine,
 Which the Great Mother sings thee. Let us hear,
 Amongst the chorus, whisperings from thy throne,
 And know, but not by throbbing eye or ear,
 But by the gushing heart, they are thine own!
 Parnassus! now as ever! spread around
 Thy might upon us—in each sight and sound
 Let man feel Gods are passing him, and bow
 Thoughtful before their coming, as below
 Beseems the worshipper on holy ground.

* Erotic Poetry.

† Elegiac Poetry.

‡ Astrology—to which Poetry was very early applied.

§ Ethical Poetry. The laws of Crete and Athens, &c. were in verse.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

History of Europe, from the Commencement of the Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons. Vol. V.

Distinguished as the history of the French Revolution is above the record of any proportionate period in the profane annals of time, by the importance of the principles maintained, the astonishing extent of the energies displayed, and the magnitude of the moral results established by that tremendous series of convulsions; it is no less so by the rapid succession of its events, the daily and almost hourly changes in the political relations of the contending parties, and the manner in which occurrences, remarkable enough in themselves to constitute distinct historical epochs, were crowded together into a space which scarcely allowed men leisure to wonder at their novel aspect, or to conjecture their probable influence upon the characters and destinies of mankind. During the whole continuance of this mighty drama, it would be difficult to fix upon any period which, more than another, might be considered deserving of the attention of after ages, yet if such a distinction were attempted to be made, the space of time comprehended between the peace of Amiens and the battle of Jena would certainly be found not the least calculated to excite deep and permanent interest. That period, if not distinguished by the gloomy development of atrocious crime and daring, the strong markings of individual character, and the effects of republican fanaticism upon strong intellectual powers delivered from all sense of moral restraint, for which the earlier stages of the revolution are remarkable, is at least as likely to captivate the imagination of the general reader by the tumultuous display of naval and military warfare, upon a scale of magnitude before unparalleled; by the prostration of long established power, before a genius as vast in the comprehension as indefatigable in the execution of its designs; and, finally, by the immense and complicated adaptation of financial resources to the exigences of so desperate a struggle as our own domestic history, especially during the first six years of the present century, exhibits. It needs but a moment's recapitulation of the principal events comprehended within this time to establish the justice of this assertion. The revolt of St. Domingo and its successful resistance to the French arms; the renewal of hostilities, and the gathering of the invading tempest on the shores of the British Channel; the crowning victory of Trafalgar; the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz; the close of the career of Mr. Pitt and his no less celebrated rival; the brief struggle of Prussia, terminated by the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, and the consequent exaltation of Imperial France to its most "high and palmy state,"—these are occurrences which ask a pencil of no ordinary power to do justice to their varied and momentous character; and it is fairly due to Mr. Allison to affirm that they have suffered no diminution of their forcible and striking effect at his hands.

Although excellence in historical composition is acknowledged to be one of the most difficult attainments in literature, as it is certainly one of the rarest occurrence, the English chronicler of the Revolution of France may at least take his place beside those who have attained the greatest celebrity by detailing the events of that memorable era. Not so much distinguished as the eloquent compendium of Mignet, by concentration of thought and that vivid conciseness of expression of which the pages of Tacitus have given the most striking example, it will, perhaps, be found to bear a greater resemblance to the more extensive work of Thiers, in the equable and sustained vigour, as well as clearness and purity of style, for which the latter is eminent. At the same time as great a degree of talent is shown in the exposition of matters of finance, a subject for the most part too much neglected by historians, but with which posterity will assuredly find it as much to their interest to be conversant, as with the more imposing narrative of

military or civil contention. We might complete the parallel by observing that Mr. Allison appears to lean as much towards what are now termed conservative sentiments, as M. Thiers towards the democratical side of the question. We do not mean by this to charge Mr. Allison with intentional partiality; considering the sentiments which he openly avows, it must be acknowledged that his narrative exhibits an appearance of candour almost beyond what might have been expected, and, whatever his opinions may be, it is evident that they are the result of honest conviction, rather than of prejudice. His conception of the character of Napoleon is singularly just, and his delineation of that all but superhuman example of talent and energy is distinguished by first-rate ability. In the portraiture of Pitt, Nelson, and Fox, the hand of the party-writer is rather more conspicuous, yet Mr. Allison's remarks on these illustrious names are well worthy attention, as specimens of energetic and manly writing. There are few readers who will quit his description of the preparations for attack and defence on both shores of the Channel, in 1805, or his account of the career of victory pursued by the French in the following year, without acknowledging that they compose a record of absorbing interest, and we must add, in corroboration of its authenticity, that the French authorities have been largely consulted on this occasion, as indeed on all others, where they are available. After saying thus much, we must leave the fifth volume of the revolutionary history, to the popularity which its merit as an historical composition, as well as an instance of extensive and persevering research, will, we have no doubt, ensure to it. We have but two slight objections, by way of drawback, to make before we close our remarks. And first, with respect to style—we are at a loss to conceive what can induce Mr. Allison to write the present participle of the verb “to want” with an additional syllable. This is indeed a trivial blemish, but the constant recurrence of the barbarous term “awanting” jars upon the ear like a false note frequently repeated in a pleasing piece of music. Our second objection lies against the angry notes in which Mr. Allison comments upon present affairs, by virtue of a kind of prolepsis, which is certainly not admissible in any history. Such remarks, made in the spirit of impatient party feeling, tend, more than any thing else, to give an appearance of want of impartiality, where that quality is imperatively demanded, and can only tend to raise the character of the work in the eyes of a comparatively limited party. Such as are opposed to the author in sentiment will object to them on the ground of principle, and many who may be inclined to consider his opinions as just will condemn them when thus introduced, on the score of impertinence.

Theological Library. Vol. XIII.: *Life of Archbishop Laud.* By Charles Le Bas.

After much detraction, and a long list of calumnies which time, in most cases the discoverer of truth, and the just awarder of praise or censure, as they are respectively deserved, has rather contributed to increase than diminish, the character of Archbishop Laud has at length found a zealous and able vindicator. Yet, although Mr. Le Bas has done as much as great talent, and no less good will towards his subject could be expected to effect, his train of argument has a greater tendency to expose the injustice and malice of those by whose hands the great pillar of national conformity, and, it must be added, of arbitrary power in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was finally overthrown, than to place the life of Laud in a point of view which is likely to ensure either the gratitude or respect of posterity. Pity for his long sufferings and unjust sentence, with a belief that the piety displayed in his last moments was the result of a true preparation of heart, and of previous years of real devotion, few perhaps will be inclined to doubt; yet it is no less certain, and indelibly engraved on the memory of mankind, that, owing partly to haughtiness of disposition, partly to a servile devotion to arbitrary power, and partly to a singular bigotry united to singular narrow-

ness of comprehension, he was one of the first causes of as long a catalogue of evils as it falls to the lot of most men to be instrumental in producing. Stern and unrelenting in disposition, and ever disposed to carry the jurisdiction of a court at variance with all principles of religious liberty to its severest extent, it is not to be wondered at, however deeply it may be to be regretted, that the moment a bigotry as mistaken as his own exchanged the position of a sufferer for that of an assailant, he should be one of the first to drain the cup of persecution he had so often presented to others; nor are we able to attach any other term than that of absolute infatuation to that absurd pertinacity which, when the essential principles of the Established Church were being sapped and battered by a formidable host of assailants, weakly stood forward to defend its most trivial externals in a manner which could but increase the hostility it had no power to avert, and add no small portion of contempt to the dangerous enmity of its opponents. The question whether the communion table should be termed the table or the altar, or whether it should be invariably placed on the eastern side of the church, or be removable at pleasure, the minute injunctions of obsolete canons, and the formal dictates of an external ritual,—surely this was scarcely matter of sufficient value to exasperate an extensive opposition to tenfold hostility, at a time when a spirit of prudent conciliation was the only means of preserving our whole ecclesiastical polity from threatened destruction. At this period a moderate degree of concession might have preserved entire the English Church, and preserved the whole fabric from that series of convulsions which it has since been called to sustain, as well as from those by which, judging from the present aspect of the times, it still appears to be menaced. A spirit of contradiction in direct opposition to such a course can only be accounted for by that blind imprudence which is said to accompany those judicially designed to accelerate their own downfall. But on this subject, as on one or two others, we fear we have the misfortune to differ from Mr. Le Bas *in toto*. Even in Laud's servile if not impious adulation at the baptism of Charles the Second, he does not see much ground for reproof; and his account of the abolition of the Court of High Commission is not unaccompanied with something much like a sigh of regret. In the nineteenth century, we must confess we are surprised that a writer of such attainments should be so far misled by erroneous judgment or principle, and would beg to remind Mr. Le Bas that, even in civilized warfare, all consideration and forbearance is withheld from him who persists in defending a post manifestly untenable. With this remark we pass on, to express in few words, our impression as to the literary merits of his work. A volume devoid of interest could scarcely be expected to appear under the name of an author of so much deserved reputation; in his present performance we find all the merit of Mr. Le Bas's usual style, while at the same time his extensive reading, although we apprehend put sorely to the test in the present instance, has furnished him with abundance of valuable material. The former part of the volume wears rather too much of the appearance of special pleading, but in the chapter devoted to the general consideration of the character of Laud, not only does the writing appear distinguished by peculiar merit, but a rather more just and equable distribution of lights and shadows is perceptible. Mr. Le Bas in his present biography has certainly removed much of the obloquy to which the memory of Laud has unjustly been exposed, and, as a means of qualifying the too violent statements of the opposite party, his work may be advantageously, as we have no doubt it will be extensively, consulted. Enough of censure, when all is done, will, we fear, notwithstanding, remain, from which neither eloquence of language nor subtlety of argument can free the subject of his ingenious and copious apology.

A Day in the Woods. By Thomas Miller, Basket-Maker.

The circumstances under which this volume makes its appearance afford

in themselves a sufficient claim to its extensive patronage. The author has been for some years exercising the humble employment of a basket-maker, and in a touching preface, gives us to understand that his present pursuit of literature has not been entered upon to the detriment of any emolument derived from his former occupation. Its abandonment for a time for labours more worthy of a mind of no ordinary character has been a matter less of choice than of necessity. Instances of superior mental endowments displaying themselves under external circumstances the most disadvantageous to their development, and without the stimulus of education or intercourse with kindred intellects, are not very uncommon; nor has the poetic faculty been unfrequently found flourishing in a soil apparently but ill-adapted for its sustenance. Few instances, however, of its attaining such vigour as in the case of the author of the work before us have occurred; and independently of all adventitious considerations, Mr. Miller's poetry contains an intrinsic excellence, which need not fear a competition with the most successful writers of the present day. As one of the most favourable specimens of his power over the simply pathetic style, we insert the following stanzas, that our readers may have an opportunity of judging for themselves, whether our commendation is carried beyond the desert of its subject.

"THE DYING WIDOW.

"Those cold white curtain-folds displace—

That form I would no longer see;

They have assumed my husband's face,

And all night long it look'd at me:

I wish'd it not to go away,

Yet trembled while it did remain;

I closed my eyes, and tried to pray—

Alas! I tried in vain.

I know my head is very weak,

I've seen what Fancy can create;

I long have felt too low to speak,

Oh! I have thought too much of late—

I have a few requests to make:

Jus. wipe these blinding tears away;

I know your love, and for my sake

You will them all obey.

My child has scarce a month been dead,

My husband has been dead but five;

What dreary hours since then have fled!

I wonder I am yet alive.

My child! through him Death aim'd the blow,

And from that hour I did decline;

Thy coffin, when my head lies low,

I would have placed on mine.

Those letters which my husband sent

Before he perish'd on the deep;

What hours in reading them I've spent,

Whole nights, in which I could not sleep:

Oh! they are worn with many a tear,

Scarce fit for other eyes to see;

But oft when sad they did me cheer—

Pray bury them with me.

This little cap my Henry wore,

The very day before he died;

And I shall never kiss it more—

When dead, you'll place it by my side;

I know these thoughts are vain, but oh!

What will a vacant heart not crave!

And as none else can love them so,

I'll bear them to my grave.

The miniature that still I wear,
 When dead, I would not have removed :
 'Tis on my heart—oh ! leave it there,
 To find its way to where I loved ;
 My husband threw it round my neck,
 Long, long before he call'd me bride ;
 And I was told that midst the wreck,
 He kiss'd mine ere he died.

There's little that I care for now,
 Except this simple wedding ring ;
 I faithfully have kept my vow,
 And feel not an accusing thing ;
 I never yet have laid it by
 A moment since my bridal day ;
 Where he first plac'd it, let it lie :
 Oh ! take it not away !

Now wrap me in my wedding gown,
 You scarce can think how cold I feel ;
 And smooth my ruffled pillow down :
 Oh ! how my clouded senses reel !
 Great God ! support me to the last !
 Oh ! let more air into the room :
 The struggle now is nearly past,
 Husband and child, I come !"

Upon such writings as these any critical remarks are quite unnecessary. We had intended to extract the "Old Fountain," as a beautiful piece of descriptive verse. What we have already inserted however will, we imagine, be quite sufficient to establish its author in the good opinion of all who have a heart to feel, or a mind to appreciate, the power of genius directed by the great mistress of all true poetry—Nature. We do hope that one equal to such writing as this will not be suffered to languish in obscurity, or to add another name to the list of those whose frustrated expectations and neglected talents have proved that a mind of superior powers is, in many cases, the surest means of producing suffering and disappointment, which its possessor can inherit.

The Reliquary. By Bernard and Lucy Barton.

The month which has just departed appears to have been not more prolific in the flowers of the field than in those of the imagination. Accordingly, in addition to several volumes of much promise which have lately appeared, we have one from a writer of justly established reputation, whose talent is much like the spirit of the season which has recently expired, of a gentle, mild, and peaceful beauty, delighting in the portraiture of the quiet affections and feelings of retired life, and, above all, adorned with that religious character, without which the highest talents are useless ; if, indeed, they are not extensively mischievous also, by inducing an admiration of power perverted from its destined end, and, instead of recommending the pursuit of the chief good, acting but as a persuasive to evil. But Mr. Barton does not appear alone on the present occasion, the name of his daughter is united to his own on the title-page, and a young lady who appears to inherit a full portion of her father's talent is thus introduced to the literary portion of the public under the best of all possible auspices. We almost wish that some mark had been attached to each poem, by which it might at once be referred to its author, and that a better judgment might thus be formed of a talent to which we are for the first time introduced ; but let Miss Barton's share of the volume be what it may, we are more than justified in asserting that it does not contain a single poem without the impress of tasteful and elegant feeling, or which has not a tendency to make the reader wiser and better. Mr. Barton's merits as an author are already so generally known, that it is

useless at the present time to enter into a critical analysis of his writings. We shall only remark that his reputation runs no danger of being diminished by his recent work, and that he has much reason for satisfaction in the promise which a member of his own family has thus given of following, by no means "*haud passibus equis*," the path which he has pursued with so much credit to himself, and we would hope so much to the benefit of others. The vindication of poetry, prefixed by way of preface to the volume, is sensibly and eloquently written, yet it appears to us almost superfluous; those who have souls to appreciate the high ends and ennobling tendencies of this great faculty of the human mind; who remember what it has already done, and what it may still be expected to do, by raising the intellect from the anxieties and annoyances of every-day life, to commune with subjects more suited to its capacity, and by investing every part of the created universe with a voice of wisdom, will need no additional argument to confirm their impressions in its favour; while, to the baser spirit, who "dared lift his tongue" against an endowment which he can neither appreciate nor comprehend, we would only reply in the words of the lady in *Comus*:—

"Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced"—

And leave him in the condition of privation, to which his nature and inclination have so well adapted him.

The Visionary—a Fragment; and other Poems. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

The poetry of feeling is that in which women excel; the thought with them grows out of the sentiment; their colouring is "of imagination all compact." The poem now before us is essentially of such an order; it gives the history of a mind too much acted upon by the heart—shy, sensitive, impassioned—need we add, poetical? There is an organ-like beauty in the Spenserian stanza—and, like the organ, it has its flute stops, snatches of the most silvery versification; just "Wisdom's words to music charmed by love." How touching and how true is the ensuing verse!—

"Nothing in nature, nothing—is alone,
One fine electric chain doth quick'ning run
Through all things—lengthening from the Eternal's Throne:
All forms one mighty whole—distinct are none—
Kindred are worm and world—the mote, the sun;
The least link lost might make Heaven's dread worlds steal
Forth from their orbits ruined and undone;
And man dreams all ev'n of himself a part,
Feeling the hidden God that breathes about his heart!"

There is so much in these pages that unconsciously interests you for their writer—you perceive the delicate and feminine mind in every passage—the deep love of nature, and the melancholy softened by that spiritual aspiring,

"Which makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere,"

We congratulate Lady Emmeline on having produced one of those intellectual and yet graceful works, which show us how

"Divine a thing
A woman may be made!"

The "Visionary" deserves to be written on the leaves of what Middleton calls "Spring's sweetest book, the rose."

A Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts. By Sir George Head.

Time and tourists (the latter, by the aid of steam and rail-roads) gallop together; but though Time gallops—we never suspected that he was noted for a superior faculty of observation. Sir George Head, in this respect, has

the advantage over his fellow traveller—for he sees—though he only sees while flying;—a tourist who occupies only three weeks in noting what would require the attention of three months, does injustice both to himself and the public,—and we have submitted to this injustice from Sir George, who, lively and amusing though he be, has yet gone too fast to be strictly correct. We should like to see a statistical account of the manufacturing districts, where facts would be plainly and simply recorded, without receiving either aid or ornament from the imagination. Having been lately in Liverpool, we cannot avoid pointing out one or two sad mistakes which have justly provoked the reading class (not a very numerous one, to be sure) of that commercial town. “At Woodside,” quoth Sir George, “at Woodside, even, seven minutes passage across from Liverpool, and lying in the main road to the metropolis and Wales, the houses are all of a small size, and an attempt to build a square, containing what would be merely called, after all, good houses, has utterly failed. The town is a place of daily resort, whither people arrive by the boats for a few hours, or the whole day, and return back to Liverpool, passing the time as they think fit, the men in coffee-rooms, the women and children in excursions in cars or on donkeys.”

We do not, to be sure, know what Sir George may denominate “small houses,” but there are many, to our knowledge, consisting of from ten to twelve or fourteen good-sized rooms, the bed-rooms having dressing-rooms attached, and all being lofty and well-proportioned. “The square” is finishing, and the proprietors of the steam-ferry are building two new boats in addition to the three already employed; in fact, so many Liverpool traders occupy the houses on the Cheshire coast that there are no less than eight steam-ferries communicating from Liverpool to Cheshire within from about half a mile to two miles of each other; the Woodside boats contain from two to three hundred persons, and ply every half-hour from six in the morning till eleven at night—the fare is 3d. each person. The company to which it belongs took this ferry at a rent of 1000*l.* a-year for six years, and it is calculated that about three thousand persons pass each day; on Saturdays there is an increase of about a third more, and all the houses are taken as soon as built—each month adds to the number and the respectability of the householders, and land has become so valuable that we know that 15,000*l.* has been refused for less than an acre of land which slopes down to the Mersey. “The car and donkey question” we must leave Sir George to fight out himself; this we know, that we could not get any machine to hire at Woodside of less importance than a phaeton or barouche,—donkeys we certainly did see, though the Liverpool folk declared they were only employed to carry vegetables.

We have instanced what we of ourselves know, but it has been enough to make us look cautiously into Sir George’s statements. He has sent forth a cheerful, galloping book—interesting, because it is the only work of the kind we have—and remembering that he whirls on and along with the velocity and whiz of a steam-carriage, we doubt not that many who do not seek solid information will travel pleasantly in his company. We only regret that one who can, did not, in this instance, do better things. The chapter descriptive of the residence and habits of the wandering Waterton is full of interest; there are not many other such things in any volume of our acquaintance; it is a fair specimen of Sir George’s style and happy mode of expression. We would say to him that he is more fitted to travel through the poetic, the cultivated, the rich scenery of England, than through the manufacturing districts.

Tales of the Woods and Fields. 3 vols.

The pleasure we received from the perusal of “Two Old Men’s Tales” lingers with us yet. We remember them with the same degree of interest

with which we recall, in the dreariness of winter, the sunshine of summer,—in the loneliness of sickness, the cheerfulness of health—in the heaviness of age, the elasticity of youth :—they are treasured up with other sweet flowers of our memory, preserved with much that is holy ; we longed for, yet dreaded, a new work by the same author : longed, because we long for enjoyment—dreaded, inasmuch as we feared the reputation acquired by so excellent a first work would not be easily sustained. Perhaps our fears had prevented our remembering that *nature* is a well-spring never to be exhausted, that she is “ ever changing, ever new ;” and, that our author having drunk deeply of her refreshing waters, would not be likely to vitiate a taste derived from the fountain of *all good things*. The first tale in the volumes, denominated “ A Country Vicarage,” ought to be circulated widely throughout every house, village, and town in England. The narrative (for there is no plot), is so simple, the results so natural, the moral so excellent and so exalted ; it is the sort of story which, in the present day (when *pretension* and *pretenders* make us fear that the ladder of society will give way, from the fact of there being no *middle steps*), ought to be treasured more than fine gold ; and, though the author has not *added* to her reputation by this first story, she has not prejudiced it ; and *that* is far more than we expected.

The second tale, “ Love and Duty,” though powerful and affecting, is, in our opinion, inferior to the first ; it is not so natural ; it has somewhat of the spirit of novel writing by necessity, in its pages,—it is occasionally overstrained. We remember once seeing a lady occupied in arranging a most graceful rose-tree *en espalier*, and we ventured to expostulate and assure her that the tree would be far more charming if suffered to grow as nature intended. Will our author read “ tale,” instead of “ tree ?” and rest satisfied with being first reader to pure nature : this, perhaps, may be considered as hypercriticism, but the purity of her genius has rendered us fastidious. She has but to work the mine with the simplest tools, and, behold ! fine gold is produced on the instant !

The Lakes of England. By George Tattersall.

These “ Tablets of an Itinerant,” as they are called on the first page, are a series of forty-three views of our English lakes, with illustrative letter-press, and both combined form the most interesting and best arranged guide-book we have ever seen. To what perfection these things—that is, books—may come at last, we know not ; but certainly this elegant volume is a great improvement on its class. “ Guide Books” are, in general, the most fallacious of all directories—keeping the word of promise only “ to the eye ;” but in reality, breaking it to every “ sense.” We have been greatly provoked with them lately, but this volume has restored us to something like equanimity of temper.

We hope Mr. Tattersall will be tempted by the success of this book to travel still farther, and guide us to more extensive scenes.

The Professions, and other Poems

Esther of Engaddi ; a Tragedy. From the Italian of Silvio Pellico.
Philo ; a Tragedy.

The first of these essays in a kind of literature, which, much as its declining state is lamented, has at least no want of followers to represent it under all disadvantages, is a series of didactic poems with a strong satirical cast, in a style somewhat between that of Cowper and Crabbe ; and if an occasional coarseness of invective were dispensed with, might be considered as a far from unsuccessful attempt. The writer is a close and shrewd observer of human nature, and possesses considerable power of versification, nor are

the little episodes he has interwoven with his caustic observations, such as could have been produced by a common pen. We cannot speak with so much approbation of the lyrics inserted in the latter part of the volume; they are far inferior to the nervous and often elegant sketches which precede them, in matter as well as manner. Esther of Engaddi owes its existence in an English dress to a severe domestic affliction, which induced its translator to have recourse to literary pursuits for a time as an alleviation of sorrow. The circumstances under which the drama has been produced would therefore be sufficient to act as a shield against the severity of criticism, but, independently of all accidental considerations, and viewed simply with a regard to its merits, it must be acknowledged to be a performance which shows much correct taste and judgment. The catastrophe of the tragedy is replete with interest. Philo, a tragedy, is a combination of the most palpable absurdity, with the most deplorable ignorance of metre, and induces us to entertain strong suspicions of a design on the part of the author, to ascertain, by experiment, how much nonsense may be comprehended within the space of seventy-eight octavo pages. It is much to be regretted that the public are invited to be judges in the matter.

Geoffrey Rudel; or, the Pilgrim of Love. By John Graham.

The poetry of Mr. Graham is precisely of that highly-romantic and graceful character, which our imagination is apt to represent as distinguishing the strains once adapted to the harp in the baronial halls of Avignon and Thoulouse, in the days when the Provençal Muse had attained her highest pitch of song; and had its author happened to have been born some six centuries ago, and under a rather more southerly latitude, we have no doubt he would have made a troubadour of first-rate excellence. As it is, his writings will prove no inconsiderable addition to the literature of his age. In facility of expression, beauty of imagery, and that subdued tone of gentle feeling, which pervades almost every page of his productions, he has no superior in the present day; and in his recent poem he has exhibited a mastery over the Spenserian stanza, which shows him to be thoroughly versed in the laws of metrical harmony—an accomplishment which is no mean aid to the production of such poetry as is intended to last, and which is not quite so often attained as some declaimers against rhythm and cadence, even abstractedly considered, appear to imagine. The principal fault we have to find with Mr. Graham lies against the selection of his subject. The legend on which his poem is founded, and which is well known to all acquainted with the literature of chivalry, is marked with an absurdity from which the highest talents would in vain be exerted to reclaim it; and if Geoffrey Rudel, to say nothing of the fair Melesinda herself, be not pronounced stark mad, and beyond the power of the hellbore of three Anticyras to cure, by nine-tenths of those acquainted with his story, we will willingly acknowledge that we have no skill in the diagnosis of insanity. The singularity of the theme, moreover, when prolonged through the extent of three cantos, induces an appearance of sameness of thought and expression; and whatever respect we may entertain for a passion which throughout all ages has been one of the staple commodities of song, we are still inclined to wish for a little variation from it, in the course of perusing so many hundred lines devoted to its illustration. We have been thus free in pointing out what we consider Mr. Graham's chief defect, because his writings possess merit enough to bear this, and much severer censure, without detriment. We have had so much of imaginative love in all its phases of late years, that the subject may almost be pronounced exhausted; and surely the great volume of human interest affords matter equally worthy the exertion of poetical genius. On any topic which might require a fertile imagination,

and an intimate acquaintance with the gentler affections and conditions of the mind, as well as a close familiarity with external Nature in her seasons of cheerful beauty or tranquil repose, Mr. Graham would be sure to succeed, and we hope to meet with his name on the title-pages of many such subjects for his talents in days to come. It is one which is the earnest of no common merit, with whatever subject it may appear in connexion.

Charges against Custom.

The author of this little volume is evidently a shrewd and sagacious observer of human nature, and has employed his powers of observation to good purpose. His charges against custom are well sustained, and indeed, if all the counts on which that universal idol might be successfully indicted were enumerated, we fear that a work of twenty times the compass would scarcely contain them. Mr. Jeffreys has directed his principal battery against the vice of intemperance, and we cannot but allow that his arguments against the indirect means of encouraging it will come home to the feelings and judgment of all who have the best interests of their fellow creatures at heart. When the extent of evil to which the use of spirits leads is dispassionately considered, it does become a question of serious importance how far any member of society is justified in encouraging it even in the slightest degree. No exertion can be superfluous which may tend to a diminution of a mischief which is daily mowing down its hundreds; nor will any self-denial appear too great to those who reflect that, in addition to three scourges of the human race, war, pestilence, and famine, a fourth may be joined neither less fatal, nor less restricted in its desolations—the use of spirituous liquors.

The Manse Garden.

We can conscientiously recommend the Manse Garden as an excellent compendium of horticultural information peculiarly adapted to the northern parts of our island, but from which the inhabitant of any district whatever within it may derive much valuable information: certainly no manse should be without it. The cultivation of a small garden is not only one of the most blameless relaxations to which a minister may have recourse, but, if properly managed, it will be found to be anything but a contemptible aid in the department of finance at the end of the year. The author of this practically-useful volume is entitled to the thanks of all the votaries of Flora and Pomona north of the Tweed, and more especially to the gratitude of his brethren at large.

Last Lays of the Last of the Three Dibbins.

The songs contained in this volume are not such as to demand a very detailed criticism. The best among them have been long, and not undeservedly, popular, and will probably continue to be so. The "Last Lays" are hardly equal to the selection; but in the latter there is yet much of Mr. Dibbin's humour and easy versification. The author is a singular instance of lyrical industry, and, from the list of dramas in the title-page, appears to possess a fertility of invention almost equal to that of Lopez de Vega himself.

LITERARY REPORT.

A new Edition of Mr. Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom*, with 1500 engravings of Arms, &c., is just ready for publication. The Work, together with the History of the Commoners, by the same Author, exhibits a complete History of the British Nobility and Gentry, and may justly be called a national literary undertaking.

The Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters" has just presented the novel-reading public with a new Work of Fiction, under the title of "Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination."

In order to render it accessible to persons of moderate means, Mr. Colburn has determined to issue Captain Brenton's Naval History on the popular plan of publication in twenty-four Weekly Shilling Numbers. It is to be embellished by portraits of Nelson, Howe, Duncan, Collingwood, St. Vincent, and all our distinguished Admirals. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to permit the Author (who has been fifty years in the Navy) to dedicate to him this popular Work.

The Diary of a D^{ix}ennavée, said to contain some satirical sketches of the British and French Courts, has just made its appearance. The name of the Author is not to be made public.

The next Monthly Volume of "Colburn's Modern Novelists," is to include the whole three volumes of Hook's First Series of "Sayings and Doings," with embellishments, at one fifth of its former price.

Miss Landon's promised volume, "Traits and Trials of Early Life," is at length on the eve of publication.

The little Work on "The Violin," announced in our last, may also be daily expected.

The able Nautical Work called "Service Afloat," is now understood to be from the pen of Lieutenant Town, who is about to publish a new edition.

Mr. Jesse is about to publish "Fishing Anecdotes, with Hints for Anglers."

A monthly Work, called "The Naturalist," illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdom, will shortly appear.

The Adventures of Captain John Patterson of the 50th Regiment, with Notices of the Officers, &c., from 1807 to 1821, will be shortly published.

General Statistics of the British Empire, by James M^cQueen, Esq., in the press.

Dr. Lindley is preparing for publication, "A Selection of the most Remarkable of the Tribe of Orchideous Plants" in Folio Plates.

A Report on the Commerce of the Ports of New Russia, Moldavia, Wallachia, &c., made to the Russian Government in 1835, will be published immediately.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt, 2 vols. 8vo., 28s.

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, 3 vols. 32mo., 3s.

Eldrich the Saxon, a Tale of the 11th Century, 2 vols., 1st 8vo., 21s.

St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania, by Von Tietz, 2 vols. 8vo., 21s.

Landon's Adventures in the North of Europe, 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

Recollections of an Artillery Officer, by Benson Earl Hill, 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

Strang's Germany in 1831, 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.

Paley's Theory of Natural Philosophy, 8vo., 15s.

Gossips' Week, by the Author of "Slight Reminiscences," 2 vols. 8vo., 24s.

Supplement to Evans' Statues, by T. C. Granger, 2 vols. 8vo., 21s.

Parker on the Antidotal Treatment of Epidemic Cholera, 8vo., 5s.

Reminiscences in Prose and Verse, by the Rev. R. Polwhele, 3 vols. fcp. 8vo.

A Popular View of Homeopathy, by the Rev. Thomas R. Everett 8vo., 6s.

Walker's Beauty in Women, illustrated by Howard, royal 8vo., 31s. 6d.

Winkler's British Cathedrals, imp. 8vo. 21s., royal 4to. 12s.

Anecdotes and Annals of the Deaf and Dumb, by C. E. H. Open, M.D., 10s.

The Broken Font, a Tale of the Civil War, by Major Sherer, 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

The Poetical Works of James Montgomery, 3 vols. fcp. 8vo., 18s.

Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa, by Nat. Isaacs, 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by Lord Mahon, Vol. I. 8vo., 16s.

The Dream of the Bottle, and Goethe's ballad, Vanitas, Vanitatum, Vanitas, illustrated by Schroedter and Newreuther, imp. folio, 6s.

Sketches of the Coasts of Ireland and Scotland, &c., by Lord Teignmouth, 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

The Magician, a Romance, by L. Ritchie, 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.

Memor. of W. Cary, D.D., 8vo., 12s.

Lord Roldan, a Historical Romance, by A. Cunningham, 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.

Schlöss Hainfeld, by Captain Basil Hall, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Paley's Natural Theology, with Illustrative Notes, by Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell, 2 vols. post 8vo., 12s.

Simeon's Works, Vol. VI., 8vo., 10s.

Clarkson's Researches, Antediluvian, Patriarchal, and Historical, 8vo., 7s.

Wood Leighton, by Mrs. Howitt, 3 vols. post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.

Excursions in Switzerland, by J. F. Cooper, Esq., 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

Posthumous Memoirs of His Own Time, by Sir N. W. Wraxall 3 vols. 8vo., 21. 2s.

The Mountain Decameron, by J. Downes, 3 vols. post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen. No. I.

This promises to be one of the most interesting and permanently valuable works of modern times. The design, though at first sight it may appear too exclusively political, is strictly national—for the persons whose portraits it widely circulates are mixed up with the history of their country, during the most eventful struggles, foreign and domestic, that have chanced for upwards of a century. Here, for instance, we have the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Wharnccliffe—their names are linked with that of England; the records of their careers is the story of her glory and her greatness. Some soldiers indeed there may be, so lost to all sense of honour, as to subscribe money in payment to the foulmouthed calumniator of him whose fame is immortal—and who at the same time recompense the slanderer of the reputation of the most acute and upright lawyer of the age—but happily Englishmen generally are not yet sunk so low as to join in the ruffian howl against two of the best among her “worthies.” The sale of this work will show in what estimation both Wellington and Lyndhurst are held. The memoirs which accompany the prints are written in a sufficiently comprehensive style. They give us little to object to, and not much to praise. The portraits are admirable—both as likenesses and works of art: and they are engraved in the highest and most finished style: moreover, they are not of a size too small for framing. The work is “got up” in an exceedingly elegant manner. We shall have other occasions for referring to it, as it proceeds. We cordially wish it the success it deserves, and which we think it cannot fail to obtain.

Outlines to Shakspeare's *Tempest*. Designed by C. Selous; with Letterpress in English, German, French, and Italian.

We have here a series of outlines illustrative of the “*Tempest*.” Their merit is great. So great, indeed, that we may almost compare them with those which have obtained such universal popularity both in England and on the continent—the wonderful works of Retzsch. Mr. Selous—the name is not a familiar one, but it must become so—has entered into the spirit of the immortal poet, and has embodied with a marvellous degree of accuracy some of his finest and most subtle imaginings:—the delicate Ariel, the monster Caliban, Prospero, Miranda, Ferdinand, the drunken mariners, and the crowd of shipwrecked nobles, are all brought before us, and in no case do they disturb our notions of that perfection which they received from the hands of their creator. It is seldom that an artist paints from Shakspeare and succeeds. Our minds are pre-occupied; we have already pictured his characters, and cannot fancy them other than we have drawn them. It is no slight praise, therefore, of Mr. Selous to say that he has in no way disappointed us. We think he has painted them just as we imagined them;—because, indeed, we think he has conveyed the idea which the great poet designed to convey. The outlines are twelve in number; they represent the more prominent points in the drama: commencing with the scene which represents Miranda gazing on the distant wreck, and ending with that which describes her as at chess with Ferdinand—

“Sweet lord, you play me false.”

The work is dedicated by permission to the Princess Victoria; it is “got up” with much taste and judicious expense. The publication does credit to Mr. Schloss, a German publisher, to whom we are indebted for introducing this accomplished English painter to his country.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

The "Ransom" is a little anecdote of the famous president Montesquieu, in a dramatic shape, pleasingly rendered from the French. It turns upon certain incidents of domestic pathos which attached themselves to one of his many generous and humane actions. The scene is laid at Marseilles, where we are introduced to a merchant, M. Durvalle, whom the president's liberal love of commerce had assisted in his days of unsuccessful enterprise, and who, as the little drama opens, is being warmed again by the sunshine of his old prosperity. Thanks for this, however, are due not less to the president, than to a young and affectionate-hearted girl, Pauline Le Blanc, who, with her mother, had been some short time before rescued by M. Durvalle from deep poverty, and who had repaid the kindness by so devoted an attention to his affairs, that under her management, having won unlimited trust, every transaction prospers. All this the merchant himself tells us, and we soon learn from another source, that, unwearied as her exertions are for M. Durvalle; she is accustomed in the evening of every industrious day, to hurry in the disguise of a boy to the river-side, where she earns small sums by plying a boat, in the hope of procuring sufficient in time to purchase the ransom of her father, who is a slave on the coast of Barbary. It is sufficient to add to this, that the president Montesquieu, hears her story in the latter character, that he redeems her father secretly, and that, on the eve of her own departure for the purpose of sacrificing herself to purchase her father's freedom, the old man comes back—to find her labouring under the suspicion of having robbed her benefactor's bureau, and applied the money to his ransom,—the truth being, that the son of M. Durvalle is the thief, but that loving him, and thinking him a dupe rather than a rascal, and more tender still of the feelings of M. Durvalle himself, —poor Pauline Le Blanc has resolved to bear all suspicion sooner than betray him. Truth is in the end of course restored, and the piece ends happily.

Miss Ellen Tree's performance of Pauline, is a matchless piece of nature. It is impossible to conceive of anything, in the sphere of merely natural acting, more beautiful and true. We have seldom seen a greater effect produced upon an audience, or produced by more legitimate means. Miss Tree perfectly conceived and expressed what a woman would feel in an extraordinary and overpowering situation. In the level passages she conveyed all the truth and simplicity of prose; and rose, by dint of her earnestness in the more serious scenes, to an almost poetical elevation. Nor was it her least merit that she exerted also an admirable restraint upon the latter feeling when she had carried it to a certain point, by drawing round her in the midst of it, the influence of the humble habits and affections of her life of poverty and forbearance. Let the lover of genuine art not fail to see this charming artist in the little character of Pauline Le Blanc.

We have to notice, also, a little drama produced at this theatre by Mr. Poole, which, after realizing a singular success, has been suddenly and most unaccountably withdrawn. We allude to "ATONEMENT." The plot of this piece was in the highest degree interesting; and the characters, slightly wrought as they were, were brought out with a breadth and distinctness which is most unusual in things of the sort. It was, in short, a really powerful drama; it was admirably constructed in point of effect; it was written with infinite neatness, care, and good taste; its characters were as we have stated; they had all most faithful and clever representatives in the actors; the success with the audience was decisive;—and yet, after a few nights, on the pretence, in the first instance, that one of the principal actors was ill, "*Atonement*" was withdrawn. Such is the penalty of dramatic authorship, and the wisdom of dramatic management. We hope to see "*Atonement*" played elsewhere, and to see Mrs. W. Clifford play in it, too.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A paper, by Mr. Murchison, was read on the Dudley and Wolverhampton coal-field, and on the formations connected with it; followed by a description of the Lickey Quartz Rock.

This is one of a series of papers, in which the author has described the structure of the border-counties of England and Wales, and the southern part of the principality.

The great coal-field of Dudley and Wolverhampton, the most productive in the central part of England, is geologically distinguished by the total absence of the mountain limestone and the old red sandstone, which form the fundamental rocks of so many of the coal-tracts of Great Britain. In a previous memoir the author showed that the visible portion of this field is surrounded by the lower divisions of the new red sandstone series, which probably overlap and conceal, to the eastward of the exposed strata, numerous rich beds of coal.

The formations which constitute the substrata of the district are known only by their irregular protrusion through the coal-measures near Sedgeley and Dudley, and through the new red sandstone at Wallsall, or by having been reached in some of the deepest pits. These rocks belong to the system to which Mr. Murchison has given the name of Silurian, and compose the greater part of the border-counties, with Caermarthenshire and Pembroke-shire.

The structure of the coal-field is first described, and shown to consist of two series of strata; the upper, characterized by the presence of the "ten-yard," or Dudley coal; the lower, by numerous layers of argillaceous carbonate of iron, and called by the colliers "the iron stone measures," and from which is obtained the celebrated Stourbridge fire-clay. The former occurs in the centre of the coal-field around Dudley, Bilston, Wednesbury, Netherton, &c.; and the latter at its southern and northern extremities, including the country immediately to the east of Wolverhampton.

The fossils hitherto discovered in the principal workings are land-plants and fresh-water shells; but in the lower, or iron-stone measures, have been found the remains of fishes—*Megalichthys Hibbertii*, *M. sauroides*, *Diplo-dus gibbus*, &c.: thus establishing an identity with the fossils of Burdie House, near Edinburgh. In the coal-field of North Staffordshire the same fishes have also been obtained by Sir Philip Egerton; and in that of Colebrook Dale, by Mr. Prestwich: but in the Dudley field no alternations of marine with fresh-water testacea have been observed, and therefore Mr. Murchison infers, that the coal-measures of the district under review were accumulated exclusively in fresh water.

The strata belonging to the Silurian system present dome-shaped, or irregular masses; and, from the position which they occupy, it would have been impossible to determine their relative antiquity had not the author previously studied similar deposits in districts where the order of superposition is well displayed; and, if the organic remains had not afforded abundant facilities for comparison and identification.

The strata belong to the two upper divisions of the Silurian system—the Ludlow rocks and the Wenlock limestone. The former, consisting of limestone overlaid by thin-bedded sandstones, are displayed at three points, Sedgeley, Turner's Hill, and the Hayes; and the Wenlock limestone occurs near Dudley, forming the Wren's Nest, the Castle Hill, and the Hurst Hill; and on the eastern side of the coal-field it constitutes the district on which stands the town of Walsall. It has been also found beneath the coal-measures;—this deposit has been hitherto called the Dudley limestone, and has been long distinguished by the number and beauty of its organic remains; but the author has changed the name to Wenlock limestone, as, from the

position which it occupies near Dudley, its place in the geological series cannot be determined without reference to other districts, while in the neighbourhood of Wenlock its true position is fully displayed.

The quartz rock of the lower Lickey hills is next described, and proved to be the oldest formation of the district belonging to that division of the Silurian system to which the author has applied the name of Caradoc sandstone. The hills form a narrow ridge about three miles long, but not exceeding five hundred feet in height: the quartz rock of which they are composed the author conceives to be an altered sandstone which has been acted upon by trap, having observed that the equivalent sandstone in the Wrekin, Caer Caradoc, &c., assumes the same hard quartzose character whenever it is in the vicinity of trap rocks.

A minute description is afterwards given of the trap rocks, both with respect to their mineral composition and the effects which they have produced on the physical features of the district. To their agency the author ascribes the protrusion of the Silurian rocks, the great lines of fissure which traverse the country, the faults which affect the coal-measures, and the elevation of the coal-field itself, through the covering of new red sandstone, which once extended over the area now occupied by it; and, in conclusion, he adverts to the arguments which he had advanced on former occasions respecting the probable existence of great deposits of coal beneath the new red sandstone, in parts which have not been exposed by volcanic agency, or hitherto examined; and he expresses great satisfaction in Mr. Priestwich having advocated similar opinions in the paper lately read before the Society on the coal-field of Colebrook Dale.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

At the 5th ordinary meeting of this Society, C. Fowler, Esq., explained the construction of the roof used by him to cover the Hungerford fish-market; it is entirely of metal, the framing being of cast-iron and the covering of zinc, between which, in order to prevent galvanic action, are several coatings of tar. The cost of this roof was 706*l*.

In the course of the evening a letter was read from M. Vandoyer, a member of the French Institut, by which it appeared that a competition among the architects of Paris, similar, except in the amount of stake, to that we have just now seen in England, has lately occurred. The occasion was a monument in memory of the distinguished General Foy, for which purpose a million francs had been subscribed in a short period. The way in which a decision was arrived at may afford a lesson to those by whom it is needed. The drawing and models were first publicly exhibited during eight days, and criticism eagerly sought from the public journals, the names of the candidates meanwhile being sedulously concealed. A commission was then appointed, consisting of architects, painters, &c., members of the academy; afterwards a second, of artists not members of that body, and ultimately a selection was made from military men high in esteem. These last, however, honourably declining to vote upon a subject they had not studied, the choice was left to the two first bodies, who, having the public opinion to assist their judgment, speedily arrived at a decision with which nearly all are satisfied.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Address of Earl Stanhope, President for the Anniversary Meeting.—At a meeting of this society, held at the Royal Institution, on the 11th of May, the annual oration was delivered before the members by the president, the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope. This address, on the motion of Sir H. Halford, Bart., seconded by G. G. Sigmond, M.D., and unanimously carried, is now printed for distribution amongst the fellows. After returning thanks for his re-election, and congratulating the society upon the additional fame it continued to acquire, he proceeds to remark on the utility, and to define the nature of the connexion of botany and chemistry with the therapeutic

art. At the same time that the analogy afforded by analysis, he observes, was a most excellent criterion on which to form a judgment of the effects of a remedy, where botany and chemistry were unknown, the value of a remedy could be known only by experience, and this formed a just ground for inquiring into the real merits of popular remedies possessing established reputation, the value of which had been established by long experience. In noticing the various papers which had been read at the different meetings during the session, and the several new remedies, or applications of such, which had been elicited in its Transactions, he continued to enlarge on the utility of the objects which the society more immediately embrace. These remarks appeared to us judicious and well-timed, and to convey in neat language a severe satire upon the system of superficial trifling pursued by some eminent botanists, who are incessantly searching for new plants so termed, but which serve no other purpose than to swell the catalogues with bare descriptions of their external characters, or further confusing the subject with affected new names and arrangements, and this without any regard to their intrinsic properties or uses. The imperfection of the present nomenclature and classification, as evinced not only by the multitudes of synonyms, but also by innumerable cases in which plants are arranged by some botanists in different genera, and promoting that uncertainty and confusion which are so injurious to botany itself, and so inconvenient to those who study it, is next pointed out, and a mode of classification in which the investigation might be facilitated by analogy is considered to be most desirable. On the present rage for isolating the active principles of vegetable remedies, and disengaging the alkaloid from those combinations on which its medicinal efficacy may wholly or in part depend, the noble earl makes some just comments, which ought to be read by every pharmacologist. As somewhat analogous with this, he instanced the very complex composition termed mithridate, which was ridiculed and at length expunged from the pharmacopœia, whilst it has been stated by several English physicians of eminence that it was found in many cases to operate as an anodyne, when all other remedies had failed; and it might almost be doubted whether the boasted refinements of modern science had not been of disservice to medicine by causing many useful and valuable remedies to be expunged from the *matéria medica*. The allusions to the recent decease of several eminent members of the society, amongst whom was that ornament of humanity and his profession, the late Professor Burnett, are feelingly made, together with a brief notice of their scientific labours. In conclusion, we cannot but congratulate the profession and the society upon the possession of a president, whose talents confer honour upon his rank, and whose exertions in behalf of its objects are so laudable and efficient.

VARIETIES.

Surveyors of Highways.—By the new General Highway Act, sec. 40, surveyors are required to keep a book, in which shall be entered an account of all moneys received and paid, and of tools, materials, &c., such book to be open to the inspection of any rated inhabitant at all reasonable times, without fee, who may take extracts or copies therefrom. And in case any surveyor shall neglect to provide such book, (a form whereof is contained in the schedule to the Act,) or to make such entries therein within one week after any payment or receipt, or shall refuse to permit any such inhabitant to inspect such book, or take extracts therefrom—such surveyor shall forfeit for every such offence any sum not exceeding five pounds.

Revising Barristers.—The number of revising barristers appointed to revise the lists of voters for the counties, cities, and boroughs in England and Wales was, in 1832, 165, who were occupied 3662 days, at a cost of

30,400*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*: in 1833, 169 barristers; 2632 days; cost 23,182*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*: 1834, 170 barristers; 2355 days; cost 22,520*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*: and, in 1835, 174 barristers; 3338 days; cost 32,086*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*

The Giraffes.—M. Thibaut, to whom was intrusted the care of the giraffes now at the gardens in the Regent's Park, speaking of these interesting creatures, says that the giraffe is extremely fond of society, and very sensible; he has observed one of them shed tears when it no longer saw its companions, or the persons who were in the habit of attending to it. The giraffe eats with great delicacy, and takes its food leaf by leaf, collecting them from the trees by means of its long tongue. It rejects the thorns, and in this respect differs from the camel. As the grass on which it is now fed is cut for it, it takes the upper part only, and chews it until it perceives that the stem is too coarse for it. Great care is required for its preservation, and especially great cleanliness. M. Thibaut further says that he found the flesh of the giraffe excellent eating; the Arabs are very fond of it. On the 15th of August, last year, Thibaut saw the first two giraffes; a rapid chase, on horses accustomed to the fatigues of the desert, put him and his companions in possession, at the end of three hours, of the larger of the two; the mother of one of those now in his charge. Unable to take her alive, the Arabs killed her with blows of the sabre; and, cutting her to pieces, carried the meat to the head-quarters, where it was cooked and eaten.

The exertions of Mr. Dean, of the diving apparatus, have proved successful. He has discovered the wreck and valuable cargo of the *Intrinsic*, of Liverpool, lost off the coast of Kilkee, Clare, in February last, after a survey of several days, over an area of nearly ten acres in the "bottom of the sea." This unfortunate vessel and cargo, valued at 25,000*l.*, was found in a ravine, under twelve fathoms of water.

Steam Navigation to India.—An experiment in steam-navigation, on a grand scale, is about to be made under the direction and at the expense of the East India Company. Two vessels of the largest class are nearly completed, with which it is intended, at intervals of about a month each, that the voyage to Bengal shall be made by the Cape. The steam-engines of each vessel will be of 200 horse power. Arrangements have been made for a supply of coals at stated places, for which 3000 tons have been ordered; and they are said to be so well chosen, as to allow the power of steam to be kept up with very little intermission during the whole distance.

Fall of the Lander Column.—This handsome column, erected at Truro, to commemorate the noble exertions and great African discoveries of the Landers (so justly distinguished by their fellow-townsmen and by their admiring country), has fallen to the ground. It was just completed, and a test of its stability applied, when the foundation gave way, and it became a mass of ruin. Fortunately no person was hurt, and it is to be hoped the design will be speedily re-constructed.

The tail part of a gigantic lizard, or crocodile, completely converted into stone of the hardest texture, has been found about twenty yards below the surface of the earth, in the shaft of a coal-pit which has been recently opened near Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. In about three years' time, when other shafts shall have been formed, it is probable there will be discovered the cast of some extraordinary animal of large dimensions in solid stone, equal to the present fragment, which is so singularly perfect that it shows every wrinkle and indent of the external muscles and texture of the skin. The head of an immense animal was found a few days since in a bed of chalk at the back of Kemp Town. It measures 3ft. 1½ in. long, and 1ft. 9in. thick.

A highly interesting account has lately been given to the Geological Society, by Mr. Murchison, of the discovery of fossil fish in the new red sandstone of Tyrone, in Ireland, being the first discovery of such remains in that

particular stratum, though they were known to exist in others of the group to which it belongs. The part of the formation in question surrounds and includes a small coal field, but reposes for the greater part upon mountain limestone. The sandstone consists of many distinct beds, which have evidently been deposited at different and widely-separated periods of time, since some of the lower exhibit on the upper surface the marks of the rippling action of water, and must, therefore, have long presented an exposed surface to a calm sea. It is in the lowest beds twenty-five or thirty-five feet below the surface that the fishes are found.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Depository of Archives at Venice—This unparalleled collection contains 8,664,709 volumes of stitched quires of MSS., divided into 1890 departments, arranged into 298 galleries, halls, &c., and covering shelves, which, placed in one line, would reach more than seventeen miles. A thousand writers working eight hours a day could not copy the collection in 700 years. Taking a very low average, each volume contains 80 leaves, about 18 inches long, and 10 wide; and these leaves if placed one next the other without any interval, would girdle the equatorial diameter of the earth more than eleven times; their weight exceeds 6200 tons. Each leaf being about 16 inches square, they would, if spread together, cover 30 square miles.—*Athenæum*.

Sea Serpents.—M. de Liebold has seen two sea serpents in $1^{\circ} 29'$ north latitude in the Chinese seas; they floated on the top of the water, then plunged in, and re-appeared at a great distance, but they did not seem to be very active. One, the *hydrophis peltas*, was from eighteen inches to two feet long, and was spotted with yellow; the other was venomous.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Remarks on the Causes of the present Depression in the Markets—Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons—Gradual Dispersion of the Delusions created by the Central Association, and the Currency Alarmists—Recent Dissensions in the Association—Reflections on the New Poor Law—Prospects of the Crops, &c.

A production which embraces, and is affected by facts extensive and various as the production of the soil, so often changes its phases, that it really seems all but impossible to speculate with any, even a remote, degree of probability upon the chances which attend its progress. Thus, if the reader will look back to our April Report, he will find that we rightly anticipated a series of causes which might increase the demand for wheat, and raise the price. The effect justified our deductions promptly, and, as it appeared, efficiently. Now mark what follows. In May, only a little month later, we showed cause against the opinions then so rife, that wheat must still continue to go up. We doubted, because we could perceive no adequate grounds for the various rumours circulated to raise price. We stated the reasons which influenced an apparent contradiction to the then general judgment. In price, notwithstanding a till then most cold and adverse season, it became manifest that no very sincere or solid belief attached to these rumours for a rise, for although it was tolerably well ascertained that the harvest must be later, and therefore probably longer also than usual, thus protracting the appearance of the new corn in the market, notwithstanding these things, the markets did not rise; they rather fell. Since that time the most beautiful and beneficial showers have fallen,—

“Revived earth unfolds new force and new delights.”

It does almost indeed require the language of fancy to describe truly the prodigious improvement in the state of the crops—the grasses, barley, and wheats upon the whole range of the lighter soils, and indeed upon those which are heavier. Price therefore still stops, a fact worth all the rest, for it indicates by the strongest of all evidence the almost universal opinion, that if the crop do even threaten to be below an average, there is still no sufficient hope to encourage speculation in corn, or withholding on the part of the farmer. And since it is averred that in districts where agricultural banks are established—in Ireland especially—the farmer has been secured from the necessity of forcing his stock into the market by loans, the issue is but the more instructive, the more declaratory of the general hesitation to rely upon a short supply. These transactions of the markets, say all the reporters, are merely influenced by the weather; but there is a very important truth connected with this statement. It is scarcely possible for any conceivable succession of rain or sunshine either to bring the crop up to an average, immense though the improvement has already been, or to make it equally early with other years. Yet, nevertheless, in spite of this conviction, the price is stationary, or declining, and this too upon all the chief articles, wheat, barley, and oats. Can there be a more convincing proof of the universal belief that the stocks resulting from the accumulations of the last three years are not only adequate to supply the wants, but the waste of the consumption, increased as it has lately been by all those novel applications of the subsistence of man to the feeding of animals, and other processes which we have ventured to denominate "waste?" This, and this alone, can account for the stagnant and depressed state of the market, the reluctance to purchase in other quantities than from hand to mouth, as they call it.

In the meanwhile, the inquiry before the Committee of the House of Commons has been prosecuted, and the evidence published in parts; the Lords have as yet made no report. The effect of these transactions has been any thing but that anticipated by the Central Association and its constituents, the clamorous politico-agriculturists, who refer their distresses to a restored currency, and their relief to the legislature. The progress of the conviction we have taken upon us to predict must be the consequence of this inquiry, appears daily to grow stronger. The farmer sees that legislation can do little, his own efforts all that *can* be done for him. The great body of the tenantry are now thoroughly alive to the fact that price is subservient to the laws of demand and supply, and profit to the prudence with which they make their contracts, and the skill and success with which they manage their land. The Central Association makes no way. On the contrary, a very striking criterion is developed by the publication of the parliamentary document containing the number of stamps issued to the newspapers. It will be recollected that one of the first projects of the Association was to institute a journal under the attractive title of "*The Agriculturist*," to promulgate their decrees and opinions. One of the last demonstrations was Mr. Barnard's resolution, declaring the determination of the same body "not to patronise any newspaper that will not take a certain course in fact prescribed by the Society." Now mark what follows. The *Agriculturist* began by taking from the Stamp-office, in January, 1800. In the first three months, the issue had fallen to 3400; or, divided by weeks, about the number of the enrolled members of the Society; thus showing that their organ is of no force or validity beyond their own subscribers. The *Mark Lane Express*, on the contrary, the only other journal devoted particularly to agriculture, and which has very quietly and very sensibly opposed itself to the violent nonsense of the Central Association and the currency quacks, has not only held its ground successfully against its fresh and highly patronised opponent, but has actually increased its circulation—the number of stamps issued being in January 7300, and in April 8250. This is a powerful indication of the state of the general sentiments of the agricultural

classes. It is now also apparent that nothing is likely to be done, or perhaps can be done, in the way of legislation during the present session. But the conviction, the most useful conviction we have pointed out, will have been wrought, and its beneficial result will be to confine the contemplations of the landlord, farmer, and labourer to their own resources, and it is to be hoped to confirm their mutual aid and good will in the same degree that it has established their mutual dependence. So much of good at least will these inquiries of Parliament and the Central Association have effected; and this is all that common sense ever expected.

In our June Report we exhilarated the reader with the substance of Mr. Barnard's spirited resolutions; while we ventured to anticipate that not even that Society "would approve propositions so near insanity." Our prediction has been verified. On the 17th, Mr. B.'s resolutions were prudently withdrawn; others, more unctuous and less spicy, substituted by Mr. Ormsby Gore. But these were twice opposed by Earl Stanhope, the vehemence of whose oratory against the New Poor Law Bill drew down upon him the opposition of the meeting at large, objection being taken to the discussion of political topics. Lord Stanhope further advocated the rights of the labourer, which he contended were to be employed and well paid. He insisted strongly upon the necessity of an union of landlord, tenant, and workman; upon the importance of calling into action masses of men as the only safeguard to the agricultural interests in times that were coming. Lord Wyndford declared that had he entertained a notion the Society was to be a place for the discussion of the Poor Laws, he should never have joined it; and if it went on thus, it would become an illegal Society. After great altercation and confusion amongst the persons present, the debate ended by Lord Wyndford's moving an amendment, "That in the opinion of that meeting, no farther public proceeding should be taken on this subject until the Committees of the two Houses of Parliament shall have made their report." In submitting this resolution, his lordship said, that the evidence which had been given before the committee of which he had the honour of being a member had furnished an abundant case to entitle the agriculturists to relief; and it was his intention to move either a series of resolutions founded thereon, or to introduce a Bill upon the subject. This being seconded and carried, Earl Stanhope and some other gentlemen withdrew their names from the Society, after which a resolution of thanks to the noble Earl for his past services was voted.

Thus has been very nearly fulfilled the opinions we have from time to time hazarded concerning the issue of this Association. Agreed upon no general principles of action, embracing few practical objects, its time and money have been wasted in fruitless discussions and unavailing contentions. Its originator, Lord Stanhope, has abandoned his refractory offspring, and its present duty is designated to be to wait the report of the Lords and its effect on the legislature. The agriculturist could do this almost as well, it is to be presumed, without as with a Central Association. Yet this, we will venture to say, is all that will be effected, should the Society outlive the session of Parliament, wherein so much was to be done, a duration of vitality now rather doubtful. Yet are Lord Stanhope's objections not without reason at their back. *It is* constitutionally anomalous to commit to the irresponsible direction of three persons so vast a power as the Poor Law Commissioners enjoy. *It is* oppressively tyrannous to vest in parish officers or unions the power to send a man to a workhouse, whenever relief, temporary or permanent, is found to be indispensable, at their pleasure. *It is* atrocious to visit all the miseries of her indiscretion upon the wretched mother of an illegitimate child, and to free the father from all ~~the~~ a remotely possible pecuniary payment. We agree with the noble Earl that circumstances highly favourable to the gradual introduction of the Poor Law Amendment Bill have conduced to its successful operation, which could not, under other times (in 1827 for instance) have been even attempted. A low price of

provisions, and an active state of the manufacturing districts, have been infinitely more beneficial in the altered and improved state of pauperism, than the principles or practice of the new law. Could the deductions from expense on these grounds be subtracted from the savings, we verily believe little, if any, would remain to the credit of the amended law with its concomitant expenditure. Its power will not have been tried, nor its excellence established, till its results be exposed to the fiery ordeal of a time of adversity. If any such should arrive, we own, we tremble for the consequences. The calm may prove delusive, for the curses of the indigent against it, though not loud, are still deep. To a certain extent it fulfils indeed its own ends, for only compute the immense quantity of work now demanded in the country simply by the erection of new workhouses! Its operation through all the ramifications of trade in this respect alone is prodigiously great.

The wheat is now in full ear, the barley beginning to ear, and both are miraculously recovered. It has been remarked that "a dry stunt is more easily overcome than a wet stunt," and this appears to be the almost universal case this season. Up to this moment, when a gentle dew-like rain is falling (June 21), the alternations of sun and shower have been exactly of that kind which constitutes, in farming language, "growing weather;" and coming just at this precise time, it rescues the scalds of the light soils from that disastrous destructive heat which often burns up the produce about Midsummer. This must be taken in addition to the set-off against the failure of the coming harvest.

That opinion is thoroughly against a greatly deficient crop, malgré the four predicted plagues—less sown—a late harvest—thin in quantity, and bad in quality—is shown by the markets perseveringly declining. The buyers hold off, and though factors reluctantly give way, price falls. At most of the country markets, wheat was lower last week, for the second time during the past month; and in Mark-lane, the centre of information, it fell from 1 to 2. The last prices are in their range as last month, the fall being limited to particular qualities. Imperial averages, June 10,—wheat, 51s.; barley, 33s.-2s.; oats, 24s.-7s.; rye, 35s.-2s.; peas, 41s.-7s.

The reports of hops, from the districts where they are chiefly grown, are highly favourable. We may mention, by the way, an article in one of the Norfolk papers, announcing a somewhat extended experiment to grow hops in that county, now making by Richard Crawshay, Esq., which appears to be scientifically and successfully conducted.

The trade in meat is rather slow, from the ample supplies; those sent to Islington increase. It can hardly fail to be otherwise when the superior accommodation and advantages become more generally known.

The hay-making is retarded, while the crops are incalculably increased by the showery weather. In the Midland counties not much is got up; in the Northern and Eastern, the cutting is scarcely begun. The failure is principally in the clovers, but these will be greatly benefited by the delay. The *Infolium incarnatum* has been a good deal tried this year; but so inauspicious a season will scarcely afford a fair experiment. The Swedish turnips are sown, and the general sowing is proceeding rapidly, and of course prosperously in this *dropping* weather.

RURAL ECONOMY.

New Manure.—A new manure, under the name of "animalized carbon," has taken the field, in competition with the bone-dust. We leave our agricultural friends to test its qualities, but we understand it is from fifteen to twenty shillings per acre cheaper than the bone-manure; and we have seen letters speaking of its virtues in the most unqualified terms of approbation. One gentleman from Norfolk, Mr. Richard Taylor, states that last summer

he used three tons for turnips, and, in the same field he used rape-dust, and also bones; he put on for turnips half a ton an acre, with a slight dressing of manure, and half a ton of bones per acre, and manure, and half a ton of rape-dust per acre, and manure—in the same proportion, and all in the same field. The result was, that where he used carbon the turnips were by far the best, and were less injured by the fly. The Duke of Portland had ten tons for turnips, and the produce was as good, if not better, than where bones were used on the same land. A Scottish farmer, Mr. Andrew Dalgairns, of Ingleston, Forfarshire, has applied the carbon as a manure for turnips for the last two seasons with the best effect; the grass was more promising after the carbon than the bone-dust. Now, these are practical instances of success, and afford a fair guarantee to the most cautious farmer, that in giving the new manure a fair trial, he is not wasting his time or means on an untried visionary speculation.—*Inverness Courier*.

Home Grown Flax.—We understand the agriculture practice of sowing flax in this part of the country, for domestic purposes, is becoming much more general than it was formerly. The returns from Riga and American seed have, in many instances, been very great. The Dutch seed has also been found to answer well; and there is every reason to think, if farmers would direct their attention more to the cultivation of this crop, it would turn out a profitable one, not only for family purposes, but as an article for sale. The importance of flax crops in Ireland may be judged from the fact, that there has lately been brought into the market in Derry, as much as two hundred tons per week, averaging in value from 40*l.* to 80*l.* per ton; and there has been imported this season, at Belfast alone, above nine thousand hogsheds of flax-seed, Riga, America, and Dutch.—*Aberdeen paper*.

Agriculture.—Grass fields sometimes lose their good name from causes unsuspected till the effects appear, and when this occurs, nature herself demands a change in the form of a top-dressing untried before, or, should that fail, the application of the plough. Fogging is the disease most incident to old pastures; but there are other causes of deterioration, such as the tendency of certain herbs to exhaust particular properties of the soil, and thus communicate a deadening influence, as yet unproved by practical chemistry. Cases have fallen under our notice in which cattle grew in bone and stature, but not in beef or fat; and many a dealer has discovered to his cost that there is something wrong, without being able to tell the reason why. To the million, nothing appears plainer than blades of grass and the fields they cover, and yet one of the simplest departments of husbandry, apart altogether from climate and season, offers up to the present moment a wide field for philosophical investigation.—*Dimfries Courier*.

Bone-dust strewed lightly over the rows where peas, beans, or any other seeds are sown, will insure a finer and more healthy plant than any other kind of manure. It should not be buried in the soil; its virtue is carried downward by the moisture from the land, which retains its productive quality for two or three seasons. In Yorkshire the farmers now avail themselves of it to a very great extent, and find it cheaper, even for wheat and barley crops, than the best compost. It is no unfrequent there to see the name of the proprietor of an estate written on his lawn with luxuriant grass, produced only by drilling fine bone-dust in the track of the letters, which may be delineated with chalk, or the small end of a walking stick.—*Correspondent of Suffolk Chronicle*.

USEFUL ARTS.

The Chartometer.—Last week, at the request of that great patron of science, Professor Daubeny, was exhibited, at the Botanical Garden, Oxford, to a party of scientific gentlemen, who highly approved of it, a new invention by Mr. R. Pearson, organist of the City Church, which he calls a *Chartometer*, or Road Measurer, and which appears to be the most complete instrument for the purpose intended ever yet discovered. It is so exact in its operation, that you can immediately obtain, on a *map of any scale*, the distance that any one place may be from another; probably the greatest proof of its accuracy is by tracing it over several scales of one, three, five, eight, and ten miles to the inch, which it will give with the greatest precision, even to the fractional part of a mile. The cause of this new production is a complete exemplification of the old adage—that “necessity is the mother of invention;” for it appears that Mr. Pearson has for some time past been engaged during his leisure hours in constructing a series of tables (which will contain at least 180,000 different references), by means of which the distance that any city, town, or village in the kingdom may be from each other can be immediately obtained, and that as easily as you may learn the cost of any number of articles at a given price in a ready reckoner. The plan Mr. Pearson adopted to obtain these distances was by measuring them by scale and compass on the maps published by the Board of Ordnance (on a scale of one mile to the inch), and from the best printed Authorities; but he found this method so very inaccurate, tedious, and excessively laborious, that he was about to give up his undertaking, but fortunately necessity suggested the production of the above clever and very useful machine. Many gentlemen have expressed a wish to possess such an instrument, but the inventor states that he only made it for his own private use, and declines at present having any other made like it. In this we think he is not doing himself justice; for it evidently appears he might from its sale make it a source of considerable profit. The inventor and his brother, some years since, constructed a water-wheel, at a great expense, to prevent the retardation occasioned, both in water-mills and steam-navigation, by the great weight of the back water, which they suspended between two boats, and took it to London for the inspection of the Lords of the Admiralty, who, upon examination, stated that they considered the action of the wheel was well calculated to effect the object in view, but that they had no power to remunerate persons for their inventions, and offered them the loan of a vessel, if they would apply a pair of wheels to it and make a voyage of experiment; and if it proved to answer the purpose intended, they (the Lords of the Admiralty) would gladly recommend its adoption in his Majesty’s service. But the expenses attendant on this experiment, together with 400*l.* necessary for the purchase of a patent to secure the invention, were beyond their means, and, instead of reward, from their not being successful in a pecuniary point of view, they have been subject to the satirical observations and the unpudent and bitter sarcasms of those who are altogether incapable of appreciating the merit of invention. Since writing the above, we are informed that it is the opinion of a gentleman, of high scientific attainments, that the principle of the invention in question is capable of being brought into use for general measurement; and if so, it would in many instances supersede the tape line, yard measure, and foot rule, as it possesses the properties of each of them, besides many other advantages. It is to be hoped that now Mr. Pearson possesses the more ready means by this invention of making the tables of reciprocal distances before mentioned, he will do so, as we verily believe that the reason such a series of tables has never before been published arises from persons, in making the attempt, having taken alarm at the immensity of the labour.

Improvement and Conservancy of the River Thames.—Thanks to the public spirit and unwearied perseverance of Mr. Martin, the eminent histo-

rical painter, one of the most important and ornamental improvements of which our metropolis is susceptible is likely to be carried into operation.

It is now several years since Mr. Martin first directed the public attention to the desirableness of supplying the inhabitants of London with water of a purer quality than that hitherto furnished them. So far back as the year 1828 he published a design, and accompanied it with illustrative engravings, at his individual cost, for conveying hither the water of the Colne. That plan having been abandoned, we will not now enter into its details further than by stating, in justice to Mr. Martin, that it embraced many ornamental objects which displayed much ingenuity and taste in the designer; but the great expense of the undertaking, added to the circumstance of its being calculated to the removal of only a portion of the existing evil, were strong counteracting reasons against its accomplishment.

Undeterred, however, by the want of success in his first project, the fact so universally admitted as the insalubrity of the Thames water in the state in which it is conveyed to us, again urged Mr. Martin to the task of devising a remedy at once efficient and of general operation.

The result has been the promulgation of a design, to which are already attached the signatures of approval of nearly two hundred persons eminent in station, in science, and in taste, including an unanimous vote, to the same effect, from the members of the Institute of British Architects.

The noble river that graces our metropolis being made the ultimate recipient of every species of offal and filthy abomination, which it is unnecessary to particularize, conveyed thither from ten thousand minor sewers, is thus converted into one great sewer for the whole of London. This circumstance, when it is considered that from its stream thus contaminated the greater portion of the inhabitants of the city and its environs are supplied with the most indispensable article in domestic economy, is in truth sufficiently revolting; yet the disgust it naturally inspires is immeasurably augmented by the fact that, from the flux and reflux of the tide, the water of the river with which these deleterious and offensive materials commingle passes and repasses the city probably for days before it gains its final destination, and hence no part of the river within the city's verge is free from contamination.

Yet the water of the Thames is admirably adapted for culinary and domestic purposes generally, and may be challenged against the world for its purity and wholesomeness when its uncongenial auxiliaries are abstracted; to divest it therefore of these, is the first and most important feature in Mr. Martin's project; while its subsidiary objects, if they give place in point of actual importance to the first part of the design, form with it one grand whole, calculated to produce such a vast improvement in the embellishment of the metropolis, as to be fully entitled to be termed magnificent.

This design has been recently made the subject of a Report by a Committee; which, after fully enumerating its several details, briefly recapitulates its main features under the following heads:—

"1st. The total and simultaneous subtraction of all filth; and of every species of ordure from the river stream; leaving it, therefore, in its natural purity."

"2dly. The improvement of the wharfrage property."

"3dly. The establishment of a magnificent and extensive public walk along both banks of the Thames, unequalled in any part of Europe, with the consequent improvement of the navigation and general aspect of the river and its banks; the attendant amelioration in the local atmosphere and salubrity of that district; the protection of property on the river; and the formation of collateral public baths, which shall induce persons to abstain from bathing in the Thames."

"4thly, and lastly. The saving of a vast quantity of the most fructifying manure, which, employed on cultivated soil, will nearly double its produce."

The following additional extracts from the Report will sufficiently explain the means proposed for effecting this most desirable project:—

"The manner in which Mr. Martin proposes to accomplish this object (the first) is by the construction of a close sewer, twenty feet wide, and of adequate depth, along both banks of the river, commencing on the North near Millbank, and proceeding towards the Tower, round which it will pass, if required, to terminate near the Regent's Canal; while that on the South, beginning at Vauxhall, and proceeding in the direction of Rotherhithe, is intended to diverge thence, and terminate near the Surrey Canal. In order to dispose of the polluting drainage thus diverted from the river stream, and confined within these two Sewers running parallel to the river, and with somewhat more than the declivity of its bed—Mr. Martin places two great receptacles at their respective terminations, so arranged and constructed, that the accumulation of all the drainage of the metropolis shall not be productive of the smallest annoyance or insalubrity to the nearest inhabitants."

The second object is to be obtained by "the erection, over the two Sewers, of a line of colonnaded wharfs, which will afford, in front of the present wharfs, additional room; increase the convenience of the merchant and the labourer; facilitate the operations of trade; give greater security to property landed from vessels and barges; improve the navigation of the river by the assistance of the subjacent sewers, which will constitute uniform embankments; and, lastly, add some portion of time to the number of hours during which the craft can deliver or take in their cargoes."

The next is the most attractive portion of the design, and consists in the construction of "a magnificent promenade on each side of the river, unequalled in Europe, by the conversion of the roofs of the colonnaded wharfs just described, into parapetted walks."

Upon this subject the Report proceeds,—*"It would be superfluous, on the part of the Committee, to undertake to prove that the establishment of a grand and magnificent public walk on each bank of the river, and behind a most crowded line of habitations running east and west of the metropolis, must be of infinite service to the neighbouring inhabitants, by affording them an opportunity of taking exercise in a reserved public walk, (well calculated too for women and children,) and of enjoying a free and open atmosphere during the days and hours not devoted to labour, besides the benefit of a more direct intercourse. To these advantages they are certainly strangers at present, owing to their remote position from the parks, and from every other general resort of pedestrians."*

All, we think, will agree in the above observations, as readily as they will admit the important character of the design generally; and, if in its completion it bears out the picturesque effect of the engraved representation that accompanies the Report, we hesitate not in adopting its language—that of its being "unequalled in Europe."

We understand that a company is in actual progress of formation to carry the design into effect; and should it be accomplished, we confidently predict, that highly as Mr. Martin is already appreciated for the genius he has displayed in his works of art, his name will be even still more familiar with posterity as the designer of so splendid, and in every sense admirable a project.

A steam-plough, constructed by Mr. Heathcoat, M.P. for Tiverton, has been tried at Red Moss, near Bolton, Lancashire, and found to answer every expectation. About six acres of raw moss were turned up in a few hours, and turned up in the most extraordinary style, sods eighteen inches in breadth and nine inches in thickness being cut from the furrow, and completely reversed in position, the upper surface being placed exactly where the lower surface had been before. Mr. Heathcoat's steam-plough, as at present constructed, is, it is thought, too costly to admit of its coming into general use. It may, however, be used with great advantage where large portions of moss land are about to be reclaimed—such, for instance, as the bogs of Ireland.

NEW PATENTS.

To William Preston, of Sunnyside, in the county of Lancaster, operative calico printer, for his invention of certain improvements in printing calico and other fabrics.

To John Burn Smith, of Salford, in the county of Lancaster, cotton spinner, for his invention of certain improvements in the machinery for roving, spinning, and twisting cotton, and other fibrous substances.

To John Whiting, of Rodney Buildings, New Kent Road, in the county of Surrey, Doctor of Medicine, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in preparing certain farinaceous food.

To John Macneil, of Parliament Street, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of improvements in making or mending turnpike, or common roads.

To Henry Sharpe, of Broad Street Buildings, in the city of London, merchant, for improvements in sawing wood and other materials, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To William Sneath, of Isen Green, in the county of Nottingham, lace maker, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery, by and of which improvements thread-work ornaments of certain kinds can be formed in net, or lace, made by certain machinery, commonly called bobbin-net machinery.

To William Augustus Howell, of Ramsgate, in the county of Kent, smith and ironmonger, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of springs for doors.

To Thomas Henry Russell, of Took's Court, in the city of London, tube-maker, for his invention of improvements in making or manufacturing welded iron tubes.

To Edward Pontifex, of Shoe Lane, in the city of London, copper-smith, for an improvement in the process of making and refining sugar, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Joseph Banister, of Colchester, in the county of Essex, watchmaker, for his invention of improvements in watches and other time-keepers.

To John Elvey, of the city of Canterbury, in the county of Kent, millwright, for his invention of certain improvements in steam-engines.

To Matthew Hawthornthwaite, of Kendal, in the county of Westmoreland, weaver, for his invention of a new mode of producing certain patterns in certain woven goods.

To Thomas Taylor, of Banbury, in the county of Oxford, saddler and harness-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in saddles, for riding.

To Luke Hebert, of 20, Paternoster Row, in the city of London, for his improvements in horse-collars, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To John Hague, of Cable Street, Wellclose Square, in the parish of St. George in the East, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of an improvement for raising water, by the application and arrangement of a well-known power, from mines, excavations, holds of ships, or vessels, and other places, where water may be deposited or accumulated,

whether from accidental or natural causes, and also applying such power to, and in giving motion to certain machinery.

To Richard Waddington and John Hardman, of Bradford, in the county of York, iron founders, for their invention of an improved method of making and constructing wheels for railway carriages.

To Richard Birkin, of the parish of Basford, in the county of Nottingham, lace-manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making lace, commonly called ornamented bobbin-net lace.

To Richard Wilson, of Blyth Sheds, in the county of Northumberland, builder, for his invention of improvements in making or manufacturing fire places, slabs, columns, monuments

made of marble.

To Thomas Grahame, of Nantes, in the kingdom of France, but now of Suffolk Street, Pall-Mall, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for his invention of improvements in pushing boats and other bodies from one level to another.

To John Ashdowne, of Tunbridge, in the county of Kent, Gentleman, for his invention of improvements in apparatus to be added to wheels to facilitate the draft of carriages on turnpike and common roads.

To Wheatley Kirk, of Commercial Street, Leeds, in the West Riding of the county of York, music-seller, and manufacturer of pianofortes, for his invention of certain improvements in pianofortes.

To Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances.

To David Fisher, of Wolverhampton, in the county of Stafford, mechanic, for his invention of an improvement in steam-engines.

To Henry Walker Wood, of 29, Austin Friars, in the city of London, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in certain locomotive apparatus.

To James Brown, of Esk Mills, in the parish of Pennyquick, North Britain, paper-maker, for his invention of a certain improvement, or certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making paper.

To Thomas Berk, of the parish of Little Stoneham, in the county of Suffolk, Gentleman, for new or improved apparatus, or mechanism, for obtaining power and motion, to be used as a mechanical agent generally, which he intends to denominate *Rotæ vivæ*.

To Pierre Barthelemy Guinibert Debae, of Brixton, in the county of Surrey, civil engineer, for his invention of improvements in railways.

To Henry Elkington, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Gentleman, for his invention of an improved rotary steam-engine.

To William Watson, of Leeds, in the county of York, dyer, for his invention of an improvement in dyeing hats, by the application of certain chemical matters, never before applied to that purpose.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MAY 24, TO JUNE 24, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

May 24.—J. HAGGER, Richmond, Surrey, cordwainer. J. PALMER, Sydney street, Mile-end, carpenter. J. PORTS, Swan-bank, Congleton, Cheshire, tailor. G. WOOTTON, Redbourne, Lincolnshire, coal-dealer. K. SNAW, Lane-end, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, manufacturer of china.

May 27.—J. H. SKELTON, Piccadilly, Manchester warehouseman. J. and E. SIMS, Stroud, common brewers. J. KYMER, Mincing-lane, London, merchant. E. STAPLES, Castle-street East, Oxford-street, oilman. J. COSGRAVE, Raven row, Mile-end Old Town, rope-maker. W. CHURCH, Wood Ditton, Cambridgeshire, horse-dealer. W. PISSEY, Jlayleigh, Essex, draper. W. PICKERS, Blackburn, Lancashire, linen-draper. J. BLYTH, Langham, Essex, miller. J. SHARP, sen., Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, printer.

May 31.—J. YOLAND, Oxford street, straw hat maker. E. F. GRANT, Clarendon square, Somers-town, surgeon. J. EWING, East Knyle, Wiltshire, shopkeeper. R. POOLEY, Moreton, Gloucestershire, scrivener.

June 3.—J. SNOW, Timberham, Charlwood, Surrey, innkeeper. W. TOWNSEND and W. BROWN, Cheapside, warehousemen. W. BOOSEY, Chatham, Kent, miller. J. FELLGATE, Chichester place, Gray's Inn-road, grocer. R. LUND, Bridlington, Yorkshire, joiner. W. JENNINGS, St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, victualler. R. YATES, Great Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn fields, victualler. J. FINLEY, Houndsditch, leather-seller. W. GIBB, Liverpool, soap-manufacturer. E. HARDING, Melksham, Wiltshire, victualler. J. JEFFREYS and W. HARTON, Liverpool, wine-merchants. J. FRANKLAND, Liverpool, merchant. R. RIDSDALE, Merton, Yorkshire, horse-dealer. R. LEGG, Gateshead, Durham, common brewer.

June 7.—E. RAPALLO, Walnut-tree-walk, Lambeth, merchant. J. HARWOOD, Chatham,

Kent, grocer. J. WALTON, Redditch, Worcestershire, victualler. C. J. BERRIE, Tamworth, Warwickshire, grocer.

June 10.—W. DADDS and R. DADDS, Leadenhall-street, grocers. J. NICHOLSON, High-street, Southwark, linendraper. S. PEARSE, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, stonemason. W. ASPHALL, Nottingham, music-seller. E. MARKLAND, Great Yarmouth, chemist and druggist. J. S. GRAHAM, Northampton, ironmonger. M. CALVERT, Manchester, linen yarn dealer.

June 14.—T. MOORE, Holborn-hill, cheesemonger. J. HAYTON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer. J. HAYTON, Wigton, Cumberland, shipowner. J. HERBULEWHITE, Kingston-upon-Hull. R. COOPER, Bristol, jeweller.

June 17.—D. MAHONEY, St. James's-place, St. James's square, perfumer. J. TAYLOR, Pall-mall, picture dealer. J. PIERCE, Prince's Wharf, Lambeth, Surrey, coal merchant. F. SHAW, Eltham, Kent, shipowner. J. HOGG, Mithon, Worcestershire, victualler. M. MILLINGTON, Nottingham, joiner. J. HAWORTH, Haslingden, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. J. BLAKE, Standish-with-Lan-tree, Lancashire, shopkeeper. J. W. WENSTER, Salford, Lancashire, carrier. W. ROBINSON and J. ROBINSON, Sheepridge, Yorkshire, manufacturers of fancy goods. J. J. LUCAS, Birmingham, surgeon.

June 21.—W. GILBERT, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, stationer. J. ANDREWS, Seven-hills, victualler. G. SCOTTJUN., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter. J. HORTON, T. CHALLINOR, G. HOLCROFT, and P. FARNWORTH, Salford, Lancashire, millwrights. E. PETERS, Bristol, grocer.

June 24.—C. HULLIN, Newport, Monmouthshire, builder. W. BLURTON, Field Hall, Staffordshire, gentleman. T. and E. WOOTTON, Wimeswold, Leicestershire, horse-dealers. J. SKELER, Pulborough, Sussex, tailor. J. ROSE, Wells, Somersetshire, draper.

.MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

June 2.—Lord Ellenborough inquired whether the time would be expended for returning money, borrowed on the security of the rates for parochial buildings, &c.—Lord Melbourne stated that it was intended to bring forward a measure on the subject.—Lord Clare, on offering a petition from the East India Company for an equalization of the sugar duties, asked whether the Government contemplated any measure to afford relief on this subject?—Lord Melbourne said the subject was under the consideration of Government, and that if the plan should be found practicable, with a due regard to all the parties concerned, it should be adopted.

June 3.—A good deal of conversation took place on the subject of the various Railway Bills at present before the Legislature, when it appeared to be the prevailing sentiment of Noble Lords of all shades of political feeling, that, in order to prevent the creation of perpetual monopolies, clauses should be introduced, giving either to Government or Parliament the power, at a future period, to revise the various enactments.—Viscount Melbourne promised that the subject should receive the immediate and serious attention of Government, it being highly expedient to prevent monopoly. His Lordship thought that railroads should be placed on the same footing as all other highways.

June 6.—The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the postponement of the report on the Bishopric of Durham Bill.—The Marquis of Londonderry expressed a hope that the Court of Pleas, and the Court of Chancery would both be preserved in that diocese.—The Lord Chancellor promised to make himself acquainted with the facts of the case.—The Marquis of Lansdowne brought in a bill for the regulation of the Universities in Scotland.

June 7.—A long debate took place on the presentation of a petition by Lord Lyndhurst, from a Roman Catholic Clergyman in Ireland, complaining of oppression on the part of his Bishop.

June 9.—A petition was presented from Loughborough, by the Duke of Rutland, thanking the House for its past exertions on behalf of the Church and the State, and praying an unremitted continuance of them.—The Earl of Wicklow withdrew his notice of motion on the subject of writs of rebellion in Ireland, on the ground that an appeal from the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, in a case of this nature, was now pending before their Lordships.—On the recommendation of Lord Ellenborough, the Marquis of Clanricarde postponed the second reading of the Roman Catholic Marriages Bill, till the Bill to regulate Dissenters' Marriages in England and Wales came before the House.

June 10.—The Duke of Newcastle presented a petition from the Nottingham Operative Conservative Association in favour of the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, as amended by the House of Lords, and praying the House to do all in its power to preserve Protestantism in Ireland. The Noble Duke hoped and trusted that the House would not give way to any intimidation, let it come from whatever quarter it might. The Noble Duke also presented a petition from the Protestant Association, held at Exeter Hall in May last, to the same effect.—The petition, which was read at length by the Clerk, occasioned a long and animated discussion.

June 13.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Courts of Chancery Reform Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst opposed the motion, and moved that the Bill be read that day six months, contending that the proposed separation of the functions of the Chancellor would injure the character and utility of the office. The House divided; for the motion, 29; against it, 94; majority against Ministers, 65.

June 14.—The Marquis of Lansdowne stated that a measure would shortly be introduced into the Commons, having for its object a general enactment on the subject of railroads.—The Marquis of Londonderry having withdrawn the amendment, of which he had given notice, the Bishopric of Durham Bill was read a third time, and passed.

June 16.—On the motion for the third reading of a Railway Bill, the Duke of Richmond intimated his intention to move for a committee to inquire into the danger arising from the employment of locomotive engines on railroads.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the third reading of the London, Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction Railway.—The Duke of Wellington proposed a clause, to the effect that nothing contained in the Bill should exempt the railroads in question from the provisions of any

general Act on the subject that might be passed within a certain limited time.—A long discussion ensued, which terminated in a division. The numbers were—for the Duke of Wellington's clause, 33; against it, 15.

June 17.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, attended by a large body of the Members of the House of Commons, appeared at the Bar, to request a conference with their Lordships on the subject of the amendment to the Irish Municipal Bill. The Conference was agreed to, and consisted of the Lord President, the Lord Priy Seal, the Duke of Cleveland, the Earl of Minto, the Bishop of Bristol, Lord Crewe, and Lord Hatherton.—After an absence of about a quarter of an hour, the Marquis of Lansdowne read the reasons of the Commons for disagreeing to the amendments; and Lord Melbourne moved that the Bill, as amended by the Commons, be presented and taken into consideration.

HOUSE OF COMMONS

• May 30.—The Speaker stated that he had received a petition from Kilkenny, complaining of an undue return for that place.—Mr. O'Connell moved the renewal of the debate on the petition against the return of Messrs. West and Hamilton for the city of Dublin; but, after a long discussion, in the course of which the Attorney-General contended that the petition could not be entertained by the House, the motion was withdrawn.—Mr. G. Price withdrew his notice for erasing from the books Mr. O'Connell's notice regarding the "Reform of the House of Lords." He did so because he understood that there were technical objections to it.—Mr. O'Connell said that as there were no technical objections to his motion he should bring it forward at the time stated.—Lord J. Russell said he was glad the notice was withdrawn, as he must have voted against the motion if persisted in; and, that he should also deem it to be his duty to resist Mr. O'Connell's motion.—The House then went into Committee of Supply on the miscellaneous and other estimates.

May 31.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved an Address to the Throne, praying the Royal intercession with the French Government on behalf of the Prince de Polignac and his unfortunate fellow-sufferers.—Lord J. Russell expressed sympathy for the situation of the captives, but submitted that it was a subject on which the Ministers could not advise his Majesty to interfere.—After expressions of sympathy from several other Members, Mr. Duncombe withdrew his motion, stating that his chief object had been to call forth the opinion of that House, and that he should content himself with the expression of opinion that had been given.—Mr. Bannerman called the attention of the House to the situation in which many officers of various ranks, belonging to his Majesty's land and sea forces are now placed, and whose length of service seems to entitle them to the consideration of Parliament and the country. Lord Howick admitted such to be the situation of many officers, but said, that at present the Ministers could neither bring it forward, nor advise a brevet promotion; his Lordship added, that if he continued Secretary at War next session, he should deem it to be his duty to bring forward the whole subject of the army under the consideration of the House.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward the question of the Jewish Disabilities; but, instead of moving for a Bill, proposed a Committee. A division took place; the numbers were, ayes, 70; noes, 19. The House then went into the Committee.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the resolution declaratory of the expediency of introducing a Bill to remove the civil disabilities to which the Jews were at present exposed, which was agreed to.

June 1.—Lord J. Russell, previously to moving the order of the day on the Irish Church Bill, asked Lord Stanley the object of his proposed amendment.—Lord Stanley said it was his notice for leave to bring in a new Bill

on the subject, and he proposed that the Government Bill should be postponed for three weeks, to afford an opportunity for judging of the comparative merits of both measures.—Lord J. Russell declined to acquiesce in this arrangement, and, having moved the second reading of the Church of Ireland Bill, Lord Stanley proposed his amendment, which was for leave to bring in a Bill “for the conversion of tithe-composition into rent-charges; for the redemption thereof; and for the better distribution of ecclesiastical revenues in Ireland.” He supported this motion in a speech of great length and eloquence, and detailed very fully the several measures that had been proposed respecting tithes and the Church of Ireland. He then described the three objects of his Bill, setting forth that he calculated on securing a surplus of 350,000*l.*, which he proposed to be managed by ecclesiastical commissioners, and to be appropriated in equalizing the glaring inequalities that existed in many parts of the Irish Church Establishment, and particularly in cities and towns; and where there was considerable population he would have no income less than 300*l.* a-year—an amount fixed by former measures of the Government.—Lord J. Russell resisted the amendment, viewing it as a mode of resisting the principle of the Bill, the second reading of which he had moved. The amendment, he contended left out of consideration three-fourths of the Irish people, while his Bill, the principle of which had received the repeated sanction of a great majority of the House, embraced the benefits and the religious and moral education of all.—After a very long discussion, the debate was adjourned¹.

June 2.—The adjourned debate on the question of the second reading of the Church of Ireland Bill, and Lord Stanley’s amendment, was resumed.—After a discussion, which lasted till nearly one o’clock, the debate was again adjourned.

June 3.—The adjourned debate on the Irish Tithe Bill was resumed by Mr. Sergeant Jackson, who strongly supported Lord Stanley’s amendment. The question involved in this measure, that of appropriating any surplus revenues which might remain, after providing for the due support of the Protestant religion in Ireland, to the purposes of moral and religious instruction to the people at large—has been so often the subject of discussion in both Houses of Parliament, that it may, on the present occasion, be sufficient to add, that the motion for the second reading of the Bill was supported by Mr. Ward, Mr. O’Connell, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and opposed by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Harvey, the latter gentleman expressing himself unfriendly both to the Ministerial Bill and Lord Stanley’s Amendment. On a division, there appeared—For the second reading of the Bill, 300; for Lord Stanley’s Amendment, 261; majority in favour of Ministers, 39.

June 6.—Mr. Robinson asked whether the Government had received any intelligence of the Portuguese Government having raised the duty on the importation of British goods into Viana, &c., from 15 to 29 per cent.—Lord Palmerston said that no intelligence had been officially received of the fact, but he believed that such an advance had taken place. A commercial treaty had been for some time negotiating between this country and Portugal. The changes in the Governments had thrown impediments in the way of negotiation; but he hoped that there would no longer be any obstruction.—Sir E. Codrington moved for a return of the number of officers dismissed from the naval service since 1790, without their having been brought to a court-martial.—Lord J. Russell opposed the motion, and the gallant Member afterwards withdrew it; but gave notice that he would bring it forward on the first reading of an order of the day for going into Committee of Supply.—The House then went into Committee on the Registration of Births Bill, and several clauses were agreed to.

June 7.—Mr. Wallace being about to move a resolution regarding the management of the Post-office, rates of postage, &c., the Chancellor of the

Exchequer said that one or more Bills were now preparing, founded on Reports of the Post-office Commissioners, and that he had, therefore, to request that the motion would not be pressed. Mr. Wallace therefore withdrew his motion.—Mr. Ewart obtained leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the law which admits the fact of a previous conviction to be given in evidence to the jury on the case before them.—Mr. Tulk moved a series of resolutions regarding Mr. Buckingham's case, adopting the Committee's recommendation for awarding 10,000*l.* as compensation to him for the destruction of his property in India, &c.—After a long discussion the House divided, when there appeared—for the motion, 60; against, 92.

June 8.—Colonel Perceval asked if Government had heard of a procession of armed peasantry having lately entered a town in Wexford with green banners to commemorate the anniversary of the occupation of the place by the rebels in 1798?—Lord Morpeth said he had heard of no such exhibition.

June 9.—At the request of Lord John Russell, Mr. Robinson postponed, till the 7th of July, his motion on the subject of our commercial relations with Portugal.—Mr. Buckingham obtained leave to bring in a Bill to extend the copyright of engravings to Ireland. Lord John Russell moved that the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill be taken into consideration. His Lordship said that the Ministers could neither consent to barter away their own privileges, nor those of the people of Ireland; and that, in resisting the amendments, he considered the House to be on the defensive. He viewed the Bill as returned from the Lords as a new law, not a measure to reform existing institutions, but to destroy them. He should propose to agree to the Lords' amendments partially, but to preserve the principle of the original Bill; and that, by retaining the Corporations of eleven cities and boroughs, besides making some provision regarding Carrickfergus. As to the transfer of power respecting the Corporation property to Commissioners, to be named by the Lord-Lieutenant, he could never consent to any such change. He declared that if they wished peace in Ireland, there must be the same justice awarded to it that had been conceded to Scotland and England.—Sir W. Follett, in an eloquent speech, urged on the House the adoption of the Lords' amendments.—Mr. Hamilton, the recently seated Member for Dublin, contended that two great principles were at issue—those of constitutional freedom and wild democracy. He thought the amendments of the Lords went to support the former, and the original Bill the latter. He should therefore vote against the Ministerial measure.—After an extended discussion, the debate was adjourned.

June 10.—The debate on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill was resumed; and we regret our inability, through a press of advertisements, received at a late hour, to do more than state, that Lord John Russell's motion was supported by Mr. T. Crawford, who thought that the cause of Protestantism would be best maintained by admitting men of all persuasions to equal power and privileges.—Dr. Lefroy thought the effect of the motion would be to give political power to the Catholics, to the utter exclusion of the Protestants.—Messrs. Grote and Wyse opposed, and Messrs. Richards and Praed supported the amended Bill.—Lord Ebrington, although averse to a collision with the Lords, felt himself bound to support the motion.—Mr. H. Twiss and Lord Sandon spoke in favour of the amended Bill—a measure which was opposed by Messrs. Gisborne, H. Gratton, and Shiel.—Sir R. Peel opposed the motion, convinced that its tendency would be, to promote political ascendancy, instead of giving repose; and that it would operate merely as a transfer of power from one party to another.—Lord Howick contended, that if they wished to see Ireland restored to tranquillity and prosperity, they should evidence their trust and confidence by giving to her an equal participation in the blessings enjoyed by this country.—Mr. O'Connell called for justice to Ireland; and affirmed, that the collision between the two

Houses had arisen from the insult offered to the Commons, and the determination evinced by the Lords to deprive the people of Ireland of a part of their liberty.—Lord Stanley opposed the motion. On a division, there appeared—for the motion, 324; against it, 238: Majority for Ministers, 86.

June 13.—The House was occupied for a considerable time with the case of the altercation that had taken place between Sir F. Trench and Mr. Rigby Wason. Eventually both the Hon. Gentlemen were discharged from custody.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell, the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill was resumed.—The House then went on with the consideration of the Lords' amendments, and restored the principal clauses which their Lordships had struck out.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in answer to inquiry, said that he could not consent to a drawback on paper forming any part of his plan for reducing the paper duty; at the same time he was ready to provide facilities for bonding paper, &c.

June 11.—The Speaker informed the House that Mr. T. Glassecock had omitted to enter into the requisite recognizances for prosecuting his petition, complaining of an undue return for Kilkenny; the order for considering the petition was thereupon discharged.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Irish Corporations Bill, beginning with clause 87. The Lords' amendments were disagreed to—two new clauses were proposed, and the schedule retaining twelve Corporations was adopted.

June 16.—On the motion of Mr. Alderman Wood, a Select Committee was appointed to consider of the most effectual plan for raising of money to carry into effect the necessary improvements required in the cities of London, Westminster, &c. The House then went into Committee on the Registration of Voters' Bill.—About twelve o'clock there was a call for Mr. Brotherton, who moved the adjournment of the House. This was opposed by some Members, and a division took place, and the motion was lost by 39 to 25. Colonel Sibthorp moved the adjournment anew. This created some confusion, in the midst of which Sir J. Hobhouse, who had recently entered, addressed the House. At a part of the Right Hon. Bart's speech, Col. Sibthorp laughed, and Sir John almost immediately remarked that "nothing was so foolish as a foolish laugh."—The gallant Colonel asked if the words were used to him personally, and receiving no answer, left the House.—Sir J. Hobhouse *then* explained that he did not intend them offensively; but on the Chairman of the Committee reporting the matter to the Speaker when the House resumed, a few minutes afterwards, an order was immediately issued that both Hon. Members should attend in their places.—Colonel Sibthorp was shortly brought back, and declined to recognise the assumed right of any man or body of men to interfere where his personal honour was concerned. He would, rather than subject himself to such a proceeding, at once resign his seat.—After a short conversation, Mr. Eaton informed the House that, having, by the desire of the Gallant Officer, held a communication with Sir J. Hobhouse, that Right Hon. Gentleman had authorized him to say that he had not used the words with any intention of giving personal offence.—Col. Sibthorp declared himself satisfied, and the affair ended.

June 17, Friday.—Lord G. Lennox brought up the report of the Committee on Stephenson's Line for the Brighton Railway: Mr. Alston brought up a Special Report from the Committee on Rennie's Line. Both were ordered to lie on the table.—Mr. G. Young presented a petition from the East India Maritime Officers, praying for compensation.—Sir J. C. Hobhouse said no man more than himself estimated the value of the services of the officers of the East India Company. He questioned not their merits, but he must confess, after looking over again the papers with respect to the particular case in question, he had arrived at the same conclusion to which he had

come before.—After some further discussion, Mr. Young gave notice that on the 7th of July he should move that the petition he had just presented be referred to a Select Committee.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that the Committee appointed by the House to draw up reasons to offer to the House of Lords for disagreeing to certain amendments made by their Lordships in the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, had finished their report, which was then read by the Clerk. The report, the substance of which will be found elsewhere, having been agreed to by the House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and several members, proceeded to the House of Lords to request a conference.

THE COLONIES.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

The Black Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, once a source of dread to the settlers, are now all removed: being either captured or enticed away, and placed on an Island in Bass Straits, ("Great Island,") where it is impossible they can escape. It is supposed there is not one now left on the main land, where they used to rove about in migratory tribes, or hordes, of from six or eight to forty in number, under a chief with whom they lived familiarly, but treated with respect. They sometimes made attacks on the remote settle- or stock-keepers: but these were in the first instance induced by vindictive motives, for injuries inflicted by the "white men." A Mr. Bateman, who obtained a knowledge of their language, and considerable influence over them, coaxed them by promises into Hobart Town, where they were received by the governor, Colonel Arthur, kindly treated, presented with gifts of various kinds, and afterwards shipped off to this island, where a little colony, of a most interesting description, has been formed under the direction of Lieut. Darling, 63rd Regt.; a young officer who, by his great attention to their wants, and unceasing care, became almost adored by them, and always willingly obeyed. They now live in a little village, and are gradually adapting themselves to various civilized customs, as living with one wife, wearing clothing, and cultivating ground. Three or four English men live in one hut; but they are still passionately fond of their pastimes of hunting the Kangaroo and fishing.

Only about 160 remain: the men are more numerous than the women, and have evidently diminished in number since we took possession of the colony.

The justice of the means may be questioned, but not its prudence.

The accounts from Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, up to the 30th of January, received this week, state that the annual agricultural return shows an increase of 3767 acres, sown with wheat, more than in the former year, at an average produce of twenty bushels to the acre: 674,540 bushels will be reaped during the present harvest. This quantity, after deducting 76,000 bushels for seed, at the rate of two bushels per acre for 30,000 acres, and 296,000 bushels for the consumption of an average population of the year of 37,009 inhabitants, at the rate of eight bushels per head, will leave upwards of 300,000 bushels for exportation; but taking the average produce at only fifteen bushels, which is the return that some agriculturists calculate upon, only half this quantity will be to spare, as the consumption and seed are to be in like manner deducted from the smaller as the larger quantity. The table also shows an increase of about 1800 acres in the cultivation of barley, and of 250 of oats. In live stock there is a decrease of 656 horses, which we cannot account for; an increase of more than 8000 cattle, and a decrease of 21,096 sheep, which last may be accounted for from various causes, of which the late establishments on the northern coasts of the Straits are but

one of the effects. Although good workmen, generally speaking, are more likely to meet with employment in Van Diemen's Land than in the over-peopled districts of England, it cannot be said that there is much immediate want of either. Labourers obtain from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per day, and sometimes 4s.; while mechanics vary, according to the trade and demand, from 5s. to 7s., or 8s. per day. Experienced gardeners, millers, trustworthy overseers, and, we grieve to add, teachers, must not expect more than from 25l. to 30l., and 40l. and 50l. per annum, with board and lodging. A few good dairy-women might get employment at 12l. a year.

FOREIGN STATES.

AMERICA.

The Massachusetts Legislature have passed a strong report against the abolition of slavery. It was unanimously resolved that the agitation of the question of domestic slavery had already interrupted the friendly relations which ought to exist between all parts of the Union, and as being likely to subvert the principles of the Union itself—that the Legislature looked indignantly at any attempt calculated to impair the permanency of the Union. It was further resolved—"That this Legislature distinctly disavows any right whatever in itself, or in the citizens of this commonwealth, to interfere in the institution of domestic slavery in the southern states; it having existed therein before the establishment of the constitution—it having been recognised by that instrument—and it being strictly within their own keeping."

CHINA.

The Canton papers mention that great commotion had been caused amongst the Chinese authorities by the Jardine steam-vessel having effected a passage to Macao, notwithstanding the firing of the forts on both sides of the river. It appears that the merchants are particularly desirous of effecting a steam passage to Macao, but the local arrangements of the natives strictly prohibit it. Another attempt was to be made, although a decree had appeared, desiring the governor of the Begue, if the "foreigners' smoke-ship arrives, to open and attack her hull with a thundering fire, and those who succeed in knocking her to pieces shall certainly be promoted." If the orders are disobeyed, and she enters, the least guilty shall be reported to the Emperor, degraded from office, and wear the wooden collar; the most guilty shall be punished according to military law—namely, exiled to the frontiers as slaves to the army. This is a great disappointment to the British residents at Canton and Whampoa, who are thus prevented from having a direct intercourse with their families, after having, as they thought, surmounted every difficulty.

BUENOS AYRES.

The province appears to be in a very prosperous and flourishing condition—politically, commercially, and agriculturally considered. The revenue of Buenos Ayres for the year 1835 amounted to 13,121,540 dollars, including 2,000,000 dollars borrowed. The disbursements were 12,028,136 dollars, leaving a balance of 93,404 dollars in the treasury.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THE KING OF SAXONY.

The death of the King of Saxony took place at the castle of Pilnitz, at half-past eleven o'clock, on the 6th of June. The deceased monarch was of an advanced age, and of no importance in politics. Anthony Clement Theodore succeeded his brother Frederick Augustus, the first king, on the 5th of May, 1827, but on the 13th of September, 1830, adopted his nephew, Frederick Augustus, the present king, as co-Regent of the kingdom, the father of the latter, Maximilian Joseph, having renounced his right of succession in favour of his son. The late king was born in December, 1755, and was nearly eighty-one at the time of his death. He married twice, the last time an Austrian Archduchess, sister to the Emperor Francis; so that he was uncle to the present Emperor, and brother-in-law to the Queen of the French. Frederick, his successor, was born on the 18th of May, 1797, and married a second time to a sister of the King of Bavaria. The change in the person of the Monarch of Saxony will have no effect upon European or even German politics, for the power of the co-Regent had been long acknowledged.

DUKE OF GORDON.

The Duke of Gordon was born on the 1st February, 1770, and has consequently died at the age of 66. He succeeded his father, Alexander, the fourth duke, on the 17th January, 1827. On the 11th December, 1813, he was united to his amiable consort, the present duchess, Elizabeth, the only daughter of A. Brodie, Esq., of Brodie. His grace was a general in the army, and was appointed to the colonelcy of the 3rd Foot Guards on the death of the Duke of Gloucester. He was Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, Hereditary Keeper of the Castle of Inverness, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, and Chancellor of Marischal College, a Member of the Privy Council, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. He sat in the House of Peers as Earl of Norwich, the title conferred upon his father, when raised to the British peerage in 1784. His grace's military career commenced in the 35th regiment of foot, into which he entered as ensign in 1790; in 1792 he was captain in the 3rd Foot Guards, the regiment which he has commanded for the last two years. He served with that regiment in Holland in 1793. In 1794 he raised the 92d regiment or Gordon Highlanders, and went to Gibraltar as colonel of that gallant corps. During the rebellion in Ireland, he served in the rank of brigadier-general; and in 1798 again embarked for Holland. In 1801 he was appointed major-general: in 1803 he was on the staff of North Britain, and held the command in this district for some years. In 1809 he commanded a division of the army at the Walcheren expedition. His grace was nearly allied to many illustrious families, who will deeply lament the death of their noble kinsman—not more attached to him by the ties of consanguinity than endeared to their warmest affections by his many estimable qualities. He was brother of the Dowager Duchess of Richmond, the Marchioness of Cornwallis, and the Duchess of Bedford, and brother-in-law to the Duke of Manchester. His grace's sisters are co-heiresses presumptive to the baronies of Beauchamp and Mordaunt. His grace having died without issue, the title of Duke of Gordon becomes extinct. The Earl of Aboyne, born June 28th, 1761, being next of kin, succeeds to the title of Marquis or Earl of Huntly, with a portion of the family property; and the late Duke of Richmond, having married the elder sister of the Duke of Gordon, his family will eventually succeed to the noble mansion, and to the greater part of the duke's princely domain. In the meantime, however, we have been gratified to hear, and we trust there is truth in the announcement,

that the amiable duchess, his deeply-bereaved widow, will continue to make Gordon Castle her principal residence, a circumstance which would gladden the hearts of all around it.

In the various relations of public and private life, he nobly sustained the true dignity of his illustrious rank. His powerful influence was acquired and maintained, not more in virtue of his commanding station than in consequence of the universally-prevailing opinion that his conduct was directed by sincere and high-minded attachment to principle; while the noble urbanity of his character, his frank and chivalrous bearing, and popular manners, secured him the esteem even of those who most differed from him on points of public interest. While he was at once the ornament and delight of the highest circles, and honoured with the confiding friendship of our last and present monarchs, he was affable and indulgent to the humblest classes, and a kind and generous landlord. The social qualities of his grace—his consummate tact—his fascinating manners, and genuine humour—rendered him the life and soul of every festive meeting at which he presided; and, enhanced as these qualities were, by the advantages of a fine intelligent countenance and handsome presence, on which was stamped the impress of native nobility, the charm of his society spread with electrifying effect on all around him. "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

DR. NATHAN DRAKE.

Nathan Drake, M.D., well known as the ingenious and industrious illustrator of our earlier periodical literature, nor less so by numerous essays of his own, was born at York, January 13, 1766. He graduated at Edinburgh, in 1789; and, after a short residence at Billericay, in Essex, and at Sudbury, in Suffolk, finally settled as a physician at Hadleigh, in the latter county, in 1792; where he practised forty-four years, and died on the 7th instant, in the seventy-first year of his age.

As a medical practitioner, Dr. Drake was deservedly respected and esteemed by his professional brethren for his courtesy and skill; and yet more endeared to all whom he attended by the urbanity of his manners and the unaffected kindness of his heart. The former was so uniform towards all persons, and on all occasions, yet so cordial, that even the extreme of politeness in him seemed his very nature; for the overflowing benevolence in which it originated was an ample pledge of its sincerity. Dr. Drake's professional writings are not numerous; though his first essay as an author was a medical treatise, published while he was a resident at Edinburgh. His later contributions to that science consist of papers in different medical periodicals. Of his literary works, by which his name is more generally known, the following is a correct list:—1. *The Spectator*, a periodical paper, written in conjunction with Dr. Edward Ash, 8vo., London, 1790; 2. *Poems*, 4to., London, 1793; 3. *Literary Hours*, first edition, 1 vol., royal 8vo., London, 1798; fourth edition, 3 vols., 8vo., 1820; 4. *Essays illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian*, 3 vols., 8vo., London, 1805; second edition, 1812; 5. *Essays illustrative of the Rambler, Adventurer, Idler, and other periodical papers, to the year 1809*, 2 vols., 8vo., London, 1809; 6. *The Gleaner*, a series of periodical Essays, selected from authors not included in the *British Essayists*, 4 vols., 8vo., London, 1811; 7. *Shakspeare and his Times*, 2 vols., 4to., London, 1817; 8. *Winter Nights*, 2 vols., foolscap 8vo., London, 1820; 9. *Evenings in Autumn*, 2 vols., foolscap 8vo., London, 1822; 10. *Noontide Leisure*, 2 vols., foolscap 8vo., London, 1824; 11. *Mornings in Spring*, 2 vols., foolscap 8vo., London, 1828; 12. *Memorials of Shakspeare*, London, 1823.

In addition to the above, Dr. Drake has left a MS. ready for the press,—*"A Selected Version of the Psalms, with copious Notes and Illustrations;"* which will be published by his family. Of these works, the fourth, fifth, and seventh on our list display much refinement of taste, and industry of research. The papers illustrative of our periodical essayists are at once

amusing and interesting, from the variety of information they afford, touching that popular department of our national literature; and the "History of Shakspeare and his Times" throws much light on the manners, customs, and amusements, superstitions, poetry, and elegant literature of that age.

The papers contained in the last eight volumes of *Essays*, from the "Winter Nights" to the "Mornings in Spring" inclusive, are of a very miscellaneous character,—critical, narrative, biographical, and descriptive. They are pleasing and elegant in their style, and evince no inconsiderable delicacy and discrimination of taste, unvarying kindness of heart, and purity of moral feeling. Their most striking characteristics are, perhaps, grace and amenity, rather than force or originality. The amiable character of their author is, in fact, impressed on all his productions; and in that character, as developed and displayed in his writings, exists their greatest charm. As an author and as a man, Dr. Drake was kindness, courtesy, and candour personified. In his criticism, he seemed only to look at what was beautiful or pleasing; and in his intercourse with his fellow-creatures, his candour and charity were equally conspicuous. It may, indeed, be said of him with perfect truth, that in a professional and literary career of near half a century, amid all the turmoils of party strife and contentious rivalry, he so "pursued the even tenor of his way," as never to have lost, by estrangement, a single friend, or made one enemy.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CAPTAIN FELIX M'DONOUGH,

The author of "The Hermit in London," which originally appeared in the "Literary Gazette," and of many other works of light literature, besides contributing for years to various periodicals, has ceased to struggle with this world's ills. He is no longer an editor's or a "bookseller's hack;" a condition from which, judging by the uncertainty and destitution of his later years, it must have been happiness to be released. His death is announced in the "Court Journal," which states him, we know not on what authority, to have been descended from the last of the royal house of Stuart at Rome. If so, we have reason to believe that his life was no exception to the sufferings of his race. He was a man of quick observation, considerable talent, and gentlemanly demeanour, though steeped in poverty, and exposed to many gallant circumstances.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—A. Wenman Wykeman, Esq., of Tythrop House, Oxfordshire, to Georgiana, only daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir James Musgrave, Bart., of Barnsley Park, in the county of Gloucester.

Edward Divett, Esq., M.P., to Ann, only child of the late George Ross, Esq.

George Marryatt, Esq., to Georgiana Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. Townsend Selwyn, Prebendary of Gloucester.

Joseph Bonsor, Esq., of Polesteden, Surrey, to Eliza Denney, youngest daughter of Major Alexander Orme, of Fitzroy-square.

The Rev. Miles Bland, D.D., to Emma, youngest daughter of the late Claud Russell, Esq., of Binfield, Berks.

James John Knöch, Esq., to Sophia, fourth daughter of Lieut.-General Sir G. Anson, G.C.B. and M.P.

The Rev. Henry Griffin, A.M., of St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, to Frances Sophia, relict of Thomas Maling Welsh, Esq., of Mersfield

Lodge, Essex, and niece of the Countess Dowager of Mulgrave.

Died.—Aged 73, Lady Harwood, widow of Sir Busie Harwood, Knt., M.D.

At Florence, the Hon. Henry Grey Bennet.

At Hooton Hall, Cheshire, Lady Haggerston, relict of Sir Carnaby Haggerston, Bart., of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland, in the 75th year of her age.

In Harley Street, Charles Dolby, Esq., of Bilzer, near Brantwood, Essex.

At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Rollo.

In Hertford-street, May-fair, in his 46th year, Colonel Mackinnon, of the Coldstream Guards.

Thomas Bligh, Esq., of Brittas, county of Meath, many years in Parliament for that county.

At the Priory, near Reading, Berks., Robert William Halled, Esq., in his 81th year.

Mr. James Mill, author of "The History of British India," &c.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

The Thames Tunnel.—This stupendous undertaking is proceeding slowly but steadily towards completion; nor has any serious obstruction occurred since the works were re-opened. The men work night and day: there are three sets of men employed which relieve each other every eight hours. Each set consists of 112 men, and there are numerous supernumeraries, ready to supply any casual vacancy. During the eight hours of work they are allowed only a single half hour for refreshment, which is brought to them on the spot. The wages paid are high, as much as 40s. and 45s. per week, and hence the engineer is enabled to command the services of first-rate bricklayers. The men are not called upon to perform task-work; all that is required is that they keep steadily at work, and that the bricks be laid in a workmanlike manner. The cement furnished is of the very best quality, only about a barrel of fine sand being used to 100 barrels of cement. The concrete thus formed hardens very rapidly, and within two hours after any new work is completed its solidity is put to a very severe test. The overseers go round with hammers of fourteen pounds weight, with which each separate brick is struck a hard blow. If the cement yields so as to disclose the smallest fissure between the bricks, the workman is immediately called back to repair the defect, and is, besides, fined one shilling to the sick-fund. If the brick shakes in its place on being struck, nothing but a special plea in excuse can save the workman from an immediate discharge. With every exertion, from its peculiar nature, the work is unavoidably tedious and slow. It is considered a good piece of work when at the end of twenty-four hours the shield can be advanced nine inches. The shield contains 36 boxes, and the work is being simultaneously carried on in each, so that the pushing forward the shield can only take place when the work of the arch is perfected to the extent from the bases to the keystone. It will sometimes happen that a whole day is occupied in the mere work of pushing forward the shield. The extent of archway perfected is above 620 feet, and what remains to be done is

about 1200 feet, but of this extent a large portion being beyond low water mark, and through a solid stratum of earth, can be carried forward without such extreme caution as, at the present part of the work, through a loose sandy soil, and under the very centre of the bed of the stream, is indispensably necessary.

Offences in the Metropolis.—The following is the official result of the labours of the metropolitan police for the last year:—Number of persons taken into custody, 63,474; discharged by the magistrates, 32,544; convicted or held to bail, 27,817; committed for trial, 3113; convicted and sentenced, 2237; acquitted, 608; not prosecuted, or bills not found, 867. The number of drunkards apprehended during the year was 21,794, of whom 7523, or rather more than one-third, were females.

BERKSHIRE.

A New Rye-grass.—A new sort of rye-grass, called the Italian rye-grass, was last spring introduced into Berkshire, and sown on a small scale in two or three places, and it would seem to be a plant deserving the attention of every stock farmer. It appears to be a very early grass, and when sown on a warm soil in good condition, it affords as much feed, and quite as early, as a good water-meadow, and will, to the farmer who has nothing to carry his stock at this season of the year, be invaluable. It is supposed to be very sweet, as hares come from a great distance to feed upon it: there is no danger of the rot, and if sown amongst rape or Swedes, to be eaten in the spring, it will be found uncommonly beneficial, as affording a very great abundance of most excellent food at the time when it is so very much wanted. All the seed that could be procured has been readily purchased at 20s. per bushel, and it will be an excellent addition to the list of cultivated grasses.

DEVONSHIRE.

A great many Roman remains have been recently discovered at Exeter, consisting, it is said, of a complete Roman city, below the western market, which has been lately excavated and rebuilt on a grand scale. The relics prove the existence of the ancient Isca of Ptolemy

and Antoninus on this spot; they consist of more than 400 Roman coins, of copper and silver, from Claudius to Valens—a very great quantity of the ancient red Samian pottery, sepulchral urns, amphore, patene, simpula, two curious lamps, lachrymatories, terracottas of great beauty, relating to mythological subjects, two sepulchral vaults, &c. The excavations are superintended by Captain Short, of Heavitree, who is considered an able and excellent antiquary.

HAMPSHIRE.

Messrs. John Deane and W. Edwards, in their smack the *Mary*, have, for the last two months, been endeavouring to fish up articles from the wreck of the *Royal George*, but without success: they intend shortly to try the effect of gunpowder in opening her timbers. While surveying Spithead, which they occasionally do, they discovered a gun nearly under the bows of the *Penelope*, 74, lying on its side, which, on being raised, proved to be a brass 32-pounder of 60 cwt. It is a splendidly finished article of 12 feet 2 inches in length, cast nearly 300 years ago; has on it a rose encircled with the garter, with a mitre; also, the inscription in capital letters of Henricus VIII, Anglie Francie et Hieronie Rex, Fidei defensor invictissimus, F.F. 1542, HR VIII. Arcanvs, Dearcanis cesenon. Fecit. There can be no claim on this as government property, and therefore the fortunate finders will realise the full value of their prize; hitherto, strange as it may appear, although they were promised that they may consider as their own all they could raise from the *Royal George*, yet the Ordnance Board has thought proper to give them only half the value of the brass guns they have picked up from that wreck. The gun, with its contents, the shot, wad, and powder, the latter of which still possesses properties of ignition, have been directed to be forwarded to Woolwich.

ISLE OF MAN.

Mines in the Isle of Man.—The Isle of Man is situated in the Irish sea, about equidistant from England, Scotland, and Ireland; it is about thirty miles long, and twelve broad, and nearly the whole of it is intersected by strong mineral veins, containing lead ore, copper ore, black jack or blende, manganese, hepatic iron ore, and several other valuable mineral substances. The rock

of the island is clay-slate or schistus, with only one or two exceptions. The mines were not worked to any extent until eight years ago, when they were taken up by an English company, who have since opened them out on a very extensive scale, and have erected several powerful water-wheels and steam-engines for the purpose of unwatering them. They are now producing from 150 to 500 tons of excellent lead ore per month, containing from ten to eighty ounces of silver in the ton of lead. The returns for the last quarter, ending the 25th of March, showed a produce of near 800 tons, averaging 16*l.* per ton, with every probability of a still further increase as the mines are extended. The great Bradacopper vein, running nearly north and south of the western extremity of the island, near to the sea-shore, has been pronounced by several Cornish miners who have seen it to be as strong as any lode ever discovered in Cornwall, with a large body of gossan upon the top of it, but the Company have as yet made but very little trial upon it, as their operations have been principally confined to the lead mines. These mines are under the management of Mr. Wm. Jones, Mold, Flintshire.

YORKSHIRE.

Fossil Tree.—The workmen employed in Copy quarry, situated almost in the centre of the town of Bradford, belonging to Messrs. Thomsen and Thackray, have recently struck on a fossil tree. It is imbedded in sandstone, about thirty feet below the earth; one side of it is now laid bare, and it is visible from the top of the pit; the upper part of the stem and branches are wanting, but the trunk and roots are in a very perfect state, there is also what seems to be one of the loose branches. The diameter of the trunk is about four feet, the roots run out a great length, and are of proportionate thickness. The appearance to the eye is of wood, a knotted tree with rough bark, but the touch destroys the illusion; it is as heavy as stone, and, although when scraped, presents still the grain of wood, it shows by its hardness, grittiness, and sparkling crystals, the metamorphose it has undergone. Parts of the surface are covered with a black substance, which appears to be of the nature of coal, and to have been formed by the decomposition of the bark.

WALES.

Emigration.—A vast number of emigrants have left this country this season,

it is said that as many as 20,000. The *Courier*, Capt. Eman, sailed from Bangor on the 14th of June for Boston, with a cargo of 400 tons of goods, and having on board 150 emigrants, who are about seeking a home on the prosperous shores of the new world.

Irish Poor Law Report.—The following abstract or rather description of the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the poor of Ireland, has been published, and is, as far as it goes, correct:—

“The report gives statistical tables, for the purpose of affording a comparative view of the general circumstances of the population both in Great Britain and Ireland; and it shows that there are five agricultural labourers in Ireland for every two that there are for the same quantity of cultivated land in Great Britain: and that the produce of Great Britain is four times that of Ireland. It then shows that there are upwards of 500,000 labourers out of employment for the greater part of the year, and that they and their families, to the amount altogether of more than 2,000,000, are in a state of destitution. The Commissioners, therefore, think workhouses inapplicable to Ireland, and recommend measures for extending the field of employment and the demand for profitable labour as widely as possible. With this view they recommend the establishment of a Board of Improvement, having the power to bring the whole of the waste lands into cultivation—the necessary improvements to be carried on by the Board of Works already existing in that country, and that the Board should be paid for the outlay by allotments of the wastes—the allotments to be sold or let; and such of the poor of those districts where the population is superabundant, as can be so provided for, to be located upon them. The Board of Improvement is also to be authorised to appoint Local Commissioners for any county, with power to

them to cause all lands to be duly drained, and boundary fences erected, rivers made navigable, and such other necessary works to be undertaken. In order to defray the expense of these improvements, rates are to be levied for that purpose, on the lands improved. Tenants for life are to be authorised to lay out money in farm-buildings and improvements to a certain amount, and to have a charge upon the lands for it, as is the law in Scotland. Schools, having each four or five acres of land annexed, are recommended to be established in the rural districts, the masters to be first instructed in agriculture, and to set examples of proper cultivation for the benefit of the cottier tenantry. It is also recommended that there shall be a permanent elective Board in each county, a portion of which should be changed every year, and that it should have the power of a Grand Jury as to roads and other works.

“It is proposed by the Commissioners that provision be made that poor persons, for whom employment cannot otherwise be found, shall be furnished with the means of emigration and intermediate support; and the report gives evidence, from examinations in different counties, to show that this is what the poor themselves desire.

“For the relief of the impotent and infirm poor, the Commissioners recommend that rates should be levied under the directions of the Poor Law Commissioners and Local Boards of Guardians; the latter to be chosen by the rate-payers; one-third of the rate to be paid by the occupying tenant; the rest to be paid by the landlord. Voluntary associations, for the relief of distressed persons in their own houses, to be encouraged and aided from a national rate, which is also to be applied to the support of hospitals and asylums for persons labouring under mental or bodily infirmities. Alms-houses and mendicity establishments are likewise recommended to public support.”

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ELEMENTS OF CONVERSATION ;

OR, TALKING MADE EASY.

IN my last I endeavoured to explain the advantage of adopting that sort of conversational phrasology for which the present era is so eminently distinguished. There are, however, many single words which are used to express a great deal, and when enough of these do not occur in our own language, you may take the liberty of borrowing from others.

The words affair—hitch—botch—case—concern—dog—cat—rat—tiger—and fifty other substantives and adjectives, merit discussion ; while upon the borrowing system, you may press into the service the exotics Roué—Blasé—contre-temps—tracasserie—ennui—parti—gaucherie—visage du bois—double entente—de bonne fois—tête-à-tête—vis-à-vis, &c., &c., &c.

The word affair, is one most generally comprehensive. The derangement of a gentleman's affairs drives him sometimes to Prison—to Parliament—or to the Continent. His involvements arose from paying heavy damages for an *affair* with Lady X. Y. Z ; besides which, he was subsequently wounded in an *affair* with her husband. You see what different affairs there are, yet called by the same name. Then we have foreign affairs to look after, and we have Lord Palmerston to look after them. This will give you an opportunity of digressing into an account of the illustrious Temples from whom his Lordship is descended. If you are a Tory, say—"So much descended;" and your fair companion, who is certain not to be a Whig, will laugh. A grand *déjeuner* is a splendid affair ; and an heiress eloping with her father's gardener is a shocking affair.

Hitch is a popular word, particularly full of meaning. Sir Somebody Something makes love, according to the most approved fashion, to Lady Something Somebody. They flirt and dance, and ride and walk. To be sure, in these days, sighing is exploded—kneeling has become obsolete—and sentiment is utterly banished. They discuss society—quiz their mutual friends—criticise dinners—laugh at everybody out of their own circle—and are, in fact, inseparable. All at once, Sir Somebody Something disappears : he is off to Melton, or Newmarket, or Italy ; and Lady Something Somebody is seen dowagering about with her most respectable mother, looking vexed, and trying to look interesting.

She sits up in her room all night, in order to get up a paleness; and when she *does* go out, leaves her Almack's curls at home. Such evidence as this soon becomes the subject of general conversation, and the question is—"What has happened?" "Umph! don't know exactly what—but there is evidently a *hitch* somewhere."

Mr. Anybody is a man of considerable fortune, and of some influence in his county. He comes forward to represent it; and, being one of the most strenuous advocates of the purity of election, spends thirty thousand pounds, and gets returned—proceeds to London—dines with the Minister, and perhaps seconds the Address—attends the House of Commons constantly, night after night—goes early—stays late—never is absent from a division—and, if he does not actually speak, himself, acts as the trumpeter in battle, and encourages the Whig combatants in the debate by cheerings loud and long.

He visits the Minister in the morning—he goes to court—the object of his ambition is a peerage—his fortune justifies the elevation—the heralds go to work—his tree begins to grow on St. Be'net's Hill—blue paint and red paint, gold and silver; or, as the heraldic gibberish goes, azure, gules, or, and argent, are in the highest requisition; and at length the lineage of the Anybodies, traced back even to their origin from the Nobodies, covers an acre of parchment. More of the same material is prepared for the patent—the wax stands waiting for the seal—the painter, pallet in hand, is ready to paint the coronets on the pannels of the carriages—the plate is packed, in order that Messrs. Rundell and Bridge may engrave a faithful likeness of the six-nobbed circlet on the dinner service; and Webb is hard at work cutting out the scarlet cloth soon destined to be haired with ermine, and be laced with gold. Gazette after Gazette appears, and yet no appearance of Mr. Anybody's being made a peer. People nod and wink, and look uncommonly wise. It is clear there is a *hitch* somewhere.

A Mastership in Chancery full- vacant- remains vacant for months, to the great prejudice of suitors, all because there is a *hitch*. Upon the principle of "*Seniores priores*," it is at last filled up. And then we find three or four bishoprics unoccupied—the dioceses all neglected—the Church generally prejudiced—every bit of which is owing to there being a *hitch*.

In a mere matter-of-fact acceptance, we find it used with regard to the improved mode of travelling, now so rapidly coming into play. Six-and-twenty carriages, containing three hundred and ninety-five men, women, and children, whilst rolling over a railroad at the rate of forty miles an hour, are pitched over the parapet into a valley down a precipice thirty feet high, and smashed to atoms in an instant, because there was a *hitch* somewhere in the machinery.

Botch is another popular monosyllable, but it differs entirely from "hitch," inasmuch as the hitch is the result of circumstances with which the parties most interested have nothing to do, while the botch is the result of some *gaucherie* of a principal performer. A member of either House of Parliament getting up to make a speech, and breaking down, makes a botch of it. The "Whig Guide" commemorates a very remarkable case of botch in a parody on "Goosy, Goosy Gander," the severity of which we deprecate, however much we may admire its historical fidelity in other respects.

An aspiring soldier anxious to soar at one flight from a Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonelcy to a Field-Marshalship, in which exalted position he may prove to the wondering world his superiority over the unconquered hero of a hundred fights, enters on foreign service, or rather no service at all and leads to glory a motley crowd of mercenaries;—like the inimitable major in the “Mayor of Garratt,” he gives them “such marchings and counter-marchings from Ealing to Acton and from Acton to Ealing,” that two thirds of them die from exhaustion and a sixth of them retire. A non-intervention government encourages the strife, and affording seven hundred marines as the complement of a six-and-thirty gun frigate and two brigs, sends this military force to act in conjunction with their *protégé*. The navy—the steam-boats—“aye, pioneers and all,” are instructed to give their best assistance; they do—but the Field-Marshal still fails. His *reconnaissance* to the English government for its aid is exhibited in what he calls a *reconnaissance* of the enemy’s force; he leads his men on once more, and having proceeded as far as he possibly could under the *very particular* circumstances, leads them off again.—This is what is called a “botch.”

A man receiving a billet-doux from a remarkably lively lady of six-and-thirty, mistakes the writer, and sends his answer to her daughter of seventeen, from whom (her christian name being the same, and their hand-writing exactly alike) he thought it came. This gentleman makes a “botch.”

Case and concern are two useful words for discussion.

Case, as used professionally, belongs chiefly to law and physic; but taken conventionally it is much more general in its application. The gay and accomplished Mrs. Brighteyes is walking in the Zoological Gardens with Lord Wagtail—they admire the height of the Giraffes, and the breadth of the elephant disporting in his puddle. My Lord says the rhinoceros looks as if his clothes did not fit him, and Mrs. Brighteyes selects one or two of the plainest monkeys as striking likenesses of some of her particular friends.—What then? Why Lord Wagtail should not walk about with Mrs. Brighteyes, while Mr. Brighteyes is paternally employed in feeding the bears with buns for the gratification of his three dear little children, nobody upon earth can tell.

But then we meet My Lord and the lady at dinner—he takes her down, sits next to her,—in the evening she lolls on a sofa in the drawing-room, and he is at her side again. The next day his cab stands somewhat unfortunately near her carriage in front of Howell and James’s—towards evening they are perched upon the wall of Kensington-gardens, listening to the band—at night he is in her box at the Opera, and never out of it—at supper afterwards, again her neighbour. At length she goes away, he hands her to her carriage—steps in by invitation—she sets him down at his door and they part—she drives home and the carriage proceeds to the House of Commons for Mr. Brighteyes, who is serving his country at the expense of his constitution. Now this is a *case* “conventional”—not improbably destined to become eventually a *case* “professional.”

Concern used to be employed as an expression of care and grief, or as distinguishing some great trading business. Now, it is used to designate family matters,—domestic quarrels,—handsome equipages,—

splendid fêtes, *cum multis aliis*. A man and wife separate—that is a pretty concern: a barouche and four is driving up the street—that is a very splendid concern: you hear, with sincere concern, that Sir Harry's concerns are in the greatest confusion; concerning which you are desirous of knowing who is concerned for him, in order to his extrication.

There are certain monosyllables which to the "unaccustomed ear" sound simple and unsophisticated, which contain in fact much hidden meaning. The word "dog," for instance, —it certainly has been used humanly from time immemorial, because people have been in the habit of talking of one man as a "lucky dog" and a "happy dog," and sometimes a "dirty dog;" but dog by itself dog has only, within a few years, become independently significant of one particular being, wholly disconnected with any of the canine species, unless perhaps with a turnspit. "Dog" is the epithet for a man-cook; and you will find that the first question put by any of the disciples of the Seftonian system to an invitation is, whether the man keeps a "Dog;" an inquiry as generally intelligible as one touching the tiger who officiates behind his cab.

Cat—is rather difficult to humanize, although it is used *bipedially*; and it might sound illiberal if I were to describe the sort of skinny, parchment-like appearance of the neglected sufferer which it is used to designate. Suffice it to say, that it has, in the language of the country, superseded the word—tabby.

Rat—putting the case hypothetically, and not more politically than the nature of the subject demands—is used for describing in three letters a man of great pretension and small ability, a pretty lisper of nonsense to ladies, who makes a reputation in his early career as a Tory, by repeating two or three well-studied speeches in the House of Commons, for a seat in which he was qualified, because his ancestors had been for years hereditary placemen and pensioners under Tory governments. He is poor but proud, and when circumstances induce a change in administration *he* changes too, and as all converts are zealous, so the prig once admitted into the party, which all his little talents for scratching had earlier in life been exercised to ridicule and vituperate, he becomes the flippant advocate of everything he had previously denounced, and the paid supporter of all he had before condemned. To cover his shame and compensate for his loss of character, his new friends place him in a position which he is utterly incompetent to fill. His self-exposure would be rather matter of amusement than otherwise, were it not that the national character—the national welfare—the national honour are all jeopardized by his weaknesses and littlenesses;—nevertheless, although rejected by the people of his own county, he gets returned for one of the radical boroughs, rescued by its owner from schedule A, and, decorated with our highest diplomatic order, continues his even course of blundering with the prospect of an eventual English peerage, and the more agreeable anticipation of a certain pension.—This is a "rat."

An eloquent clergyman and an able advocate for the Church and Constitution, powerfully and consistently maintains the cause which in his conscience he believes to be the just one—the opponents of our

institutions tremble before his exposures, and writhe under the lash of his well-directed zeal. He takes preferment at the hands of a minister—is suddenly seized with a conviction that a clergyman should confine himself to the duties of his parish, and with a feeling that it is the height of illiberality to oppose men who, as well as himself, act upon principle. The Roman Catholics, whom he before anathematized as idolaters, image-worshippers, bigots, and tyrants anxious to overthrow the State as well as the Church, he discovers to form the majority of Christians in the world, and to be only naturally ardent and active in the cause of the religion which they believe to be genuine, and accordingly call Catholic. This is a “rat.”

In addition to all these commonplace words, you have at your disposal, as I have already observed, those borrowed exotics, which, especially from the lips of a pretty woman, come into play with extraordinary effect.

These popular Gallicisms possess great latitude of meaning. In a prologue written, I think, by Dr. Kenrick, there is an allusion to some equivocal expression in the play to which it is prefixed, which the author could not consent to expunge, and therefore gave it in masquerade,—

“And when a naughty joke came pat in,
He wrapp'd it up in lawyer's Latin.”

These popular French expressions, besides affording a more extensive illustration of the subjects to which they are applicable, give a turn and meaning which English words will not elicit. A *Roué* means ten thousand times more than any native monosyllable could express: a *Roué* is a fellow full of genius, wit, and even eloquence—overburdened with neither money nor principle; gay in manner, and, if possible, handsome in person—he dresses in a style peculiar to himself—his hat is unique, and goes by his name—he has the best horses that can be bought, *without money*—carriages which he scarcely ever uses, while, as the wit says,

“A booted pigmy hangs behind his cab,
Which, all unpaid for, holds his painted drab.”

His pursuits are *carté*, hazard, and the turf; his relaxations, riding in the Park, rowing on the River, driving a stage-coach, or playing tennis at the Fives' Court. He is both a gourmand and a gourmet—an experienced critic of Crockford's cellar, and the very Coryphæus of his coffee-room. His gallantry is of a curious cast—wooing to win is too much trouble; so that he waits to be courted, and is satisfied with the laurels which such easy triumphs yield, and which a *promise* of payment procure. He turns day into night, and all serious considerations into farce. Sentiment is with *him* absurdity—learning, pedantry—common-sense he calls “twaddle,” and common honesty he disdains. Now no English word would convey an adequate idea of such a being; but the word *Roué* stamps the man who, glorying in his snow-white gloves and jet black boots, a rose-bud in his button-hole, and a bunch of curls sewed into his hat to look *degagé*, worries himself to death to keep up an appearance unjustifiable by his resources, and generally ends by turning coachman in earnest, or becoming a constant resident in that most *recherché* and fashionable town, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

How well does Chaperon embody all the attributes of the elderly lady who "trots out" her young ones to all the parties of the season! There she sits, *tête-à-tête* with another of the sisterhood, while Louisa, Jane, and Mary Anne, are lounging listlessly through a quadrille, looking half dead, and reserving all their energies for the decent waltz and the modest galopade. The very sound of one of those exciting airs lights up their countenances with animation, and nerves their limbs with activity. "In man's embrace" away they go, whirling and twirling, until tired nature, seeking repose, the two yards of humanity who has been pulling and hauling her about, returns her, hot, flushed, and panting, to the Chaperon.

Some of these Chaperons have acquired the faculty of sleeping perpendicularly, with their backs against a wall, or in the angle of a staircase. Waiting the return of their precious charges from the supper-room, they are to be seen taking a nap by stealth—instinct wakes them as the fair creatures approach, and with every possible activity and assiduity new partners are procured, and the cotton-mill is set to work again. And this goes on night after night, until the unfortunate husband-hunters are reduced to the size of threadpapers, nothing visible about them being left of the size it was when they came to town, except their hands and feet, which, in consequence of the reduction of their arms and legs, look enormous.

And yet, with all this spirit of enterprize so strong upon them, you must not talk of a match—except when speaking of horses, or sporting, or china, or patterns. It is a *parti*—and it has been made a matter of unsatisfactory calculation to the matrons of the metropolis that, with the prevalence of the waltz, marriages have proportionably decreased in each season upon the average. When the *parti* is made, if there should not be a hitch, the Chaperon goes into ordinary, like one of His Majesty's ships, and is laid up at one of the watering-places for the rest of her life, unless she has other daughters coming out, in which case she goes on haunting the same places, and performing the same evolutions, till the arrival of the grim tyrant, who calls her from the ball-room to the grave.

Blasée is another expressive and comprehensive word, for which we have no English equivalent. The woman of five-and-thirty or forty, who has gone through life at a rail-road pace, and who, since five-and-twenty, has not scrupled to adopt the habits of those who have doubled that age—and who have been, like the *aimable Roué* before noticed, not hostile to the pleasures of the "banquet or the bowl"—is, with all her early beauty fled, and all her symmetry destroyed, a *Blasée*—for you may make adjectives, substantives; and substantives, adjectives. See her flushed and flurried; the ringlets which twine round her once snowy forehead, her own, only because bought and paid for; and the complexion once so admired, rendered equable in its tint only by the aid of "foreign ornament!" A younger and more innocent woman may be *blasée*; for a constant round of dissipation, even though it involve only late hours, a *leetel* Champagne, and Roman punch, will have its effects; and then the rouge—when it comes, and when, after the rouge, comes the daylight; all efforts to Euphrosynize "fresh and young" are vain.

What word or words have we to run parallel with *contre-temps*? And

I dwell upon this adaptation because it is held to be the height of affectation to interlard English conversation with foreign words and phrases; the which I hold to be nonsense, however ridiculous it may be in writing. Why, we could not make a plum-pudding for Christmas-day without mixing foreign raisins and exotic Corinthians with English flour. We borrow, too, the brandy from France. Why then should conversation be easier to make, without "the aid of foreign ornament," than a plum-pudding?

That leviathan of lexicographers, the ponderous Johnson, as everybody knows, condescended to compare conversation to punch. "The qualities requisite to conversation," said the illustrious Doctor, "are very exactly represented by a bowl of punch; punch is a liquor compounded of spirit and acid juices, sugar and water. The spirit volatile and fiery is the proper emblem of vivacity and wit: the acidity of the lemon will very aptly figure pungency of raillery and acrimony of censure; sugar is the natural representative of luscious adulation and gentle complaisance; and water is the proper hieroglyphic of easy prattle, innocent and tasteless." Even in this calculation the three important ingredients are of foreign growth, so that, with such authority as the Doctor's, we cannot hesitate to import and engraft whenever it is necessary.

Now, as for *contre-temps*. Such a thing as opening a door unexpectedly, and seeing your dearest friend, for whose excellence, virtue, and amiability you would vouch upon oath—and for whose fidelity, purity, and devotion, you would pledge your credit and existence, in so extraordinary a situation—no matter what—as to induce you to shut the door immediately, and fly, trembling, to another room. Seating yourself, at supper, close to the prettiest girl in the world, heiress to a large fortune, you being without one shilling, and she exceedingly well disposed towards you, and finding yourself placed immediately opposite her father, who, in addition to being as watchful as Cerberus himself, has brought to table an elderly lady who had "warned you off," under similar circumstances, a year before. Accidentally (of course) touching a foot under the table, which you imagine to belong to Lady Snick-smackery, and seeing her lord, who chooses to squat himself close to her, look astounded. Sitting at dinner next to some person whom you do not know, and entertaining him with the account of a flagrant case just tried in one of the courts, and subsequently finding out that he is the defendant. After a pic-nic, being jammed into a carriage or a boat, as the case may be, with ten or twelve people, of whom you know but two, and those you hate, and seeing the only person in the party you care about, poked into some other conveyance, and beholding her, just as she is starting, make a sign of horror at her unhappy destiny. A thousand instances such as these could meet with no name so good as the French *contre-temps*.

Then for *Ennui*. We have no such word: snug and comfortable are purely English. *Ennui* is decidedly French; do not, however, dilate much upon it to your fair friend, or perhaps she may become too sensible of the appropriateness of the term without further explanation. *Tracasserie* is not to be translated; it is a sort of mischief-making, for which our narrow language has no adequate epithet;—*Visage du bois*

speaks volumes, exhibited upon the return of a son to his father—or, as the fashionable slang goes—"the governor," after an expensive tour, or an unfortunate race, or about Christmas; nothing can more appropriately describe the cutting formality and gathering anger of the sire upon the scion's approach.—Taking a thing "*de bonne fois*" is much like taking in earnest what is meant for a joke; and as for *tête-à-tête* and *vis-à-vis*, anybody who has eyes and will watch the latter rolling about town, will not remain long unenlightened as to the true acceptation of the former.

Having made yourself easy in this sort of thing, you must prepare yourself for troublesome customers when you are in general society. In catering for conversation you must observe that tastes differ as widely in *that*, as in every thing else; and that that which is delightful to one sort of people is scarcely endurable by another.

There is one class of people who, with a depravity of appetite not excelled by that of the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, who rejoiced in eating spiders, thirst after puns. If you fall in with these, you have no resource but to indulge them to their hearts' content; but, in order to rescue yourself from the imputation of believing punning to be wit, quote the definition of Swift, and be like him, as inveterate a punster as you possibly can, immediately after resting everything, and hazarding all, upon the principle, that the worse the pun the better.

In order to be prepared for this sort of *punic* war, (for the disorder is provocative and epidemic,) the moment any one gentleman or lady has, as they say in Scotland, "let a pun," everybody else in the room who can, or cannot do the same, sets to work to endeavour to emulate the example. From that period, all rational conversation is at an end, and a jargon of nonsense succeeds, which lasts till the announcement of coffee, or supper, or the carriages, puts a happy termination to the riot.

Addison says, "one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound;" and, in another place he tells us that "the greatest authors in their most serious works make frequent use of puns; the sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare are full of them: if a sinner was punned into repentance as in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and grumbling for a dozen lines together;" but he also says, "it is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art."

Here is something like a justification of the enormity; and, as the pupil is to mix in all societies, he may as well be prepared.

Puns may be divided into different classes: they may be made in different ways, introduced by passing circumstances, or by references to by-gone events; they may be thrown in *anecdotically*, or *conundrum-wise*. It is to be observed that feeling, or pity, or commiseration, or grief, are not to stand in the way of a pun—that personal defects are to be made available, and that sense, so as the sound answers, has nothing to do with the business.

If a man is pathetically describing the funeral of his mother or sister, or wife, it is quite allowable to call it a "black-burying party," or to talk of a "fit of coffin;" a weeping relative struggling to conceal his grief may be likened to a commander of "*private tears*;" throw in a joke about the phrase of "*funerals performed*," and a *re-hearsal*; and wind up with the anagram *real-fun*, funeral.

I give this instance first, in order to explain that nothing, however solemn the subject, is to stand in the way of a pun.

It is allowable, when you have run a subject dry in English, to hitch in a bit of any other language which may sound to your liking. For instance, on a fishing party. You say fishing is out of your *line*; yet, if you did not keep a *float*, you would deserve a *rod*; and if anybody affects to find fault with your joke, exclaim "Oh, vous *bête*!" There you have *line*, *rod*, *float*, and *bait* ready to your hand. Call two noodles from the city in a punt, endeavouring to catch small fry, "*East Angles*;" or, if you please, observe that "the *punters* are losing the fish," "catching nothing but a cold," or that "the fish are too deep for them." Call the Thames a "*tidy*" river; but say you prefer the *Isis* in hot weather.

Personal deformities or constitutional calamities are always to be laid hold of. If anybody tells you that a dear friend has lost his sight, observe that it will make him more hospitable than ever, since now he would be glad to *see anybody*. If a clergyman breaks his leg, remark that he is no longer a clergyman, but a *lame man*. If a poet is seized with apoplexy, affect to disbelieve it, although you know it to be true, in order to say—

"Poeta naseitur non *fit*;"

and then, to carry the joke one step farther, add, "that it is not a *fit* subject for a jest." A man falling into a tan-pit you may call "sinking in the *sublime*;" a climbing boy suffocated in a chimney meets with a *sootable* death; and a pretty girl having caught the small-pox is to be much *putted*. On the subject of the ear and its defects, talk first of something in which a *cow sticks*, and end by telling the story of the man who, having taken great pains to explain something to his companion, at last got into a rage at his apparent stupidity, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear Sir, don't you comprehend? the thing is as plain as A, B, C." "I dare say it is," said the other; "but I am D, E, F."

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words for the purposes of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation:—The loss of a hat is always *felt*;—if you don't like sugar, you may *lump* it;—a glazier is a *panes-taking* man;—candles are burnt because *wick-ed* things always come to *light*;—a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her *carriage*, and you say "*nunc est ridendum*" when you step into it; if it happen to be a chariot, she is a *charitable* person;—birds'-nests and King-killing are synonymous, because they are *high trees on*; a Bill for building a bridge should be sanctioned by the Court of *Arches* as well as the House of *Peers*;—when a man is dull, he goes to the sea-side to *Brighton*;—a Cockney lover, when sentimental, should live in *Heigh Ho-burn*;—the greatest fibber is the man most to *re-lie* upon;—a

dean expecting a bishopric looks *for lawn*;—a suicide kills pigs, and not himself;—a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a *grocer*;—Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the sun of *Nun*;—your grandmother and great-grandmother were your *aunt's sisters*;—a leg of mutton is better than Heaven, because nothing is better than Heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing.

Races are matters of *course*. An ass never can be a horse, although he may be a *mayor*;—the Venerable Bede was the mother of Pearl;—a baker makes bread when he *kneads* it; a doctor cannot be a doctor all at once, because he comes to it by *degrees*;—a man hanged at Newgate has taken a *drop* too much;—the *bridle* day is that on which a man leads a woman to the *halter*: never mind the aspirate; punning's all fair, as the archbishop said in the dream.

Puns interrogatory are at times serviceable. You meet a man carrying a hare: ask him if it is his own *hare*, or a wig?—there you stump him. Why is Parliament-street like a compendium? Because it goes to a *bridge*.—Why is a man murdering his mother in a garret a worthy person? Because he is *above* committing a crime.—Instances of this kind are innumerable; and if you want to render your question particularly pointed, you are, after asking it once or twice, to say, “D’ye give it up?”—then favour your friends with the solution.

Puns scientific are effective whenever a scientific man or men are in company, because, in the first place, they invariably hate puns, especially those which are capable of being twisted into jokes which have no possible relation to the science of which the words to be joked upon are terms; and because, in the next place, dear, laughing girls, who are wise enough not to be sages, will love you for disturbing the self-satisfaction of the philosophers, and raising a laugh or titter at their expense.

Where there are three or four geologists of the party, if they talk of their scientific tours made to collect specimens, call the old ones “ninny-hammers,” and the young ones “chips of the old block;” and then inform them that ciret is the best specimen of *quartz* in the world. If you fall in with a botanist who is holding forth, talk of the quarrels of flowers as a sequel to the loves of the plants, and say they decide their differences with *pistils*. In short, sacrifice everything to the pursuit of punning, and, in the course of time, you will acquire such a reputation for wagery, that the whole company will burst into an immoderate fit of laughing if you only ask the servants for bread, or say “No” to the offer of a cutlet.

I have now endeavoured to carry you through some of the devices of the art of which I profess merely to give the elements; in my next communication I may perhaps illustrate my principles with specimens of conversation, to which I shall request your particular attention.

ELEGY ON ELIZA,

WIFE OF BENJAMIN FLOWER, OF CAMBRIDGE, THE FATHER OF THE
LIBERAL NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

- Oh, Devon! when thy daughter died,
The primrose deck'd the green hill's side,
The winds were laid the melted snow
Was crystal in the river's flow,
The elm disclosed its golden green,
The hazel's crimson tuft was seen,
The schoolboy sought the mossy lane
To watch the building thrush again,
And birds, upon the budding spray,
Rejoiced in April's sweetest day:
She, too, rejoiced, thy wondrous child,
For in the arms of death she smiled!
And when her wearied strength was spent;
When pain's disastrous strife was o'er;
When, pallid as a monument,
Eliza moved not, spoke not more;
Her prattling babes might deem she slept,
And wonder why their father wept.
Why wept he? If, with soul unmoved,
From all who loved her, all she loved,
From husband, children, she could part,
And meet the blow that still'd her heart;
Why wept he? Not that she was gone
To wait beneath th' eternal throne,
And kiss in heaven, with holy joy,
Her youngest born--that fatal boy!
And smile, a brighter spirit there,
On him, still doom'd to walk with care!
Oh, still on him, from realms of light
The seraph-matron bends her sight,
Still, still his friend in trouble tried,
Though sever'd from his lonely side!
He weeps! for truth and beauty rest
Beneath the shroud that wraps her breast:
Taste mourns a sister on her bier,
And more than genius claims a tear.
The blessing of the sufferer
Bedews the turf that covers her;
And orphans whom she taught to read,
Drop over her a silver bead,
Who did not pass in scorn your door,
Ye children of the helpless poor!
Oh, bless'd in life! in death how bless'd!--
Her life in beauteous deeds array'd!
• Her death, serene as evening's shade!
• And bliss is her eternal rest!

A LETTER FROM WALES*.

BY THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

DEAR MARTIN,—From Oxford to Gloucester*, to Ross*, to Hereford, to Leominster*, to Bishop's Castle*, to Montgomery, to Welshpool, Llanvilling*, Llangunnog, Bala*, Druid House*, Llangollen, Wrexham*, Ruthyn, Denbigh*, St. Asaph, Holywell*, Rudland, Abergeley*, Aberconway*, Abber*, over a ferry to Beaumaris* (Anglesea), Amlwch*, Copper-mines, Gwinda, Moeldon, over a ferry to Caernarvon, have I journeyed, now philosophizing with Hucks, now melancholizing by myself, or else indulging those day-dreams of fancy, that make realities more gloomy. To whatever place I have affixed the mark*, there we slept. The first part of our tour was intensely hot—the roads, white and dazzling, seemed to undulate with heat—and the country bare and unhedged, presented nothing but stone-fences, dreary to the eye and scorching to the touch. At Ross we took up our quarters at the King's Arms, once the house of Mr. Kyrle, the celebrated Man of Ross. I gave the window-shutter a few verses, which I shall add to the end of the letter. The walk from Llangunnog to Bala, over the mountains, was most wild and romantic. There are immense and rugged clefts in the mountains, which in winter must form cataracts most tremendous: now there is just enough sun-glittering water dashed down over them to soothe, not disturb the ear. I climbed up a precipice on which was a large thorn-tree, and slept by the side of one of them near two hours.

At Bala, shortly after, in came a clergyman well-dressed, and with him four other gentlemen. I was asked for a public character: I gave Dr. Priestley. The clergyman whispered to his neighbour, who, it seems, is the apothecary of the parish, "Republicans!" Accordingly when the doctor (as they call apothecaries) was to have given a name, "I give a sentiment, gentlemen! May all Republicans be *gulloteced*." Up starts the Democrat, "May all fools be gulloteced, and then you will be first." Fool, rogue, traitor, liar, &c., flew in each others' faces in hailstorms of vociferation. This is nothing in Wales—they make it necessary vent-holes for the sulphurous fumes of their temper. I endeavoured to calm the tempest by observing, "That however different our political opinions might be, the appearance of a clergyman in the company assured me that we were all Christians; though I found it rather difficult to reconcile the last sentiment with the spirit of Christianity." "Pho!" quoth the clergyman; "Christianity! Why, we ain't at church now, are we? The gentleman's sentiment was a very good one, because it shows him to be *sincere* in his principles." Welsh politics, however, could not prevail over Welsh hospitality: they all shook hands with me (except the parson), and said I was "an open-speaking, honest-hearted fellow, though I was a *bit* of a democrat." On

* We are kindly permitted to publish this letter: it was written to the late Mr. Martin (a clergyman of Dorsetshire), to whom the Poet dedicated one of his dramatic pieces. It is interesting and characteristic; and is, indeed, quite a fragment of autobiography. Of the two poems annexed, the one to the faded Violet has not, we believe, been printed; the other is well known, but this copy differs from that which has been published.

our road from Bala to Druid House we met Brookes and Berdmore, our rival *pedestrians*; a gemini of *Powells* were vigorously marching onward—in a post-chaise! Berdmore had been ill. We were not a little glad to see each other. Llangollen is a village most romantically situated; but the weather was so intensely hot, that we saw only what was to be admired—we could not admire. At Wrexham, the tower is most magnificent; and in the church is a white marble monument of Lady Middleton, superior, *med quidem sententiâ*, to anything in Westminster Abbey. It had entirely escaped my memory that Wrexham was the residence of a Miss E. Evans, a young lady with whom, in happier days, I had been in habits of fraternal correspondence; she lives with her grandmother. As I was standing at the window of the inn she passed by, and with her, to my utter astonishment, her sister, Mary Evans, *quam afflictum et perditè amabam*, yea, even to anguish. They both started and gave a short cry, almost a faint shriek. I sickened and well nigh fainted, but instantly retired. Had I appeared to recognize her, my fortitude would not have supported me.

“ Vivit, sed mihi non vivit—nova forte marita.
Ah! dolor! alterius carâ a cervice pendit.
Vos, male fida valeta accensæ insomnia mentis,
Littora amata, vale te! vale, ah! formosa Maria.”

Hucks informed me that the two sisters walked by the window four or five times, as if anxiously. Doubtless, they think themselves deceived by some face strangely like me. God bless her! Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn from thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life. This circumstance made me quite ill. I had been wandering among the wild wood scenery and terrible graces of the Welsh mountains to wear away, not to revive, the images of the past! But love is a local anguish; I am fifty miles distant, and am not half so miserable.

At Denbigh is the finest ruined castle in the kingdom: it surpassed everything I could have conceived. I wandered there two hours in a still evening, feeding upon melancholy. Two well-dressed young men were roaming there. “I will play my flute here,” said the first, “it will have a romantic effect.” “Bless thee, man of genius and sensibility!” I silently exclaimed. He sat down amid the most awful part of the ruins. The moon just began to make her rays predominant over the lingering daylight. I pre-attuned my feelings to emotion, and the romantic youth instantly struck up the sadly-pleasing tune of *Mis. Casey*—

“ The British lion is my sign,
A roaring trade I drive on,” &c.

Three miles from Denbigh, on the road to St. Asaph, is a fine bridge with *one arch*, of great grandeur. Stand at a little distance, and through it you see the woods waving on the *hill-bank* of the river in a most lovely point of view. A beautiful prospect is always more picturesque when seen at some little distance through an arch. I have frequently thought of Mick Taylor’s way of viewing a landscape by putting his head between his thighs. Under the arch was the most perfect echo I ever heard. Hucks sung “Sweet Echo” with great effect. At Holywell I bathed in the famous St. Winifred’s well—it is an excellent cold bath.

Just before I quitted Cambridge I met a countryman with a strange walking-stick, five feet in length. I eagerly bought it, and a most faithful servant it has proved to me. My sudden affection for it has mellowed into settled friendship. On the morning of our leaving Abergeley, just before our final departure, I looked for my stick in the place where I had left it over-night. It was gone! I alarmed the house. No one knew anything of it. In the flurry of anxiety I sent for the crier of the town, and gave him the following to cry about the town and on the beach, which he did with a gravity for which I am indebted to his stupidity:—

“Missing from the Bee Inn, Abergeley, a curious walking-stick. On one side it displays the head of an eagle, the eyes of which represent rising suns, and the ears Turkish crescents. On the other side, as the portrait of the owner in wood-work. Beneath the head of the eagle is a Welsh wig, and around the neck of the stick is a Queen Elizabeth’s ruff in tin. All adown it waves the line of beauty, in very ugly carving. If any gentleman (or lady) has fallen in love with the above-described stick, and secretly carried off the same, he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a passion, the continuance of which must prove fatal to his (or her) honesty; and if the said stick has slipped into such gentleman’s (or lady’s) hand through inadvertence, he (or she) is required to rectify the mistake with all convenient speed.—God save the King.”

Abergeley is a fashionable Welsh watering-place, and so singular a proclamation excited no small crowd upon the beach; among the rest a lame old gentleman, in whose hands was descried my dear stick. The old gentleman, who lodged at our inn, felt great confusion, and walked homewards, the solemn crier before him, and a various cavalcade behind him. I kept the muscles of my face in tolerable subjection: he made his lameness an apology for borrowing my stick—supposed he should have returned before I wanted it again, &c. Thus it ended, except that a very handsome young lady put her head out of a coach window, and begged my permission to have the bill which I had delivered to the crier; I acceded to the request with a compliment that lighted up a blush upon her cheek, and a smile upon her lips. We passed over a ferry, and landed at Aberconway. We had scarcely left the boat, ere we descried Brookes and Berdmore, with whom we have joined parties, nor do we mean to separate. Our tour through Anglesea to Caernarvon has been repaid by scarcely one object worth seeing. To-morrow we visit Snowdon, &c. Brookes, Berdmore, and myself, at the imminent hazard of our lives, scaled the very summit of Penmaen-maur—it was a most dreadful expedition! I will give you the account in some future letter.

I sent for Bowles’s *Works* while at Oxford—how was I shocked! Every omission and every alteration disgusts taste and mangles sensibility. Surely some Oxford toad has been squatting at the Poet’s ear, and spitting into it the cold venom of dullness. It is not Bowles—he is still the same—the added poems prove it—descriptive, dignified, tender, sublime. The sonnets added are exquisite. Abbé Thule has marked beauties, and the little poem at Southampton is a diamond—in whatever light you place it, it reflects beauty and splendour. The “Shakspeare” is sadly unequal to the rest; yet in whose poems, except

in those of Bowles, would it not have been excellent? Direct to me, my dear fellow, to be left at the post-office, Bristol, and tell me everything about yourself, how you have spent the vacation, &c.

Believe me, with gratitude and fraternal friendship,

Your obliged

July 22, 1794.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LINES WRITTEN AT ROSS, AT THE KING'S ARMS, ONCE THE HOUSE OF
MR. KYRLE.

Richer than misers o'er their countless hoards,
Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! Oh! stranger, hear!
Departed merit claims the glistening tear.
If 'neath this roof thy wine-cheer'd moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass.
To higher zest shall memory wake thy soul,
And virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene,
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been:
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish rife,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-toss'd in life,
Here cheat thy cares, in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness thou hast never felt.

THE FADED FLOWER.

Ungrateful he, who pluck'd thee from thy stalk,
Poor faded flow'ret! on his careless way;
Inhaled awhile thy odours on his walk,
Then onward pass'd, and left thee to decay.
Ah! melancholy emblem! had I seen
Thy modest beauties dew'd with evening's gem,
I had not rudely cropp'd thy parent stem,
But left thee, blushing, 'mid the enliven'd green.
And now I bend me o'er thy wither'd bloom,
And drop the tear—as Fancy, at my side,
Deep-sighing, points the fair frail Abra's tomb—
“Like thine, sad flower, was that poor wanderer's pride!
Oh! lost to love and truth, whose selfish joy
Tasted her vernal sweets, but tasted to destroy.”

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[It cannot be necessary to offer any apology for adding to this letter “a Fragment,” which we have received from the same source. It was, we understand, written by Mr. Coleridge while he was at college, and was designed to show that “the study of History is preferable to the study of Natural Philosophy.”]

TRUTH is the natural aliment of the human mind, and the investigation of truth its noblest pursuit; but of all the modes of conveying truth, that must be the most interesting to us, which, by extending our knowledge of moral and intellectual facts, makes us more thoroughly acquainted with our own nature. The recesses of the human heart are not to be explored by the microscopic eye of the metaphysician, nor its labyrinths unfolded by the clue of logical analysis. In the mirror of history only can man contemplate his mental proportions. From the actions of

beings similar to himself, he must infer the operations of his own passions; and by the analogies of the past, learn to apprehend the present and anticipate the future. Physical and mathematical truths frequently lie hid in their abstruseness; but sentiments and experiments, which display the human soul, are as obvious to the understanding as they are delightful to the heart. Removed from the enlarged prospects and active energies of the moral world, science too often produces only the jargon of technical arrangements, or accumulates the impertinence of academical forms; but society is the historian's school, and its lessons his subject. By ascertaining the effects of virtue and vice, his pages give force to the dictates of religion; and by exhibiting liberty in its most exalted state, they awaken the germs of freedom, which will expand in the breast of every rational being, if they are not nipped by the frosts of prejudice, or blighted by the mildews of corruption. The contemplation of great characters never fails to warm the young and generous student into the noble attempt of imitative virtue, and helps to guard the mind against the impulse of selfish passions and the contagion of example. It is indeed only by dwelling upon the sublime beauties of heroic character, that we can discover that amazing opposition of the hateful and the lovely in moral excellence and moral deformity, and that we can be animated into a passion for disinterested virtue. The effect which almost constantly attends such a course of reading operates on our inclinations in the strongest manner, and virtue and liberty become the objects of a secondary worship in the delighted imagination.

These motives apply to Britons with peculiar force: while they enjoy privileges unpossessed by other nations, it were ingratitude in them to be ignorant of the illustrious characters by whose virtues these privileges were attained—patriots who, with the sacrifice of their tenderest affections, and even with the loss of their lives, have set up the banners of liberty against tyranny, and made monarchs shrink into citizens. The history of England is the history of liberty, and the lives of a Russell and a Sydney seem designed by Providence to show mankind the sublime heights to which freedom may conduct them. Neglect becomes impiety when committed against these sacred names.

But it has been objected that the study of history tends to introduce habits of scepticism in points of the highest importance. This, however, we deny: on the contrary, the doctrines here alluded to rest on history as their sole foundation—it is history in which all the evidences for their authenticity are to be found—it is history which must make faith reason, and the philosopher a Christian. The light of history is indeed sure to expose the vanity of all those popular systems and prejudices which are to be found in every country, derived originally from fraud or superstition, and craftily imposed on the many to serve the interests of a few. Hence it is, that upon the detection of any of these, and especially of the religious kind, we see all that rage of fierce bigots, hypocritical zealots, and interested politicians—of all whose credit or fortunes depend upon the continuance of folly and ignorance among men. These, indeed, may tremble, while we turn over the volumes which detect the fallacy of their claims: for, however weak and wicked men may disguise the real nature of things, the dominion of truth must at last prevail; and philosophy, guided by the torch of history, will cleanse the dark and noisome cave of superstitious error!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

HARRY O'REARDON.—PART III.

"SURE, if I'm agreeable, and see no objections," said Harry, "there's no reason in life why *you* should, Moyna. When I get over the tailor, and the like o' that, I don't understand either rhyme or reason for your growling high about it. Sure, you confessed before the court, it was me you were thinking of."

"Mush!" interrupted Moyna, placing her hand before Harry's lips; and then she turned away her face to hide the blushes which steeped her cheeks in crimson.

Eight weeks had elapsed since Harry had been compelled to give evidence touching the wrong and the right side of the road—eight weeks since his heart beat high at finding Moyna affectionate, and Moyna scathless—eight weeks, or nearly so, since he found himself established, through the kindness of the cold-mannered English gentleman, in a situation connected with the Irish packets, where his knowledge of his countrymen, and his intelligence, were of real value to his employer. It was one which fortunately chimed in with his pride and his independence: a sort of place most disagreeable to an Englishman, because an Englishman desires his occupation to be defined; but which an Irishman always likes, because he can make the most of it—that is, in "the gentcel way;" and Harry certainly did make the most of it, and of himself too. It would have been difficult to meet a handsomer couple than Harry and Moyna, as they walked slowly along the Docks—not lost in admiration of the number and beauty of the ships, but quietly intent upon each other's charms—just as lovers were and will be to the end of the world. Moyna's kind mistress had arrived, and Moyna was again with her; but the time had approached when she must either return with her to Ireland, or quit her protection for ever!

"As I said before," repeated Harry, "when I can see no objection to the difference you think so much of, what need is there for you to bring it forward? Sure, Moyna, this country is not like our own for that, and many a thing else; and as to old Ireland now!—"

He hesitated, and Moyna inquired—"What about it, Masther Harry?"

"Why—it's more than maybe, that I shall never set foot on it again!"

"Oh!—don't say so—don't say so!" she replied, clasping her hands. "Sure, my heart bates double when I think of it! Its fields—its green hills—the kindly people—the fresh air—the cow, the craythur that knew me as if it was a Christian—the blessing from my mother's lips! To say nothing of the bohreen—the bohreen, Masther Harry—where —"

She paused, and blushed more rosy-red than ever; nor would he speak a single word, or avert his eyes, but stood enjoying her confusion, and delighted to see the increased beauty which emotion lent to her countenance.

"Ah! behave, will you?" she said at last, in reproof to his ardent gaze. "Behave, do, Masther Harry; and don't be shaming me before my face. You stare as bad as if you were an Englishman."

"You're wrong, I believe, there," replied Harry, drawing her arm within his, as they diverged towards a street leading out of Liverpool; "for they say the Irish are more forward than the English."

"They say what's untrue, then!" replied Moyna, warmly. "I never saw such brazen men as there are in this town."

"Why, Moyna, the truth is, that all the week they are looking at their big books in their dirty counting-houses, or smelling palm-oil, or unshipping pigs, or unloading cotton, or measuring sails, or something that way; and the only time they get to use their eyes like Christian men, is of a Sunday. And faith, Moyna, it must be a treat to them, to get anything so pretty and fresh as yourself to look at. But tell me, Moyna, why you remember the bohreen?"

Moyna's eyes glanced for a moment up, then down, and then she shook her head, saying—"Be easy, Masther Harry, do; you know well enough—I wish you didn't. Maybe it would be better for us both you did not; for, if I'm not mistaken—though neither the religion nor the tailor would be let stand betwixt you and me, as far as your own thoughts go, more particular here in England, and especially in this great town, where my mistress tells me tailors and merchants, and all sorts, are jumbled up together, like curds and whey—yet, Masther Harry, the time will come, when you'd want to go back to your own country; and what would your mother—and what would all your people, dead and living, say, to see that, instead of bringing them a bran spick and span new English wife, you only brought over poor Moyna Roden—poor Moyna!—that your own mother (who, I know, is a well-bred—well-learned woman) never thought good enough to wipe her shoes?"

"My mother is a taste high, I own," replied Harry, "but she would not be so if she knew you; and you are far before all the neighbours' daughters that ever we e, for learning; and now, having travelled——"

"Masther Harry," interrupted the maiden, "I don't know what comes over young people at times, to be doing just the direct contrary to what they ought! It's mighty foolish, so it is, yet it's hard to help it; and somehow or other things turn up sometimes, so against all one's intentions. To think of my leaving home first—if the truth must be told—to put the thoughts of you out of my head, and then——"

"My meeting you," added her lover, "to put them in again. But, Moyna, rogue as you are, you know you had not got them out. Remember the hemp-seed, Moyna!"

"Whisht! Masther Harry."

"I never can forget it, Moyna—I'd be worse than a brute if I did; and now listen to me. My situation is worth five-and-twenty silver shillings a week, paid as regularly as the day—no apology—no 'call again' work. There's not many a landowner in ould Ireland can get his rents as I get my dues, after that fashion. Moyna, we could live like kings and queens on it——"

"Masther Harry, you forget the religion—you f^rget your mother!"

"They don't think so much about religion here as they do at home," he replied.

"And more's the pity—I've thought so too," said Moyna: "just be-

cause I'll tell you how it is. They're the most puffed up people under the sun. Stuffing themselves, body and soul, with goold—nothing but goold! Well might the minister, on Sunday, call it the yellow pestilence. It's a pity to see people forget their God, for the sake of the bounty he bestows. And your mother, Masther Harry: she has a hard face to a heretic, and, in course, would not like to see the son she loves above the world, united to one for life! To never heed other reasons, which, to a proud woman like her, is reason for anything."

Harry paused. What Moyna said was true—perfectly true; but then he loved her! And, true to his man-ish nature, there was a mingling of selfishness with his love, which made him hope to compromise between interest, or perhaps (for he was not sordid) I should say, between his habitual fear of his mother, and his affection for one of the most devoted girls who had ever left the green isle of her birth.

"Sure, Moyna," he said at last, "there is no reason to tell her anything about it."

Moyna had no family pride to make her path crooked, but she had a considerable degree of womanly feeling—that uprightness of mind which scorns concealment, because concealment implies, if not vice, at least meanness; though humbly she was born, and humbly bred, still she had that propriety of feeling which so frequently overturns the maxims of philosophy and the rules of education, as to be pronounced innate. Harry looked in her face, and he saw that the colour had faded from her cheek; he felt the hand that rested on his arm tremble, and she tried to withdraw it; then again her cheek flushed, while she replied—"I am but a poor girl, I know, Masther Harry, and I always told you so. I was proud to be your friend, and had no thoughts ever to be your wife, till you put it in my head; and the thought stayed there in spite of myself. But as to hiding a marriage—I'd never listen to it—never! I'm poor, but I'm honest; and there's no value in an honest name, if it is to be hid from the world like a thing of shame. I knew it would come to this: there was always a cloud over my heart, even when you smiled the sweetest on me. God mark you to grace, Masther Harry, but our love-days are over! Thank God, there is nothing betwixt us to hinder your still thinking Moyna Roden your friend!"

She withdrew, or rather tried to withdraw, her hand, which Harry clasped firmly within his. Every word Moyna had uttered, made him respect her more and more. He felt at that moment only one wish—that he had a kingdom to lay at her feet. His enthusiasm was roused: the pride on which he was ever ringing the changes had, he fancied, found an echo in her heart; and he had not sufficient skill to discover of how superior an order *her* feelings were to *his*. They had got out of the streets, and had been walking under the shadow of a long wall. Suddenly turning the corner—Moyna's hand still clasped in Harry's—his countenance expressing the greatest anxiety—her's vibrating with emotion—an apparition stood before them, for which they were certainly unprepared. This was no other than Harry O'Reardon's own mother, as large and bony as ever. Harry caught sight of her before she saw them. Her red cloak was floating behind her—her black silk bonnet blown back—her grey hair streaming—her appearance as wild and as grotesque as can well be imagined.

"My God!" ejaculated Harry, and *his grasp of Moyna's hand relaxed*. She withdrew it instantly, and stood unsupported by his side. The mother's eye met her son's gaze, and in an instant, regardless of the publicity of the place, her arms were clasped round his neck. She read over his features.

"The light of my eyes!—the jewel of my heart!—I've been tracing you the whole day, till I hav'n't a foot to stand on. But, oh! my grief! With the blossom comes the blight!—or else, what do you be after doing in *her* company?"

"It's Moyna Roden," said Harry, gaining courage, and presenting her to his mother.

"The light has not left my eyes, nor the knowledge my head," she replied. "I have seen the tailor's daughter of the Bohreen Rah before now."

"Then, mother, you have seen an honest girl, and a honest man's daughter. If it had not been for the interest Moyna Roden excited for me, I might have been living on gravel hash, or dying of starvation. There's no use in following pride to his journey's end, which is to the devil himself. No, no!—There's reason in all things. Come home, mother, to my place, and tell me why you came."

"Why I came?" repeated the old woman—the tears running down her cheeks as she spoke. "Why I came, and *you* here, Harry?"

It was a mother's reply.

"She does not bide with you, does she?" whispered Mrs. O'Reardon to her son; but Moyna caught the whisper, and replied; at first her voice was feeble and indistinct, but as her purpose strengthened, so did her words.

"I do not bide with your son, Mrs. O'Reardon—and I wonder that you can't remember the time of your own youth, and think of how you would feel if such a question was put to you in your maiden days. Oh! you need not look proud on me, I never stirred your pride with a disrespectful word or thought, nor never will if I know myself; and as to Master Harry, I leave it to him to do me justice—he knows what I said to him not ten minutes past. I'd scorn a lie as much as yourself—and always did—the blood in the veins of every O'Reardon that ever was born is thick enough to be cut with a knife, but the honest principle may be as strong in the hearts of the more lowly; there's a scent on the blossom of the wild violet as well as in the lily or the rose. Master Harry will, for my sake, tell you all I said—and so, farewell, and may you not be humbled in a country where people are proud or nothing but their gold. Farewell! master Harry—farewell! I—I——"

She could not finish her sentence, but rushed down another turning, and was out of sight in an instant. Harry made an effort to retain her, but in vain, and for some time mother and son walked on together in silence.

"I heard it all!" at length, said the widow—"how she came over a purpose to trap you; and sure, the cuteness of them black Protestants bates Bannacher. And I just thought I'd follow, myself, and see about it—for, sure the poison would never leave my heart if you married kith or kin of Steve Roden the tailor!"

"Whoever told you that Moyna wanted to trap me, told a falsehood?" replied Harry, manfully—"It is not half an hour since she refused to marry me."

The start and attitude of his mother at this announcement may perhaps be imagined. "Refused! refused to marry you! *She refused you?—you!* Oh! the insolence and ingratitude of the world! What will it come to in the end? The impudence of her to refuse you! You, whose shoes she ought to be glad to clean. Had she no regard to the family of the O'Reardons—whose ancestors defied Oliver Cromwell, Harry the Eighth and his heresies, and sent Queen Elizabeth to the devil hot-foot! Oh! Harry! Harry! to think a son of mine should ever be refused by a tailor's daughter! If I dreamt it would have come to this I'd have laid my old bones in the church-yard—and never troubled England!"

Harry undertook the task of splitting the thunderbolt, but not without some dread of its effects; so he only ventured to interrupt her by saying—"That he thought, from what had passed, she did not wish him to marry Moyna."

Of course she did not!

"Then, why was she angry that Moyna had refused him?"

This set her off upon another tack. "Why? Oh! to think that he should come to this so soon—that he should be so bewitched as not to see the disgrace he had brought upon his people by his conduct—to put himself in the way of being refused by the likes of her!"

It would be both tiresome and ridiculous to repeat the invectives heaped upon Harry for forgetting (as she said) what, certainly, he had not forgotten, his family pride; and it must be confessed that Harry laid his head on his pillow that night with more anxious and troubled feelings than he had given way to in all his poverty. His mother coming over, as she expressed it, "*to take care of him!*" occasioned him much vexation; he had been quite long enough in England to understand the difference between Irish and English habits—and to see the ridicule which invariably attached itself to the former. He had obtained a situation more than sufficient for his wants, but he saw that his mother had formed an estimate of expense according to Irish, not English prices; he felt assured that, accustomed as he had been to respect, in Ireland, (for any one knowing the country, will readily call to mind the deep veneration which the peasant Irish feel and express for those who are come of decent people,) she would ill bear to rough it amongst those whose greatest knowledge consists in the difference they so correctly estimate between sixpence and a shilling. He had thought, in his moments of enthusiastic affection, that he could share his little stipend and live respectably and happily with a wife like Moyna—but all his habitual devotion for his widowed mother could not reconcile him to the absurdity of her playing *Madame Mère* in a two-pair front room in a narrow street, and expatiating, as she undoubtedly would, on the antiquity and dignity of the O'Reardons. He was, as he mentally termed it, "fairly and entirely bothered," so bothered with the long line of mortifications which awaited him, that he did not do what he intended—go and seek out the gentle-hearted girl whose feelings had been so unnecessarily outraged.

"My mother will be tired after her long sea journey," he said, within himself—"and when once the sleep comes over her she will rest long; and while the sun is blinking, to-morrow morning, I will see Moyna and tell her how perfectly I vindicated her, and how, even my mother was

brought to confess that she was an honest-hearted girl." And, contented with this resolve, Harry at last fell asleep.

Some one or other has said that love is only an episode in man's existence. I wish, with all my soul, that it occupied no more distinguished station in the heart of woman; but my wishing so will not prevent many of the fair sex making fools—and mourning fools too—of themselves as long as the world lasts. After all, what would the worth of women be—as wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, if their hearts were hardened against the exercise of the affections? The great thing is to direct these affections into a proper channel, and they then become as strongholds, wherein all that is good and noble may be kept in safety.

The window of the little chamber where Moyna slept, overlooked the street, and, finding her kind mistress out when she returned, she seated herself at it, with her Bible open in her hand. She had been taught by her mother to apply to it in all times of danger and distress, and she opened it, with eyes still streaming with bitter tears; the passage she first saw through the mistiness of weeping was one of cheering comfort and consolation; and she paused, intending to think over its singular application to her own case, but, insensibly, she caught herself looking down the street with the one idea in her mind. "Surely he will come to-night—he will not suffer this evening to pass without calling, if it is only to say 'good-bye' properly; he could not think it proper, parting that way in the street, after his mother's harshness." And then again she tried to read her Bible, but the letters danced before her eyes, and her heart beat so loudly that she fancied she could hear its throbbings; "there, that surely must be him!" and she shrank behind the little curtain lest he should see her watching, and not think it maidenly.

But no, it was not Harry; the evening was closing in—the lamps were lighting, and still he came not. Oh! the bitterness of such moments to a young and unsophisticated heart. She walked up and down the room, recalling all he had said—sifting her memory to discover if any harsh or unjustifiable word had escaped her. Perhaps she had been too abrupt! Perhaps she had forgotten the respect due to Mrs. O'Reardon! Harry—Master Harry surely would not suffer them to part that way without an exchange of blessings. She had still much to say to him, much to tell him, that he ought to beware of some of the company that had gathered round him lately; poor proud Irishmen! beneath even his own caste, yet willing to flatter him in their low way—and Harry loved flattery.

Oh! sure it was not in that fashion they were to part after all! And her love for him the talk of Liverpool; and it put in the papers—and all the likes o' that. It was too dark for her now to look up the street, yet she remained revolving and revolving until she felt her mistress's fingers resting on her shoulder; she had covered her face with her hands, and was weeping with the intensity of an ardent spirit nearly worn out by anxiety. There is a species of existing kindness between the high bred ladies of Ireland and their servants, which I have looked for in vain in any other country, particularly in England. In England, in fact, it could not be, for the servants tread so closely on the cast-off manners and habits of their mistresses, that, noticing them beyond the ordinary

routine of question and command, would destroy the family economy—they would encroach upon any other familiarity; but such is not the case, or rather was not the case, at the period I allude to—some eighteen years ago; there was then a feudal feeling mixed with a deep sentiment of veneration and respect, which prevented the possibility of a servant's stepping beyond the pale, however kindly he or she might be treated by their employers; nothing could make them forget the respect they owed them—they were, in fact, humble, devoted friends, true bondsmen of the affections—ready to serve and slave, and expecting little more than food and kindly words in return. It was with this species of attachment that Moyna Roden regarded her mistress, and her mistress, knowing her gentle affectionate nature, looked upon Moyna as a lowly but trustworthy friend. They had been almost children together, had gathered flowers from the same stem, had peeped together into the same bird's nest, had sung the same tunes, and the rector's daughter felt increased importance in her own eyes, when instructing so pretty and intelligent a girl as Moyna Roden.

Mrs. Dalrymple often declared that Moyna, if she had opportunities, would be a "*most elegant*" lady's maid, and Miss Dalrymple thought all along—(oh! if Mrs. O'Reardon had but known it!)—that Moyna was too good for Harry, and that, if she could but prevail upon a relative she had in London to take her into her house for a time, Moyna would, in addition to her many excellent qualities, add those accomplishments which, in the station she was calculated for, would insure her a perfect independence. These simple annals of a humble girl cannot interest any but those who are interested in the workings and feelings of *natural minds*; and such could not but regard Moyna struggling with her affection and her sense of right, as an object of deep interest.

"I know, Miss," she said, in reply to Miss Dalrymple's advice; "I know that it would be fitter for me to put him out of my head entirely; but I can't—that's the worst of it. I knew all along I was gathering misery for myself, but what did I care? the little good I did him took the sting out of my own sorrow; and now, if I thought he'd do well——"

"Do not talk about him," said Miss Dalrymple; "if it had not been for you, he might have starved; it was your affection and simplicity that interested the gentleman on his behalf—and when he called upon me, after my return, to inquire if your story was really true, he expressed his pleasure at being able to serve Harry, saying afterwards—'I am so delighted at the prospect of making her happy.' I tell you again, Moyna, he must be an ungrateful fellow, and a mean spirited, to suffer his old bigoted mother to insult you!"

"Ah! Ma'am, dear, sure it's only natural he should love his mother; the more, in regard of the age; and as to the bigotry, sure he doesn't see that. God forgive him as truly as I do! But he might have bid me good bye, he might have said——but no matter! Pride hardens the heart of man, and never was it broader nor deeper than in the heart of Harry O'Reardon!"

"I'll tell you what you shall do if you like, Moyna," said her kind friend; "sail in to-morrow's steam-packet for dear Ireland, and——"

"No, no," interrupted the poor girl, "I'll not go back to my own place to have the people thinking that Mrs. O'Reardon drove me home out of England."

"You would not remain here, I am sure, Moyna," persisted her friend, "after what has passed. You owe it to yourself not to see Harry again—Mrs. O'Reardon would only say that you waited about for her son."

Miss Dalrymple struck the right chord, and awoke Moyna's woman's pride: for she, too, was proud in the right way.

"True for ye, Miss, darling! I won't give her a chance of saying *that*, at any rate."

"Right, Moyna! Then I'll tell you what you shall do; you shall go off in the London coach to my cousin, Lady Ellesmere: she had agreed to receive you as an assistant to her own maid, who is to be married in six months; but I did not mention it before, because I thought O'Reardon valued you too much to give you up. Men, in general, appropriate to themselves whatever they think most valuable, but Harry has not acted on this principle! Your family, I know, will be delighted at your being with a grand family in London. Say you will go, Moyna?"

"And leave you for the cold strangers! Oh! it's very hard, entirely, upon me! But so best—so best! God is good, and may be my heart wants hardening. I'll not deny it, I'll do whatever you think best, my dear, kind lady—for, sure I am that the thought of the times gone by, when we were happy as children in the sweet meadows and parks of Linsmead, would hinder you from giving me a bad judgment of any sort or kind. I'll go, Miss," she added; "but you'll not hinder me from writing him a bit of a letter to tell him my mind—that's all, and say good-bye. I'll be easy if you let me do that, and I'll never ask to look on his bright face again! I'll show you the letter when it is done."

Miss Dalrymple gave her permission, and, before Moyna quitted Liverpool the next morning, she committed her farewell to the care of her excellent friend. "He can't but send to see something after me; and if he docsn't, why, still let him have it just for the sake of the *old friendship* I hear him."

"DEAR MASTER HARRY,—This comes to bid you good-bye, good-luck, and every blessin! We shall never meet again in this world—so I may tell you that I hope we may in the next, where there's no record kept of people's surnames, and nothing's looked to, except the good and the evil.

"Forgive me, Master Harry, for telling you to beware of many of your countrymen, that blarney you to your face, and want you to be the head and the charman at their meetings, and drink too much whiskey. My mistress's footman knows all about, and more's than good of, them; and how they bring their ignorant faction fights on the very quays of Liverpool—making themselves the talk of the proud English. Sure you're above that same; nevertheless, they might get round you, for flattery blinds many a wise man's eyes, and it's what they'll be wanting is to get whiskey and the like ashore, and expect you to help them! Take care, if you please, Master Harry, and don't let the temptation of showing you have the power to do it, make you do anything the law thinks wrong! Maybe the laws themselves are wrong; I don't know—but anyhow, even an O'Reardon can't change them. I ask your pardon a thousand times, Master Harry, for trusting my tongue with so much, but I could not help it, because I heard more than I care to tell—only to yourself, just for a warning.

"I pray the Almighty God to power down the heaven's own load of blessings on you, now and for ever. May you never find the world's dealings could, nor its fortunes too hot or too heavy! I forgive the heart-scalding you gave myself, not you, but your mother, and pray she may never feel the want of a smile nor a 'God save you kindly' in a strange country.

"And so remain, with all humbleness,

"Dear Master Harry,

"Your friend,

"MOYNA RODEN."

Miss Dalrymple herself gave this epistle into Harry's hand; and she could not help sympathising with his burst of sorrow, when, on the following morning, he found Moyna gone, gone beyond his recalling!

"She talked of my pride!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "She had a good share of her own, I'm thinking, or she would not have flown off at a moment like this."

"I do not know what you mean," replied Miss Dalrymple, calmly; "Moyna is earning her bread in the world as well as yourself; she has been the means of procuring you employment; you, nevertheless, suffer the absurdity of family pride to interfere between you—and she, God knows, gently enough, opposes pride to pride, the modest pride of an innocent woman, which is as taintless as her own purity, and which is all she has to protect her from insult. The good, of course, triumphs over the bad; she leaves you to yourself, and seeks, far from you, an honest livelihood. Inquire of your own heart, O'Reardon, and you will find that it is relieved by her absence."

"As God is my judge, Madam!" he exclaimed, fervently, "you do me wrong; I loved her dearly—love her still, and would marry her to-morrow in spite of all the family pride."

"It is too absurd," interrupted Miss Dalrymple, "to hear *you* talking of family pride. I can forgive your mother, whom I have known so many years, for cherishing the failing as well as the feeling of her youth. But *you*, a man, amongst men whose inheritance (and a glorious one it is for Englishmen!) is a clear head and industrious hands,—you, to yield to such phantasies! Why, you deserve a slave-whip to be rattled about your ears. A bushel of Irish pride is not worth a grain of English independence; it is the rust that destroys your metal. Believe me, Moyna and you are better apart; her mind is pliant,—yours, I fear, is hardened by prejudice."

Harry stood firm and erect during a reproof which he would not have borne from any other; but Miss Dalrymple was "of a good family," and his heart was softened by sorrow—two motives which kept him silent. "And you won't tell me where she is gone to!" he said at last, while placing the letter within his vest.

"Not at present," she replied; "keep your situation for twelve months, Harry, and if at the end of that time (when I am again in Liverpool) you have preserved an unspotted character——"

"I hope you're not afraid of my character, Ma'am," said Harry, very proudly.

"I fear your *firmness*, O'Reardon, and I dread that your want of English knowledge and English laws may get you into trouble; but," she added, smiling, "you have a talisman within your bosom, and if, in twelve months, you still think of Moyna, why——"

"God bless you! I forgive you all you have said, just for that one morsel of hope; God bless you, Miss Dalrymple, and don't fear for me!" interrupted Harry; and he left the room, eager to conceal his mingled feelings from the lady's observation.

Time passed on; nothing could exceed Mrs. O'Reardon's hatred of England and the English—how could she tolerate a country where potatoes were sold by the pound, and there was no respect paid to "good, ould families!" She was a complete bar to Harry's improvement; his room was no longer neat, as his English landlady had kept it: it was, to use an expressive Irish phrase, always "Rec-raw," and Mrs. O'Reardon herself was a source of perpetual amusement to those of her neighbourhood with whom she disdained to associate. Harry was proud and distant also, but his pride was dignified—hers, petulant and garrulous; she delighted in mortifying the English, and they were not slow at returning the compliment, so that Harry's home sojourn was anything but comfortable. His habitual veneration for his mother could not always restrain his temper, and, though his salary had been increased, it was insufficient, from bad management, to the supply of his wants, while married men supported their families respectably on considerably less; this he told his mother, whose invariable reply was, "that she could not let herself down to the low turns of the *éanc* spirited English, who sould potatoes by the pound, burnt the ends of their candles on bits o' tin, and never had a bit or a sup to give a friend when they came in unawares." This "coming in unawares" was a great evil: "the boys and girls from their ould place" were sure of the bit and the sup, and so were their cousins, and their cousins' friends, to whom Mrs. O'Reardon could abuse the English to her heart's content,—mingling her orations with an account of her son's *property*, (which, of course, she exaggerated,—wages she disdained to name,) and a display of "tea-chancy," gaudy with all the colours of the rainbow, so that they might give a grand account of their prosperity to their neighbours in Ireland; and she also hinted as to the time not being far distant when they would buy back their estate and make it flourish! These meetings threw her into a state of feverish excitement which she *called* happiness, but which left her more fractious than ever. After one of such scenes her son returned, and found her with her elbows on the table, the palms of her hands pressed against her cheeks, and tears streaming over her fingers.

"Your mother will be the first of the O'Reardons who ever turned *natural*," she said, in an apologizing tone; "but I could not help it, Harry."

"Help what, mother?"

Their window overlooked a small square, and Mrs. O'Reardon pointed to a group of children who had brought a quantity of hawthorn boughs covered with its fragrant blossoms into the court—they were poor town-bred things, delighted with their treasure, and were building a sort of bower against the dingy walls. "The smell and the light of the flowers came over me," said the old woman, "like a dream, and I thought of our lost home, and green island, and my heart softened! But shut the window, I'll look on it no more." There are times and seasons with us all—when nature will have her way.

Harry was in a dangerous situation, and Moyna's warning had its reason. At that time glass, whiskey, and various other things imported

from Ireland were liable to a duty, and the temptation to smuggling was not always to be restrained.

"Mrs. O'Reardon, Ma'am," said one of the old dame's cater-cousins, "there's a brother o' my sister's husband's coming over in the packet, and, maybe he'd have, poor boy, two or three gallons of whiskey, (and sure there's a bottle o' the best for yerself, Ma'am.) and a trifle o' glass. As Mister Harry's in the office, sure *he'll just not see it*, and then he'll not have to confess a lie the next time he goes to the priest's kneec."

"My son is very particular," replied his mother, gravely, "you know it's not his own, Ma'am."

"Oh! Mrs. O'Reardon, to oblige a neighbour, Ma'am, and after my sending word home of the fine place he had, and all the packet-captains under his thumb, Ma'am! What will the neighbours think if they find my sister's husband's brother stopped for a thrifle of whiskey and two or three bits o' glass, and *he* in it, think o' that!"

"Why, there's no harm in life in such a thing!" said Mrs. O'Reardon, her towering pride roused at the idea of what the neighbours would say. "There can be no harm," she continued; "those English laws are fit for nothing in the world."

"But to broke, Ma'am," chimed in her companion, "nothing else, sure enough, true for you, and in troth! if Mister Harry refused me such a trifle I'd think it very hard of him, so I would, and quite unnatural after his winking at Barney O'Brien's keg, which passed ashore in a bag of wool."

"And pray, ma'am, who informed you of that?" inquired Mrs. O'Reardon.

"I'm not going to turn informer, and tell you my informer, Ma'am," replied the cunning crone, "I'm above such mauness, and I wonder at you, so I do, to even the likes of it to me. No blame to him to do a turn for the blood of the O'Brien's, and my blessing on him for it; but blood's stronger nor water, and sure I'm a cousin by his father's side, any way, and no mistake; and though I'm not as grand, maybe I'm as good as any O'Brien. Sure it's the talk of the men all over Liverpool, the confidence the gentlemen belonging to the packets have in Mister Harry, and never think of overlooking him in any way."

"The very reason," replied Mrs. O'Reardon, "why they should not be deceived."

"See that, now!" retorted the crone, "the idea I had myself, Mister Harry wouldn't desave mortail! He's as honest as the sun."

"Yet see what you wanted him to do for your people."

"Crass a christia! And you call that desaving his employers. Oh! Mrs. O'Reardon, Ma'am, I thought you war wiser than that, I never thought you *war soft* before, ma'am; sure *that's* nothing to his employers. What better 'ud they be of a drop o' whiskey or a bit of glass? Sure it's not into *their* stomachs, or on their table it would go; but to the king—the king that never did good to Ireland, barring the bit of a hullabaloo he riz, the time he'd a' gone there, or any where else, just to get shut * of his wife—one of the popularity plays the English genteels get up to chate the people. The devil give him good of my sister's husband's brother's little sup of whiskey, it shall all go to help clear the

* "Shut," rid.

dirty Mersey afore he gets it: but no matter—if Mister Harty will not do the genteel turn, I know one that will, and that has tin times his power. There's some people mighty fond of boasting—I'm sure if I'd ha' thought it would be the least inconvenience in life to him, I wouldn't have evened it to you! Maybe the poor fellow hasn't a firm grip of his place, and it's loath I'd be he should lose it for me or mine; many a man's hog these boastful times isn't worth more than a teaster*. Good morning to you, Mrs. O'Reardon." The cunning woman gathered her shawl over her flapping shoulders, and was hustling out of the room when Mrs. O'Reardon called her back; the taunt against idle boasting had taken effect—the hint of Harry not being firm in his place had told—the allusion made to the power possessed by others, as being superior to that possessed by her son; all these together operated on Mrs. O'Reardon's pride, and in an evil hour she promised her unworthy gossip that she would really prevail on Harry to perpetrate an illegal act.

The son at first stoutly refused his mother's request; he would have nothing to do with it; it was illegal; and he persisted in his refusal. "To think," exclaimed his mother, "that a child of mine should ever give in to them English laws. Oh! the times—the times when the word of an O'Reardon was a law, when they could make laws and break laws without so much as with your leave or *by* your leave."

Harry smiled.

"Ay, grin, do," persisted the mother, "you're not the same boy I nursed on my knee; the heart within you is turned by them English, and you're turning mean, so you are!"

"Mean!" he repeated. How?"

"Mean and cowardly—cowardly to be afraid to do a good turn for a friend."

"He is no friend of mine," replied Harry, "I never laid eyes on the man in my life!"

"What has that to do with it? Sure he's the friend, to say nothing of the relation, of my friend; but never heed, she's a bad tongued woman, and she knows of the easy turn you did for that unfortunate O'Brien!"

"My God!" exclaimed poor Harry, "and I swore *that* should be the last—and you know, mother, that *was* out of nothing but charity. Well, now, how things get wind!"

"Well, it can't be helped, only she'll be writing home and *bellowing* about the place, and letting on that there's no power in you, and that the good fortune talked about is all a flam. I could put up with their saying you're changed, and the likes o' that; but to say, as she will, that there's neither power in your arm, nor trust in your heart—it's too bad, so it is, to have them cock crowing over you, as they will, certainly; them that thought themselves under your feet, and all because you won't help a poor boy to a turn that takes nothing out of a body's pocket, and yet might put a stray English thirteen into his. She'll send it all over Liverpool on a swallow's wing about that O'Brien's little keg. I wouldn't gainsay but what she'd get a bit of a letter wrote to the heads of the ships, saying you did it just out of spite."

Alas! Poor Harry saw and felt, what all transgressors must acknowledge, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*." He yielded to the temptation,

Harry \ * Many a shilling is not worth more than sixpence.
reason. A

so powerfully seconded by his pride ; he could not support the idea of being supposed not to possess power, and so consoled himself with a determination that he would not *again* offend. How his heart smote him when he overheard one of the principals in his office say—"Send O'Reardon down to the Shannon, we can depend on him."

Within two hours after these words of confidence on the part of his employer, Harry O'Reardon was again on the stream.

"Go," said the gentleman, when the smuggling was discovered ; "I will not proclaim your breach of trust, but you can expect no character from me !"

Harry was too proud to explain or expostulate ; but when he entered his room his mother saw the stern agony of despair painted on his countenance—for the first time in her life she trembled at the presence of her son. "Had Moyna been here !" he exclaimed, after a long and rigid silence, that was a thousand times more eloquent than words, "Had Moyna been here, this would not have happened."

Bitterly did she reproach herself, bitterly curse the English "that had no heart in them."

"Not so," replied O'Reardon, "kind and generous and trusting were they to me. I betrayed their trust, I deserve to suffer ; curse our pride, mother, not them ; curse the empty pride of the O'Reardons ! You will hardly take pride now, mother, in a banned and blighted name ; I was cursed as I left the yard—I / and by the scum of my own country ; the words ring in my ears. 'Falkland,' said my employer to his head clerk, 'there are three Irishmen still in the office ; pay each of them a month's wages, and let them seek elsewhere ; no Patlander ever withstood whiskey yet.' 'Sir,' said I, trying to speak, 'it was not love of whiskey caused me to sin, it was pride—family pride.' 'Pride !' he repeated, with a scornful laugh, 'oh ! yes, that is very likely. I was deceived in you once, O'Reardon, but will not be so again ; one who will deceive in act, will lie with the lip ;—pride, indeed !' And then the discharged men, as I think, out of the yard, cursed me ! Oh ! If Moyna had been here, this would not have been."

I have said the love that outlives *adversity* is love indeed. Ought I not to have said, 'the love that outlives *prosperity* is love indeed ?' "

When Harry's salary was increased, when he had, in his humble way, friends to flatter and cajole him, he did not wish half as earnestly for poor Moyna as when he found himself deserted and blighted, thrown again upon the world. What availed his spirit—his presence of mind—his activity—the determination formed when he was leaving home to conquer difficulties, and elevate himself to a respectable station in a foreign land ? He was now worse off than ever—his pride was wounded, deeply wounded, and he knew not how it could be healed. He looked round upon his two rooms, and calculated that the sale of their contents would not a great deal more than pay his debts, (for when was an Irishman out of debt ?) and then he looked where his mother sat, rocking herself backwards and forwards on a low chair, the very picture of helpless despair ; and again he thought of Moyna, of her clear head, her cheerful smile, her affectionate heart, and again he wished that she had not left him. At last he threw himself on the bed, and fell asleep ; and it was touching to see the old woman draw near his couch and cover

him tenderly—and then sit weeping by his side, stifling her sobs, and wringing her withered hands in silence.

With the first light of day she stole to the house of his employer, and, seating herself on the steps, waited until the servants got up; so that when Harry awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and his mother was not there. He felt that he had much to do, and hastily set about performing the painful task he had allotted to himself.

Mrs. O'Reardon waited till the church clocks struck seven, and then she knocked at the door. After a little delay the reply was, that their master was not well; would not get up to breakfast, nor be down stairs till ten o'clock. The footman added the gratuitous intimation, "that master, from *somat* that happened yesterday, had forbid them letting any *Hirish* into the house."

The widow's pride boiled within her, but she kept it down, and waited till the clocks struck ten—when again she appealed for entrance: fortunately for her, one of the gentleman's daughters was in the hall, and, interested by her appearance, permitted her to come in, and even presented her to her father. The feelings of the mother overcame the pride of the woman, and, falling on her knees at his feet, she appealed to his generosity in the wild and eloquent phraseology of her country.

"In our own Ireland, Sir," she said, "we had, at one time, at least a quarter of the country—that is, our ancestors had; and, as was natural, the pride descended upon us, though the property did not; and my boy had his share; and if your honour will observe, it was natural he should wish to seem respectable here in England amongst his countrymen, and it was I who begged him to get that whiskey ashore, for the sake of a neighbour."

"My good woman, if it had been his first offence, I could have overlooked it; and I really do not understand how smuggling was to render him respectable."

"That, Sir, is because you're English," she replied. "With us it's a credit, not a crime; and oh! Sir, sure if the Almighty judge of all things was to turn us out of Heaven, when we get there, for a third or fourth offence, it's hard we'd think Him! I'll own my son was in the fault; but I'm an ould woman, and for the sake of the mother who nursed you on her knee, and whose heart beat for you till her dying day—take pity, and show marcy. It was I put him up to it, that my gossip might think he had power to sarve his countrymen; it was to oblage his foolish, wicked, proud ould mother he did it all. Take pity, Sir,—show marcy, as you hope for it; if you forgive him, it'll just rivet him into the sort of faithfulness you want. If you think I'm any detriment to him, as it was I gave him the bad advice—though he's dearer to my eyes than the light of heaven, and nearer my heart than the life blood that runs through it—look! I'll swear upon that book, or all the books that ever war shut or opened, never to see his blessed face again. Put the punishment on *me* that deserves it,—and, sure that punishment would be had enough for murder, never to see my darling boy, the image of his father, never to see him again; but sure anything would be better than watch him as I did last night, his heart crushed in his breast, and the sighs coming thick and heavy, like a winter's blast, from his lips; an' he sleeping the fearful sleep, whose drames are worse than

danger or death. Have mercy! Oh! Sir, you don't understand the heat that's in the blood of an O'Reardon. He'll be like a young oak struck with the lightning—green in the morning, and black before noon. Have mercy! Though that mercy be to banish me from my ould heart's home."

"Enough! Enough!" said the gentleman, while his daughter hung weeping on his arm; "get up at once, I will arrange it all for him. I felt assured he was drawn into it; but he must not remain in Liverpool, it would be a bad example, and this smuggling is carried on to such an extent that it must be overcome; but I have a brother settled at New York;—one of my own ships sails in a fortnight—let him try his fortune in the new world; and, bear this in mind, he must leave his pride, as you call it, in the old."

A deadly pallor overspread the widow's face, and she clasped her hands, as if in blessing, but the struggle between pride and duty had been too much for her aged frame. She fainted on the fair girl's arm, who was helping her to rise.

When she recovered, the gentleman was gone, but the young lady's words were indeed a cordial. "Look up, good woman; my father says you shall go with your son to America, for he is sure you have seen the folly of a pride, which, believe me, none of us can understand."

A feeling of pity at her ignorance *did* come athwart the widow's mind, but it was quickly overcome by warm and fervent gratitude. Mrs. O'Reardon quitted the merchant's door a self-satisfied and self-approving woman; her step had regained its firmness. America is the land of promise to the Irish, and she had already built huge castles in the air, which the O'Reardon's of future generations were to inhabit; she thought the English gentleman deserved to be an Irish one; and as to the young lady, why, she thought she would have been worthy to be Harry's wife if she had not been a heretic. She thought—she knew not what, until she arrived at her own room door, and there she saw—not Harry, but two strange men taking down the bedstead; she trembled violently from head to foot.

"Where is my son?" she inquired, in a faltering voice.

"That's more than we can say, Missus," replied one, "but he left this here bit of a parcel for you."

The wretched mother could, and did read the note, which enveloped a sum of money.

"MOTHER,—God bless you! Don't take on so; I suppose it's the will of God. I can never rise my head in Liverpool again, nor indeed, I think, any where else, but, certainly not here; I have sold whatever I had in the world, and paid my debts. Here is enough to take you home, where you have enough to keep you; if I do well, you will hear from me; if not, why, pray for me, mother. Oh! the folly, to say no worse of it, of doing a thing in secret that one's ashamed to be known, of doing a thing behind the sun's back, that his face will make plain. They say my employer will be sure to come round,—he's so good; and an Englishman would wait for that, and get rid of his fault; but I can't, the pride won't let me. • Mother, dear, I bless you for ever.

"Your affectionate son till death,

"HARRY O'REARDON."

Twilight was over the city, and still Mrs. O'Reardon sat on the only piece of furniture left in that dreary room—her own square box ; she sat on its oaken lid, her bony fingers grasping the open letter, upon which her hollow eyes were fixed, though she could not then distinguish either word or sign.

The landlady pitied her, but Mrs. O'Reardon's pride made her almost afraid to show that pity, which was rough and sincere ; nevertheless she offered her many courtesies which would not have disgraced more gentle breeding ; but the bereaved mother heeded nothing. Her eyes still rested on the paper, and her features were blue and ghastly, as the features of a corpse. At last the kindly woman thought of an expedient to rouse her from her fearful torpidity ; she brought in a neighbour's dog which Harry had been very fond of, and the little animal bounded to her side, and licked her cheek ; suddenly the flood-gates of her soul were opened, she caught the dog to her bosom, and burst into tears.

TO THE WOOD ANEMONE IN A DAY OF CLOUDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

WHY art thou sad like me,
Blush-cheek'd Anemone ?
Say, did the fragrant night-breeze rudely kiss
Thy drooping forehead fair,
And press thy dewy hair,
With amorous touch, embracing all amiss ?
And, therefore, floweret incek,
Glow on thy vexed cheek
Hues, less to shame, than angry scorn, allied,
Yet lovely, as the bloom
Of evening, on the tomb
Of one who injured lived, and slander'd died ?
Or didst thou fondly meet
His soft lip Hybla-sweet ?
And, therefore, doth the cold and loveless cloud
Thy wanton kissing chide ?
And, therefore, wouldst thou hide
Thy burning blush, thy cheek so sweetly bow'd ?
Or while the daisy slept,
Say, hast thou waked and wept,
Because thy lord, the lord of love and light,
Hath left thy pensive smile ?
What western charms beguile
The fire-hair'd youth, forth from whose eyelids bright
Are cast o'er night's deep sky,
Her gems that flame on high !
That husband, whose warm glance thy soul revere,
No floweret of the west
Detains on harlot breast ;
The envious cloud withholds him from thy tears.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.*

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

THAT which tends more than anything else to augment the power of the executive is, corruption, which is openly avowed, tolerated, and practised to an extent that would astonish Sir Robert Walpole or William Pitt, could they have a glance at things as they now are. On a change of administration in England, no persons are removed from office on account of their principles, except those who are in the immediate confidence of the Cabinet; but on the election of Andrew Jackson he turned out all, or pretty nearly all who voted against him, in the treasury, revenue, post-office departments, &c., and distributed their places amongst his own party, according to their zeal or his favour. I mean that he did so as it became practicable, for of course the change could not be made at once, without stopping the public business; but it was done so effectually, that none but Jacksonmen now hold the humblest employment in the service of the public. The King of England possesses legally the same power, but he could no more dare to exercise it, than he could commit the House of Commons to Bridewell; the press would not allow it—public opinion could not endure it; but in the United States, it is defended by all except a few of the unsuccessful placemen, and is called enjoying the spoils of victory! Not only all in office, but all expectants, approve of the system, and naturally enlist themselves under the banners of the established power, or “hail the rising sun.” And yet these people are so ignorant, or so absurd, as to speak of the slavery of the English, and the tyranny of crowned heads, and to exult in their mob domination!

I have now before me an address to Amos Kendall, the first favourite of the President, on his promotion to the office of Postmaster-General, got up by the clerks in the Fourth Auditor's Office, which clerks could not dare, even through the medium of the ballot, to vote in opposition to their master; I have never heard of one risking the experiment. The following is a part of the address:—“Affable and polite to those with whom you had daily intercourse, you examined their claims carefully—and where a sense of duty compelled you to suspend or to reject any part—few, very few, ever went away dissatisfied. It was your good fortune, in most cases, to overcome prejudices which had been engendered against you by misrepresentation and ignorance; and those who came with unfavourable views of your conduct went away convinced that you were anxiously disposed to do them all the justice which could be expected from a correct public officer.”

To this the official returned a reply, of which the following is a portion:—“To the slanders of the profligate and misinformed, of which you speak, I have long since become measurably indifferent. You, gentlemen, of whom I have never exacted the slightest political service, and to whom I have never uttered a word with a view to influence your political opinions or acts, can bear witness how little probable it is that I would prostitute any public station to party or other improper purposes. If I have lived down these imputations within the narrow sphere of one office, I shall put them down, if I have opportunity, upon the broader theatre of another. While I shall ever express and maintain, with ardour and firmness, my own political opinions and principles, as a right which no patriot would surrender for office, and no honest man would fail to exercise, I will never permit myself, nor suffer those under my control, if I know and can prevent it, to bring the power of office to operate upon elections, otherwise than by an impartial, rigid, and punctilious discharge of its duties.”

* Concluded from page 341.

The "Commercial Advertiser" observes:—"What commentary shall we make upon professions like these from such a man, with the facts before the nation as to the course he has pursued, and the equally well-known reason why he has been brought into the post-office department?"

As a glossary on this, I will give an extract of a letter from the celebrated David Crockett, in the "Downing Gazette," dated Tennessee, April 20th, 1835. "I have heard much complaint made by President Jackson against the United States Bank for meddling in elections. I was at a post-office a few days ago in my district, and I saw a number of packages in the office bearing the frank of Andrew Jackson on them, and I inquired what they contained, and was answered they were Mr. Benton's speech on the expunging resolution of the senate of the last session. I suppose his object is either to electioneer against Judge Whyte or myself. I do think when it has come to this, that the President of the United States will come down from his high station to franking of documents for the purpose of electioneering; I do believe it ought to be exposed and made known to every American citizen. Let the world know what we are coming to in these glorious days of retrenchment and reform."

● The fact is, that there is very little downright honesty and candour amongst public men or political writers in this republic: nevertheless, truth may be discovered, but only by persons on the spot, who know where to seek for it, and recognize it when found. He must be a novice indeed to whom the information is new, that the Post-office department is a great engine of electioneering in the hands of the President--circulating corruption into the remotest extremities. This fact is strongly corroborated by the negligence and indifference with which its real duties are fulfilled, such as would not be tolerated for a week by any Monarch in Europe, despotic or limited. I do not mean that it is a particularly unsafe conveyance, for it would never be worth while to screen a robber for the sake of his vote: but I mean to say that postmasters and clerks are very much in the habit of fulfilling their duties as they themselves understand them, and taking the responsibility. Complaints are constantly issuing from the opposition press throughout the United States of their unnecessary delays, withholding parcels, and intercepting papers: and it is quite ludicrous to see the government publications at some distance from head-quarters, venturing to express some tender remonstrances. I have often known newspapers to come to hand three months after their date of publication--perhaps a basketful at a time--for which rubbish the subscriber had the postage to pay; and for these gluts of antiquated news he has to endure long fasts, with the occasional loss of the most interesting publication.

Prince Metternich or the King of Prussia must find it their interest to place in office those who are fit for their duties, and to compel them to fulfil them, for they have no favours to exact in lieu of indulgence; and the King of England may do the same, as he is not elective, and his minister dare not tamper with the rights of the people; but the President of the United States is the creature of democracy and office-holders, and whatever bold front he may display to foreign foes, he must respect and foster domestic corruption. This is a system which, without a radical change, cannot mend, unless excess should work a cure by a rough process; like an imposthume which, being overcharged with unsoundness, bursts or is lanced. There is now no naval or military hero, after Jackson, to excite the enthusiasm of the multitude, nor prospect of a war to create any; so that eloquent and able men, generally lawyers, must become the most prominent statesmen. This is all very well; but unfortunately there will be so many, with interests and qualifications so nearly balanced--rival candidates, rival states, and rival parties--that every accessible means will be used, and will be necessary, in order to acquire a preponderance. And whoever is once elected acquires such an increase of strength by his patronage as will, if he can let off a few clap-traps to the commonalty, ensure him a re-election, and a

strong probability of naming his successor; for who can oppose such a phalanx in its very citadel, with a chance of success?

The present candidates for the presidency are Daniel Webster, who, with Henry Clay, occupies the very front rank of orators and statesmen; and I believe him to be so far honest and wise, that the republic could suffer no detriment from his sway, as far as depended on himself. But he has little chance of success, which I do not regret, as I should be sorry to see so great a man pandering to the base passions of the multitude, and modelling to his service all the offices of the nation. Judge Whyte, the next candidate, is a man of excellent character, moderation, and sufficient abilities. He is brought forward by the Whigs, though himself a Tory, in order that he may divide the strength of that party; or because, if elected, he would be after all but half a democrat. The other candidate is Martin Van Buren, the present Vice-President, whose strength lies in the influence of the executive, and the popularity of the President with the democrats—for he has none of his own; though I never could discover any good grounds for his being so low in their favour, except it may be that he has not courted them. He annoyed them not a little by his courtesy and good feeling towards England, when he was envoy there, four or five years ago; with the Whigs, he is of course identified with the measures of Jackson.

All public functionaries in the several states are elected by the people, except the judges, auctioneers, bank directors, and perhaps a few more, who are appointed by the legislatures. Sheriffs, magistrates, aldermen, mayors, collectors, &c., are annually balloted for; and with all this bustle and agitation, I firmly believe that the Grand Signor or the Pope could not make a more indifferent selection. Individuals are chosen not as being likely to do credit to the appointment, but because they court popularity, are always before the public as candidates, or are supported by the strongest state or local faction. One principle which must be always attended to, is to support the person or the party who supports you—votes are given under pledges to be returned—and men often oppose their nearest relative, and the best qualified, to be true to their party and their pledges. I have known a professional man elected to an office who was avowedly incapable of performing the duties of it, while there were several candidates well qualified; and when I asked an influential man why he contributed to the appointment of a person so notoriously incompetent? his reply was, "Oh! never mind that; you see he was the only man on our side that we could get in; and if we had not put him forward, the other party would have got in their man." A King or a Viceroy, or the individual with whom I spoke, would have appointed a person capable of performing the public service. Functionaries, too, run little risk of being questioned or blamed, the people are indulgent masters to those whom they have chosen.

From what I have written, my readers have probably come to a conclusion that I have been describing an ill-governed country, and undoubtedly such has been my expectation: yet they are free from many abuses to which we have been grievously subject, and from which we are still far from being exempt. My purpose has been, to show to my countrymen the evils of democracy—those of an oligarchy they have been long familiar with; and to caution them, that, in avoiding the one extreme, they rush not heedlessly into the other. I write for no party, I uphold no system; I have stated facts, and offered my own opinions without favour or malice; and if undisguised truths should offend, as I believe they generally do, let those who cannot bear their light endeavour to extinguish them—the more they stir the fire of truth, the brighter it will burn.

In the several states the laws are various, and often bad; in some of them a man who can give security for the costs can, by forms of law, keep a creditor out of the most obviously just debt for about eighteen months; and with respect to the criminal laws, they are too often so administered, that, as I have heard Americans say, "The big fish escape, the little ones are

caught." A great ruffian, with a mob at his back, triumphs—an obscure, petty-fogging villain is executed. The laws of a state are unavailable to an individual—he avenges himself; and if he be a sneaking fellow who admits his guilt, he is taken at his word; but if he be a daring or plausible ruffian, who excites his friends and defies his enemies, he may remain unmolested, unless he should judge it more prudent to retire. But these delinquents are sometimes caught, when their offences outrage the feelings of the violent, or have been levelled against the popular. Were the laws fearlessly and impartially executed, acts of violence would rapidly diminish; but so long as the people are stronger than the police, and prefer keeping the laws in their own hands, or under their own direction—while the police are their creatures and conditors, such a consummation is not to be expected. From these remarks, I of course exempt the ancient and populous cities in a considerable degree, where more powerful mobs are requisite to bear the laws, as has lately appeared in Boston and Baltimore; but take a population of a million, in any part of the southern states, and I am satisfied that more murders are perpetrated within that population, than in the whole of the British dominions in Europe.

• I believe I have shown that anarchy, corruption, and their follower, despotism, are not diminishing, but perhaps increasing in the United States; nor can I perceive any power or safety-valve to check their progress. The senate and the supreme court are intended for that purpose, but they can do little, for the populace are unquestionably the ultimate tribunal. When the senate issued a protest, justly in my opinion, against an act of the executive, they were schooled by the President and denounced by his party, and are gradually undergoing a process by filling vacancies, to render them more obedient to their masters.

Unlimited suffrage is the bane of America, which, though it has not yet perpetrated its utmost evils, is tending towards them, but may tediously drag along its poisonous course, because the tyranny of a mob never reaches its highest mark till want of employment and want of bread give leisure and desperation. In such a state, unless poverty should destroy independence, the probable course would be despotism, tyranny, revolution, anarchy, and reform. But I do not pretend to a gift of prophecy, for we cannot judge by any other government, ancient or modern, how such a novel and complicated machinery shall continue to work—whether it will get out of order, go to pieces, or be remodelled. While Europeans divide their time between their own business, and domestic and social enjoyments, leaving but a remnant for politics, the democrats of America devote theirs to a constant exertion to improve their fortune, and to increase the strength of their party—hasty and impatient in their meals, in their family intercourse, and in their convivial pleasures. Meetings, committees, and delegations are in ceaseless operation, whilst every coffee-house, grog-shop, or store, nightly supply arenas for disputation—the friendly quid alone seems to promote silence and repose.

Still, with all these evils, they have cheap government, they have no sinecurists, pensioners, or useless drones; no wealthy and powerful endowments to provide for the younger sons of senators and legislators; no families, basking for centuries on rotten boroughs, and wondering that the excluded do not venerate the system. No proud priest sufficiently privileged to insult the faith of another, whilst his own pomp and temporary power insult the precepts and example of the Founder of Christianity, and clog and impede the movements of the Constitution. The best machinery will acquire antiquated rust and venerable cobwebs, which should not be spared, whatever spiders may say. They are justly and proportionably taxed, and not by a scale favouring the wealthy. A property-tax is the only equitable tax, and that they have got; while their customs' duties are light, and do not exclude the industrious from luxuries. Why should the nobleman with 100,000*l.* a-year pay no more duty on a pound of tea, or a bottle of wine, than the man of 50*l.* a-year? Such taxes should be light, because

they are chiefly paid by the middle classes ; a property-tax alone can reach the aristocracy.

There is no aristocracy in America at all similar to that of England ; but that part of the population so miscalled, consists of the bankers, merchants, manufacturers, professional men, and all who aim at refinement or gentility. They hold no peculiar privileges nor power except their individual votes, which, as they are generally in the minority, are seldom of use ; and while mechanics, Irish labourers, &c., shout and bully, threaten and harangue at elections, they quietly enter the polling-house, deposit their votes in the ballot-box, and retire. That portion of them which holds office, or is desirous of obtaining it, mixes with the vulgar, affects their habits and manners, rush into the main current of politics, and are called good democrats, republicans, and Jacksonmen. The others are abused and denounced as a bloated and corrupt aristocracy, thirsting for power. Their real faults in the eyes of the multitude probably are, that they do not join them in their taste for governing, and that their opposition to Jackson shows that they scorn to follow in the train of a demagogue.

This party in America, it will be perceived, agrees exactly with the middle class in England, which has lately obtained a share in the power of the aristocracy. Let us imagine, if it be not treason, the whole of that aristocracy, consisting of the nobility and of the high patrician families, swept from the face of the earth—annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and the ballot established ; that the mob select a favourite, whom they would permit to administer the Constitution* as he understood it, and appeal to them—outvote, envy, and hate the middle class—let us imagine this, and we have a parallel with America. Let us further imagine a manufacturer opposing, by his solitary and peaceable vote, the despotism of the sovereign in vetoing public measures which have passed both the lords and the commons, which measures particularly concern him, such as re-chartering the Bank of England, or opening the trade to China ; and let us suppose the 500 men in the employ of this manufacturer—who had no interest in the question except through their employer—voting the contrary way ; cheering the executive for removing the legislators opposed to their idol, and denouncing their own master for an aristocrat, who would exercise a little power if he could, who supports a corrupt press—that is, takes in a newspaper favourable to such aristocrats as Joseph Hume, Mr. Attwood, or Mr. Grote : and we still must conceive even greater democratic tyranny than this, before we can understand the internal working of republicanism in America. Such a system we know could not long exist in England ; nor could it in America, but for the ease and prosperity of the working classes, and the certainty of employment.

But what an immense distance are we from such a state of things ! The lowest and most numerous portion of the population holding no power whatever, at one extreme—a few hundred privileged families, till lately, yielding the whole power of the empire, at the other—and the entire mass of the middle class in the centre, extending from the verge of pauperism to that small but still powerful oligarchy, fenced in by prescriptive rights, and corrupted by prescriptive advantages ; no feelings in common with the mass from which they extract their nourishment and support : and resembling the wild ivy, which clings to the live oak, displaying splendid festoons and variety of colours, but impeding his growth, and binding, whilst they embellish, his mighty arms. How absurd, then, is it to compare the still powerful oligarchy of England with the helpless and prostrate, though personally the most respectable party of the Americans—or the English commons with the blind and reckless democrats of America !

We know what democracies have been in all ages—turbulent, headstrong, and shortlived ; despotism has always abounded on the earth, and oligarchy has possessed sufficient opportunities of displaying its tyranny and selfishness. How is it that a powerful middle class has never yet existed ? In

France it possesses some power, though not sufficient to contend with despotism under Napoleon, or with democracy under Robespierre; but England at present exhibits the nearest approach to it, that has ever yet sprung up in the various shiftings of power. The reason is, that there never have been middle classes, except in a few trading communities, where they have been permitted to administer their own affairs, till crushed by foreign power; but the astonishing trade and manufacture of England have raised a mass of wealth and intelligence, too strong to be crushed by internal or external foes, so long as they are true to themselves. They are too numerous to have peculiar interests to corrupt them—too well off to desire anarchy or desperate changes—and too enlightened not to understand their own interests, which are blended and ramified through the whole fabric of society: and, for my part, they are the power in which I repose the greatest confidence, after which, I confide in a hereditary and well-instructed sovereign; and I trust that the union of such a head, with such a structure, will acquire sufficient strength and soundness to endure as long as the harbours, mines, and fertile plains of Britain.

To those persons who may think of emigrating I would offer, at parting, my candid opinion: if they belong to the lowest class in the British islands they raise both their circumstances and their enjoyments; if to the middle class, they may improve their circumstances, but will probably find their enjoyments diminished; the first class have nothing to do with the question. Mechanics and labourers, especially from Ireland, where wages are at the lowest, would do well to set out as soon as they can muster money to defray the expenses of the transit; if they should not find immediate employment when they land, they have only to push forward,—abundance of food and clothing, whisky and tobacco, wait on labour everywhere; what the refined would call privations will be to them luxuries; and should the climate, or over-indulgence occasionally produce disease, it is the fate of man everywhere, and is, at all events, preferable to the illness produced by starvation. They can discharge their employers as they tire of them, and change their legislators annually if they choose, and, should they lose their political importance, and be rated as aristocrats, they may console themselves with the consciousness of having attained sufficient wealth and refinement to distinguish them from the common herd of democrats.

The middle class I would, in general, advise to remain at home if they can live and support their families, or, if attached to kindred and soil, to endure many privations—but not absolute want—rather than tempt the seas, and wander into remote and uncivilized forests, where they will be at once buried to old friends and neighbours, without acquiring new. But if they have young families, in whose welfare all their desires and anxieties are centered, once settled in America all their uneasiness on that score will vanish; the children will reap the benefit of their wanderings, and find their country where the parents found banishment. If they be persons of refined and fastidious habits, and be obliged to emigrate, I feel for them; but should they have the power of choosing, when such do emigrate, they will do best to get into rising and prosperous settlements, and devote themselves to teaching, or some intellectual occupation; or, perhaps, to become accountants, and, in time, transact business on their own accounts; if they conduct themselves in a courteous, unassuming manner, they will run little risk of being insulted—if females, none,—and, though they can hardly escape wrongs and injuries, they will be sure to find persons disposed to do them service. With industry and prudence they need not fear pecuniary privations; but they may calculate on wants which no wealth could supply,—the social intercourse of congenial minds, and the respectful assiduity of servants. The best gentlemanly subject for emigration, in my opinion, is a young man, enterprising and qualified for business, disposed to encounter climates, labour and privations, during the vigour of his days, in pursuit of fortune; and this is hardly so much as every naval and military man has to

undergo in colonial settlements with less inducements. If he be desirous of making quick work, at all risk, let him go to the cotton States of America, Texas, or Mexico; and when he has enough to satisfy his desires, he will return and enjoy it in the social pursuits, and amongst the friends of his youth, unless that, in the mean time, he has formed other ties, and has acquired other tastes and views.

I sailed from New Orleans in June, 1835, to return to that hive from whence so many swarms issue, and which I thought I had left for ever, nearly four years before. With the ocean breeze, reviving health and cheering prospects, I felt assured that my sand was yet by no means expended; that I might still be received into the bosom of my mother-country, bask under the sunshine of the arts, and renew all the habits, and some of the friendships of former days.

Even while confined in my floating prison, I felt, with satisfaction, that a ship was not the land of liberty and equality, consequently I enjoyed all the confidence and security of which the elements could not deprive me.

We remained for two days becalmed south of Tortugas, about the 21st of June, so that we had a vertical sun at noon. The heat was almost intolerable; the thermometer standing at 93° in the round-house, not a breath of air stirring, and having no awning, a bit of shade was the scarcest article imaginable. Our own shadows depended on the extent of our hat brims; the masts when perpendicular pointed at the sun, and the sails flapping against them sent us their shadows edgeways, which the swell of the sea rendered exceedingly erratic. We sounded and found bottom with 40 fathoms line, and in drawing up the lead, it was followed from the depths by an immense multitude of fish of various sizes and degrees, whose curiosity had apparently been excited by the strange visitation: so we perceive that even fish run gaping after novelties. They were evidently a well-fed community, for even the sharks, of which we saw several, declined our treacherous hospitality.

Our Captain, a New Englander,—I believe all American skippers are Yankees,—was a quiet, well-tempered man, who used the smallest possible quantity of curses in ordering his crew. He was quite at home in a gale of wind, and had a mortal antipathy to a calm: on those occasions, he was to be found for hours leaning against the bulwark, his looks directed to the quarter from which he wanted a wind to come, and occasionally muttering,—“Oh! blow, my bonny breeze, do blow!” Whether he had any confidence in the incantation I know not, but sailors are the most superstitious of mortals; and faith may raise the wind, as well as move mountains, in which case it would naturally, when we would, do both at once. However, speculations apart, the wind did come one night; and though its approach was seen, and preparation was made by taking in studding sails, and royals, and reefing, yet we had four or five sails carried away in as many minutes, and the ship so much on her beam-ends, that she would not obey the rudder, but wheeled round and round till she righted. About midnight, whilst all the crew were aloft on the yards, except the helmsman, I saw, from the round-house, the captain, in his attempt to run to the leeward, laid prostrate on his back, and slide to his post like a loose slate on the roof of a house; and though an active seaman, he had considerable difficulty in scrambling up to the windward again.

We frequently sailed ten knots an hour, and sometimes made 220 miles a day. When off Holyhead, we found ourselves in company with about fifty sail, of which four were Americans, and before we had got half way to Liverpool, these four led the squadron. It seems to me that the English do not build a single trading vessel that can sail with an American. But a truce to America, adieu to the Atlantic, for yonder stands the smoke-capped emporium of commerce.

THREE SONNETS TO THE AUTHOR OF "ION."

BY LEIGH HUNT.

I.

I could not come—to shed a man's rare tears
 With those who honour'd, and who lov'd, thy play ;
 My heart said " yes," but my poor health said " nay,"
 Sharp-pain'd of side, and weak with household fears :
 Yet I was with thee,—saw thine high compeers,
 Wordsworth and Landor,—saw the pil'd array,
 The many-visag'd heart, looking one way,
 Come to drink beauteous truth at eyes and ears.

Now, said I to myself, the scenes arise ;
 Now comes the sweet of name,* whom great love renders
 From love itself ; now, now he gives the skies
 The heart *they* gave (sweet thought 'gainst bitter wonders !)
 And ever and aye, hands, strong with tear-thrill'd eyes,
 Snapping the silence, burst in crashing thunders.

II.

Yes, I beheld the old accustom'd sight,
 Pit, boxes, galleries ; I was at " the play ;"
 I saw uprise the stage's strange floor-day,
 And music tuning as in tune's despit ;
 Childhood I saw, glad-faced, that squeezeeth tight
 One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away,
 And beauty and age, and all that piled array—
 Thousands of souls drawn to one wise delight.

A noble spectacle !—Noble in mirth—
 Nobler in sacred fellowship of tears !
 I've often thought what sight we have on earth,
 Worthy the faucying of our fellow spheres ;
 And this is one—whole hosts in love with worth,
 Judging the shapes of their own hopes and fears.

III.

Fine age is ours, and marvellous—setting free
 Hopes that were bending into grey despairs,
 Winnowing iron like chaff, outspeeding the airs,
 Conquering with smoky flag the winds at sea,
 Flinging with thunderous wheels immeasurably,
 Knowledge, like daily light : so that man stares
 Planet-struck with his work-day world, nor dares
 Repeat the old babble of what " shall never be."

A great, good age !—Greatest and best in this,—
 That it strikes dumb the old anti-creeds, which parted
 Man from the child—prosperity from the bliss
 Of faith in good—and toil of wealth unthwarted
 From leisure crown'd with bay, such as thine is,
 Talfourd ! a lawyer prosperous and young-hearted.

* *Ion* signifies a violet.

THE BRIDE OF LINDORF.

BY L. E. L.

MIDNIGHT is a wonderful thing in a vast city—and midnight was upon Vienna. The shops were closed, the windows darkened, and the streets deserted—strange that where so much of life was gathered together there could be such deep repose; yet nothing equals the stillness of a great town at night. Perhaps it is the contrast afforded by memory that makes this appear yet more profound. In the lone valley, and in the green forest, there is quiet even at noon—quiet, at least, broken by sounds belonging alike to day and night. The singing of the bee and the bird, or the voice of the herdsman carolling some old song of the hills—these may be hushed; but there is still the rustle of the leaves, the wind murmuring in the long grass, and the low perpetual whisper of the pine. But in the town—the brick and mortar have no voices of their own. Nature is silent—her soft, sweet harmonies are hushed in the great human tumult—man, and man only, is heard. Through many hours of the twenty-four, the ocean of existence rolls on with a sound like thunder—a thousand voices speak at once. The wheels pass and re-pass over the stones—music, laughter, anger, the words of courtesy and of business, mingle together—the history of a day is the history of all time. The annals of life but repeat themselves. Vain hopes, vainer fears, feverish pleasure, passionate sorrow, crime, despair, and death—these make up the eternal records of Time's dark chronicle. But this hurried life has its pauses—once in the twenty-four come a few hours of rest and silence.

Vienna was now still as the grave, whose darkness hung over a few lamps swung dimly to and fro, and a few dark shadows—which the crimes of men make needful. The weary watchers of the night paced with slow and noiseless steps the gloomy streets. God knows that many of those hushed and darkened houses might have many a scene of waking care within—many a pillow might be but a place of unrest for the aching head—still the outward seeming of all was repose.

One house, and one only, obeyed not the general law. It was a magnificent hotel in the largest square, and was obviously the scene of a splendid fête. Light and music streamed from the windows, the courtyard was filled with equipages, and a noisy crowd—part servants, part spectators—thronged the gates. Within, all was pomp and gaiety. The Countess von Hermanstadt was unrivalled in her fêtes. She knew how to give them—a knowledge very few possess. The generality labour under the delusion, that when they have lighted and filled their rooms, they have done their all. They never were more in error. Lighting is much—crowding is much also—but there lacks “something more exquisite still.” This something the countess possessed in its perfection. Any can assemble a crowd, but few can make it mingle. But Madame von Hermanstadt had a skill which a diplomatist might have studied. She saw—she heard everything; she knew who would and who would not understand each other; she caught at a glance the

best position for one lady's velvets, and for the diamonds of another; she never interrupted those who were engaged—she never neglected those who were not; she took care that great people should be amused, and little people astonished. Moreover, she had an object in whatever she did—hence the incentive of interest was added to the pride of art.

The ball of to-night was given in honour of Pauline von Lindorf, her niece, who had just left the convent of St. Therese;—her education, as it is called, completed—that education which is but begun. How many cares—how much sorrow will it take to give the stern and bitter education of actual life! Pauline had just finished a waltz, having pleaded fatigue sooner than might have been expected from a foot so light—a form so fairy-like. She wore a robe of white satin, trimmed with swansdown; large pearls looped back the folds, and a band of diamonds scarcely restrained the bright hair that fell over her neck and shoulders in a thousand natural ringlets. It was of that rare rich golden so seldom seen—almost transparent, like rain with the sunbeams shining through it. At the first glance, that slight and graceful girl—with the rose on her cheek a little flushed by exercise, her glittering curls falling round her, golden as those of Hope—might have seemed the very ideal of youth and pleasure;—so much for the first glance, and how few go beyond! But whoso had looked closer would have seen that the soft red on the cheek was feverish; and there was that tremulous motion of the lip which bespeaks a heart ill at ease. At first she was looking down, and the long shadow of the curled eyelash rested on the rounded cheek; but there was something in the expression of the eyes, when raised, that caught even the most careless passer-by. They were large—unusually large—and of that violet blue which so rarely outlasts the age of childhood, while they wore that wild and melancholy look whose shadows have a character of fate;—they are omens of the heart.

It was growing late, and a furtive gaze of the young baroness wandered more and more frequent round the rooms, and each time sought the ground with a deeper shade of disappointment. The Countess von Hermanstadt observed the look, and her own haughty brow curved with a scarcely perceptible frown. It was smoothed away instantly; and passing with a bland smile through the assembled groups, she left the ball-room.

The upper part of the magnificent house was in darkness, but in one window burned a still and lonely lamp. It lighted a small chamber sufficiently removed from the scene of the festival to be quite undisturbed by its tumult, though a distant sound of music floated in, ever and anon, at the open window. The chamber was panelled with old carved oak, and the arches thus formed were filled with books. Books, too, of all sizes, were piled on the ground, and papers and writing materials covered a table in the middle. There were also some pictures: a sombre landscape of Salvator Rosa—just a desolate rock, grey and barren, standing out amid old dark trees, where many a branch was bare with the lightning's fiery visitings. Beneath them stood a single figure—pale, bearded, with long black hair that had not yet lost the motion of the wind. He looked what he was—an outlaw; the blood which he had shed, yet warm upon his hand, and his foot yet quivering with its flight for life or death. Near this was a dark, grave portrait by Valasquez: one of those faces whereon time has written the lesson of the prophet king—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Others were

scattered round, but all more or less of a sombre character, and marking the taste of their possessor. He was a young man of some twenty-two years of age. The richness of part of his costume ill suited the apparently studious recluse; but the task of dressing had been hastily suspended. He had flung a loose robe of sables around him, and leaned back in a large arm-chair, thinking of anything but the festival for which he had begun to prepare. His eye sometimes dwelt on an old history of chivalry, whose silver clasps lay open before him—sometimes on the last sparks of the fire that was dying away on the hearth, but oftener on a copy of a well known Italian picture, the portrait of Beatrice Cenci.

“Yes,” said he, half aloud, “a few links bring all life before us: here is adventure—excitement—the toil and the triumph of the body. I wish I had been born in those stirring times—life spent half on horseback, half at the banquet board—when you had but to look round the tournament, fix on the brightest smile, and then win your lady with your sword. Action—action in the sunshine—passion—but little feeling, and less thought: such was meant to be our existence. But we refine—we sadden and we subdue—we call up the hidden and evil spirits of the inner world—we wake from their dark repose those who will madden us. The heart is like the wood on yonder flickering hearth: green and fresh, haunted by a thousand sweet odours, bathed in the warm air, and gladdened by the summer sunshine—so grew it at first upon its native soil. But nature submitteth to art, and man has appointed for it another destiny: it is gathered, and cast into the fire. It seems, then, as if its life had but just begun. A new spirit has crept into the kindled veins—a brilliant light dances around it—it is bright—it is beautiful—and it is consumed! What remains?—A warmth on the atmosphere soon passing away, and a heap of blackened ashes! What more will remain of the heart?”

At this moment a burst of sudden flame sprang up from the mouldering embers, and fell with singular effect on the wan and lovely likeness of Beatrice Cenci. “Why does that face haunt me?” exclaimed the youth. “Why, when others younger and brighter are near, does it glide between them and me like a shadow? I remember finding it as a child in the old deserted gallery. I loved it then, I know not why—save that it brought to my memory a face I fancy watched my sleep when I was a little child. I recollect a large, dark room—a bed whose gloomy curtains were drawn aside—and some one bent over me and kissed me. I put my arms around her neck, and went to sleep, for I had been afraid. She came every night then; but my memory is faint and confused—I can recall nothing more. How beautiful is that picture, with its clear, colourless cheek—with the imperial brow, and the large black eyes filled with melancholy tenderness! Holy Madonna, what a destiny was hers!—A childhood whose sweetest affections were crushed! I can fancy the little pale trembler crouching beneath her angry father’s fierce eyes; and at last, as if those soft eyes grew desperate gazing on their slain, who shall say what madness of despair led to the fearful crime—avenging one yet more fearful? Why do I keep it here? It makes me sad—too sad!” And he turned aside, and leant his head upon his hand.

Ernest, for such was the young student’s name, was singularly hand-

some; but it was the heart and the mind that gave their own nameless charm. The heart sent the flushed crimson to the cheek—the mind lighted up the clear white forehead, around which darkened the blackest hair: that deep black hair whose comparisons are all so gloomy, the poet likens it to midnight—to the shadow of the grave—to the tempest—to the raven's wing. Brought from the south, our cold climes just serve to dash the passionate temperament which it indicates with the despondency and the reverie of our sad and misty skies. All women would have called him interesting—the woman who loved him would have called him beautiful. Had the word fascinating never been used before, it would have been invented for him. Like all of his susceptible organization, Ernest was very variable: sometimes the life of society, with every second word an epigram; at others, grave and absorbed—no stimulus, no flattery, could rouse him to animation. His intimate, his very few intimate friends, said that nothing could exceed his eloquence in graver converse: carried away by his feelings, how could he help being eloquent? He was made of all nature's most dangerous ingredients: he thought deeply—he felt acutely; and for such this world has neither resting-place nor contentment.

The door of Ernest's chamber suddenly opened, and its threshold was crossed by a step that certainly had never crossed it before. Stately and slow, as usual, the Countess von Hermanstadt just raised her robe with an air of utter disdain, as she swept by the heavy folios that lay scattered on the ground.

"What! not dressed yet, Ernest?—Certainly the Count von Hermanstadt is well employed, sitting there like a moonstruck dreamer. Pray, am I to have the distinguished honour of a poet or a painter, or,"—added she, pointing sneeringly to a volume of planetary signs that lay open at her feet—"or even an astrologer, as my son?"

Ernest coloured, and rose hastily from his seat. "I do so hate," said he, "those crowds where no one cares for the other; where"—

"No one," interrupted the Countess, "can be so great a simpleton as yourself. Who, in a crowd or elsewhere, will care about one whom they never see? What friends will you ever make in this little, miserable room? The Archduke Charles has twice inquired after you. I managed as well as I could; but I really have something else to do to-night than just to make excuses for you."

"Ah! my mother, you cannot think how unfitted I am for the mock gaiety of to-night. Let me stay where I am."

"Nonsense!—Why, there has been your pretty cousin waiting, till I forbade it, to dance with you. I left her waltzing with Prince Louis."

"The less need of me."

"Nay, my dear child!" said his mother, in those caressing tones she well knew how to assume, "think what a slight it will be to our guests if you do not appear; and so many old friends of our house among them. I want assistance. Come, Ernest, would you be the only son in Vienna who would refuse his mother the slight favour of appearing at a ball which is given to introduce him to old friends, whom she at least loves and values?"

Ernest rose hastily and silently from his seat. "I will be there almost as soon as yourself," exclaimed he; and indeed the Countess had scarcely resumed her place at the upper end of the room, before she saw

her son enter, and noted with delight, hidden under an air of proud humility, his graceful and high-born bearing. "He is odd, reserved, and studious," thought she; "but I shall make something of him yet."

But one eye, and one ear, was yet quicker than her own. Pauline was the first to see her cousin enter. She hastily turned aside, and began to be very much interested in some Bengal roses that stood beside; but her sigh was as soft, and almost as low, as their own, and her blush was still richer and deeper. Ernest came up and asked her to dance. Her eyes were downcast, and he thought she took his arm coldly; but more than one bystander remarked how different was the animation with which the young Baroness von Lindorf waltzed with her cousin, to that with which she had danced with the handsome Prince Louis.

At length the ball ended, as all balls do—having given some delight, more discontent, and also several colds; but it had answered the Countess's purpose. All Vienna talked of the approaching marriage of the beautiful heiress with Count von Hermanstadt. Many of her young friends ventured on a little gentle raillery. Pauline blushed, smiled, sighed, and denied the charge, but was believed by none. The time soon came for her return to the Castle of Lindorf; but little of her life had been passed there. She had left it, when quite a child, for the convent, and of late she had spent much time with her aunt. Her father, a silent and reserved man, but doatingly fond of his child, came often to see her; and though Pauline could recollect nothing of the affectionate confidence which so often exists between father and daughter when left alone in the world, yet she was full of gratitude and tenderness. With the quick instinct of a loving heart, she saw that she was the Baron's first and only object—that her happiness, and even her girlish pleasures, were his constant care. There was something in his unbroken sadness, his habits of seclusion, and his gloomy deportment, that excited her youthful imagination, and gave a depth of anxious devotion to her filial attachment.

The paramount desire of the Baron appeared to be, that she should not find her home dull on returning to it. At his request the Countess von Hermanstadt had collected together a gay young party, and the old castle was for some weeks to be a scene of perpetual festival. Pauline went thither accompanied by her aunt and cousin. She at least found the journey delightful. Ernest, taken away from his books, animated by the fresh air and the rapid travelling, undisturbed by the presence of strangers, and anxious to please, now that he had no fear of either ridicule or coldness, was in high spirits. He drew their attention to every spot haunted by an association, and told its history as those tell who are steeped to the lip in poetry—rich in imagery, abounding in anecdote, he flung around all of which he spoke his own warm and fanciful feeling. Pauline fixed upon him her large blue eyes, where tenderness struggled with delight; while in the interest excited by his various details, she forgot the sweet and inward consciousness that would have fixed her eyes on the ground, or anywhere rather than on her cousin's face. The Countess was delighted to see everything going on so prosperously, and already began to plan wedding fêtes.

Night had fallen ere they approached the castle, the first view of which was singularly striking. The party had gradually sunk into silence, the road for miles had wound through a dense forest, with no

other light than that flung over the road by the lamps of the carriage, and the torches which the out-riders carried before them, forming strange and fantastic outlines. The red light played over the drooping boughs of the forest trees; the flickering rays only illumined the outside, and all beyond was impenetrable obscurity: from the depths of that thick darkness came forth wild sighs and sounds; the mournful murmur of the pine leaves, the creaking of the branches as they swayed heavily in the wind; these, mingled with the hoarse cry of the night-birds. Sometimes disturbed from his gloomy perch, the dusk wings of the owl flapped across the road, and his hooting disturbed the sad low music of the night; it was neither time nor place for gay converse: the whole party felt the subduing influence, and leant back in deep thought. Suddenly they cleared the wood, and the carriage paused for a moment, that they might catch the first view of the castle of Lindorf; visible for miles around,—there it stood in the centre of a vast plain, on the summit of a high hill, with not a single rise to intercept, or a single object to distract the view. It rose in bold relief against the deep blue sky, with the large round moon shining directly behind it;—even at that distance you could mark the square towers and the indented battlements, while the mass of the building itself seemed immense. The sky, of that intense purple which marks a slight frost, was covered with floating clouds, and on the further edge, sheltered in their shadow, were scattered a few pale stars; but the broadway of heaven was flooded by moonlight; no longer shut out by the thick forest,—her rays silvered whatever they touched, and the long grass of the plain looked like undulating water, so thickly did the crisped dew lie upon it, and so clearly did the moonshine glitter through the frosted moisture. Ernest gazed upon the dark and distant castle with an emotion for which he could not himself have accounted; he remembered it not—and yet it seemed strangely familiar. The moonlight clothed it like a garment, and the old towers shone like silver; but even while they gazed, the brightness was departing.—One mass of vapour flowed in after another like the dark tide coming in upon the shore; a black ridge rose above the castle; it darkened—it widened—its edges grew luminous as they approached the moon: gradually half her disk was hidden by them. “Is it an omen?” asked Ernest of his own thoughts. Even as he asked the question, the black cloud swept over the moon, and entire darkness covered the whole scene. “Drive on,” cried Ernest, impatiently; and the horses set off at full gallop, but even the exhilaration of rapid motion failed to drive away the weight that had fallen upon his heart. He could not divest himself of the idea that the castle was in some way connected with his destiny,—and that such destiny was ill-fated. When at length they arrived, and drove slowly up the steep ascent as the old gate creaked on its hinges to receive them, and they alighted in the hall of black carved oak, he felt a cold shudder come over him. Again he asked himself—“Is it an omen?” and the voice of his inward spirit answered “Yes!”

A fortnight passed away, and one fête succeeded to another. At first Pauline clung to her cousin's side,—she wandered with him in the antique gardens, and would leave the dancers to gaze with him from the terrace which overlooked the vast plain below. Gradually she gave more and more into the pleasures around her; and the mornings were devoted

to her young companions, and the evening saw her the gayest, as well as the loveliest of the assembled circle. This was a relief to Ernest—it left him more at liberty to indulge his own solitary pursuits, and to feed on the visionary melancholy, which was half thought—and half feeling. He was wrong, however, in the conclusion that he drew from the change in his cousin; he merely supposed that she was attracted by the amusements so natural to her age; he knew not that even that fair young brow had already learnt the bitter task of dissembling. He knew not that often did that bright young head lay down in weariness and sorrow on a pillow wet with frequent tears. Love only rightly interprets love. Pauline saw that her cousin had only for her the calm and gentle tenderness of a brother;—they had been brought up together, and there was nothing in the pretty and playful child, that had grown up beside him, to excite his imagination. But she—she loved him with all that poetry which is only to be found in a woman's first affection; it is the early colour that the rose-bud opens to the south wind,—the warmth that morning breathes upon a cloud whose blush reddens, but returns not. Pure, shy, sensitive, tender, and unreal; it is the most ethereal, yet most lasting feeling life can know. The influence of a woman's first love is felt on her whole after-existence: never can she dream such dream again. For a woman there is no second-love: youth, hope, belief, are all given to her first attachment; if unrequited, the heart becomes its own Prometheus, creative, ideal, but with the vulture preying upon it for ever.—If deceived, the whole poetry of life is gone; the very essence of poetry is belief, and how can she, whose sweet eager credulity has once learnt the bitter truth—that its reliance was in vain, how can she ever believe again?

Pauline learnt to know Ernest's heart by her own, and she felt the difference. Night after night she left the ball-room in all the false flutter of that excitement whose fever destroys the heart which it animates. Not once in her own room, the colour left her cheek, and the light, her eyes; she flung herself down, with a burst of tears, long and painfully repressed, while she thought that Ernest had not entered the hall throughout the evening. He, in the meanwhile, saw her seemingly happy and amused—and gave more and more into his pursuits; he would spend days in the old forest adjoining, till the midnight stars shone through the darkling branches like the eyes of a spirit, awakening all that was most ethereal in his nature. Hours too were past on the winding and lovely river—lost in those vague but impassioned reveries which fade, and for ever, amid the sterner realities of life. The dreaming boyhood prepares for adventurous man; we first fancy, then feel, and, at last, act and think. He delighted too in rambling through the ancient castle—filled with the memory of other days: not a face in the picture gallery but he conjured up its history, and he loved to assign to each some one of the various chambers for the site of their adventures. Many of the rooms the left wing were all but deserted,—and one afternoon, while wandering carelessly along, he found his way into a chamber that had apparently not been opened for years; he was struck with the beauty of some richly wrought oak panels. While leaning against one of them he chanced to touch a hidden spring; the panel flew open—and discovered a narrow flight of winding stairs. To kindle a phosphorous match,

to light a small wax taper, was the work of a moment; and he began to descend the staircase:—childishly eager to discover something—he did not much care what, so long as it was a discovery. It wound to a much greater distance than he had supposed, and, at last, ended at a sort of low arch—the door of which was heavily barred inside. With great difficulty he succeeded in unfastening it; at last it yielded to his efforts, and he opened it. It opened inwards—and even then, though he perceived the open air, he could scarcely make his way through the matted ivy, and the thickly grown shrubs that extended beyond. The moment he arrived beyond their shade he found himself in a portion of the castle grounds which he had never seen before; it was a lovely little garden of small extent, girdled in by lofty walls and tall trees—but a fairy land in miniature as far as it extended. The hues of autumn were now upon the boughs—but the evergreens shone with untiring verdure; and various late flowers appeared in that gorgeous colouring which belongs to the last season of earth's fertility. He wound through a narrow path of green and purple,—for the carefully trained grapes hung in arches overhead, with fruit as rich as those of the eastern garden discovered by Aladdin. Ernest was enchanted with his discovery, and hurried on, when his attention was caught by the sound of singing; it was a female voice of the most touching sweetness. The words were inarticulate, but the air, an old German melody, was exquisitely marked. Ernest followed whither the voice led—he paused amid some laurel trees, and a scene like a picture presented itself to his astonished gaze; it was a bright open grass plot—a very rendezvous for every stray sunbeam,—and in the middle glittered and danced a little fountain which threw up its silvery jets in the air, and then fell over large shells, stones, and rugged pieces of granite, which formed a sort of basin; a number of creeping plants were around it, and one or two lilies grew as if carved in ivory. Seated on one of the huge stones scattered around—singing a low sweet air, or rather humming it, for the words were inaudible, was a female figure. Ernest could see only a very pretty back—an exquisitely shaped head bending forward, and a profusion of black hair hanging down in plaits—the ends somewhat fancifully fastened with a scarlet flower.

Ernest felt that he was an intruder, but he did—as all other young men would have done—remain rooted to the spot. He knew the melody that she was singing to the music of the plashing fountain; he had not heard it for years, but now it came freshly back to his memory haunted with a thousand vague fancies: suddenly the low sweet singing ceased; the maiden rose hastily from her seat, and, turning round, showed the exact likeness of his favourite picture—the Beatrice Cenci. There was not the peculiar head-gear,—for the hair was simply parted back; but everything else was exact in resemblance. There was the same low white forehead, the same black arched eyebrow, the same Grecian outline of face, the same small and scornful lip. She looked towards him, and there were the same large, dark, and melancholy eyes. Surprise made Ernest both speechless and motionless—not so the lovely stranger; she bounded towards him with something between the spring of the startled fawn, and the confidence of an eager child.

“I knew some one would come at last to free me from my weary

captivity," exclaimed she, in one of those thrilling voices which have a magic beyond even their music; "you are not a prisoner too?" asked she, seeing the bewildered expression of Ernest's countenance.

"A prisoner! No," said he, too much astonished to know what he was saying, and taking one of the small and delicate hands which were extended so imploringly towards him.

"You will save me—help me, will you not?" asked the girl; "they have kept me here many years, and I long to go into the beautiful world that lies beyond these high walls. I sometimes wish I were a bird, and then I would spread my wings on the free air, and fly away, and be so happy. But you will take me with you, will you not?" whispered she, looking up in his face with the sweet and impatient look of a pleading child. "You look very kind—I may trust you, may I not?"

"With my life I will answer to that trust," cried young Hermanstadt; "but who are you,—who keeps you here?"

"My uncle, the Baron von Lindorf," muttered she, in a low frightened voice. "They tell me that there is a castle, and vassals, and gold, that should be mine, and that is why he keeps me here. He is very cruel!"

"Good God!" cried Ernest, "come this moment with me—and in his usurped place—before his own guests—I will force him to do you right."

"No, no," replied the captive, her lip whitening, and the pupils of her large eyes dilating with sudden terror. "No, let us fly,—you do not know how cruel he is, and how strong. Let us only get beyond these high walls. How did you get in?"

"I found by chance a long, concealed passage."

"And you can come again? Ah! now I shall not mind being a prisoner. You will come and talk to me—and not tell me to be quiet, like old Clotilde, or frown upon me like Heinrich?"

"You shall not stay here—come with me this moment. I will protect you from them all!"

"No," replied the captive, "not now; you do not know my uncle's power—he would kill us both; we must escape without his knowing it. Do you think you can manage it in a few days?"

"Certainly! but the sooner the better."

"What is your name?" interrupted the prisoner.

"Ernest von Hermanstadt."

"They call me Minna. I used to have another name, but it is so long ago that I have forgotten it; I have grown so much since I was here. I could not reach those flowers when I came here first;—my pretty flowers, and my singing fountain—I shall be sorry to leave you! You never scold Minna; but it is a brave world yonder—you will take me into it, Ernest?" asked she; and again those sweet eyes were raised beseechingly to his.

"Come with me now—I will pledge my life for your safety!"

"No, come to-morrow—can you—without being seen? To-morrow morning, when those clouds are reddening, and the waters of the fountain are rosy with their shadows? I always come here then, I love the fresh air of the morning."

At this moment a shrill voice in the distance was heard calling—"Minna, Minna." Ernest would have pressed forward, when the maiden caught his arm, trembling from head to foot. "Go, go," whispered she, then, clasping her little hands with an air of passionate entreaty, she

added:—"I expect you to-morrow at sunrise;" and before he could answer, she had darted away. Once she looked back, but it was to wave her hand in token that he should depart. Ernest lingered for a moment, and then hurried back to the hidden passage; he carefully effaced all traces of his progress—and drew the ivy after him when he entered the arched door, that he barred; and then hurriedly sought his own chamber, which he left no more that night. This was an act of too frequent occurrence, on his part, to excite the least surprise; and the supposed student was left undisturbed,—for, for him there was as little study as rest. That sweet face floated before his eyes, that low melodious voice haunted his ear—and the name of Minna lingered upon his lip. "Now," thought he, "I understand the cause of my uncle's gloom and abstraction; no marvel that he has no heart for gaiety with such a crime pressing upon it. I faintly remember hearing that his brother had fallen in some campaign that they fought together;—doubtless, with his last breath he commended his orphan girl to one bound by blood to protect her. How has that dying trust been violated; how has that child been oppressed! Made a prisoner—debarred all the social enjoyments of her age—deprived of rank and birthright, immured in solitude and ignorance. Great God! can such cruelty exist among the creatures thou hast made? but retribution, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty. Poor Pauline! how will her gentle and affectionate nature be grieved to hear this thing of the father she idolises; it must be kept from her. Wealth, what a subtle tempter thou art! Even my uncle—the man I deemed so noble, so generous, so full of high feeling, and knightly qualities; even he has for thy sake played traitor to the dead, and broken every sacred tie of duty and of affection! I will think no more of it." This resolve was easily executed; for the image of Minna excluded every other thought. Her beauty, her grace, her childishness had captivated Ernest's imagination; fate, too, had set her stamp upon the fiery passion to which he utterly abandoned himself. "How strangely," murmured he to himself, as, thrown in the deep window-seat, he gazed out upon the silent night—"are the links knitted together, which time unravels! The picture my boyhood discovered, and which so haunted my youth, has it not now fulfilled its mission? The chance likeness has led to the predestined result. I feel it,—Minna has been predestined to be my bride. Fate, in filling my heart with her face, from the earliest years kept it free from all those passing fancies which would have detracted from the intense devotion of my present love. How wonderfully have we met! Minna—sweet Minna, life owes you much happiness; will it not be my delicious task to pay the debt?"

The night passed in one long, but happy reverie; and the light sleep into which Ernest fell at last was soon broken by the anxiety, which visited even his dreams, to catch the first crimson break of morning. He started from his bed—and the dark clouds in the east were beginning to redden; he hurried to the deserted suite of rooms—down the winding staircase, and in a few moments found himself again in the little garden. Cautiously he entered the vine-covered alley, and paused for a moment amid the thick shelter of the laurels; with a glance he drank in the beauty of the scene; the feeling of the painter and the poet—and Ernest had the imagination of both overpowered, during an instant, the feeling of the lover. Huge bodies of vapour—a storm in each—

were hurrying over a sky, dashed alike with the hues of the tempest and the morning; some of the vapours were of inky blackness, others spread like a scroll of royal purple; some undulated with the light struggling through, others were of transparent whiteness; but those upon the east were of a deep crimson—and the round, red sun had just mounted above an enormous old cedar. Red hues were cast upon everything; even the lilies blushed, and the waters of the little fountain were like melted rubies: on the same stone which she had occupied the previous day sat Minna, but her head was now turned towards the spot where she had last seen Ernest. A movement amid the boughs caught her quick ear; she started from her seat upon the granite, and Ernest was at her feet. Shy, silent, with her long eyelashes drooping upon her flushed cheek; there was a sweet consciousness about her—even more fascinating than her yesterday's childish confidence. Ernest led her to her place, and knelt beside her; he had no words but those of love; he had a thousand plans for the future ready on his tongue; he could only speak of the present. "Yes, Minna; may I not call you so, though I am jealous of the very air bearing away the music of that name? I have loved you for years: not a feature in that beautiful face but has been long graven in my soul. I will show you your picture, sweet one, when you come home with me. Will you come to my home?"

And the maiden smiled and said, "I shall be so happy."

But the words of lovers are a language apart; their melody is a fairy song departing with the one haunted hour; to repeat it is to make it commonplace—cold, yet we can all remember it. Enough, that everything was planned for flight. The following morning they were to meet again; and Minna was only to return to the castle of Lindorf as the bride of Ernest von Hernanstadt. None there could question his right to protect her. The clouds gathered overhead; a vast vapour like a shroud, but black as night, came sweeping over the sky; a fierce wind shook the branches of the mighty cedar, and the slighter shrubs were bowed to the very earth; a hollow sound came from among the boughs, and a few large drops of rain disturbed the fountain, whose waters were dark as if the sunshine had never rested there.

"You must go, sweet one; this is no weather for that slight form. To-morrow, at sunset—"

"Why cannot I give you this?" exclaimed Minna, holding up one of the tresses with its scarlet flower.

"You must," cried Ernest, kissing the plait of the black hair, which was soft and glossy as the neck of the raven.

"I have nothing," said she, sadly, "that I can cut it with."

Ernest took from his pocket a little Turkish dagger—and with that Minna severed the glossy tress.

"I must go now," said she, "they will seek me if I stay out in the rain."

Ernest pressed her tenderly to his heart, and they parted. He caught the last wave of the flowers in her hair—the last sound of her fairy foot, and turned mournfully away. All that day he was occupied in preparations for his departure; he rode over to the castle of Krainberg which belonged to a fellow student, whom he found on the point of departure. The young Baron, delighted with the romance, of which however he understood little more than that his grave and quiet friend was

actually engaged in an elopement—agreed to remain to witness the marriage. He was also to have his chapel prepared, a priest in readiness, and then to leave his castle as a temporary residence for the bride and bridegroom. His mother had left Lindorf—or he would have trusted his secret with her, and intreated her counterpane. In his own mind, Ernest was not sorry that her absence rendered this impossible; he liked the excitement, the strangeness, the adventure of his present plan, and his mother's calm and worldly temper would have interposed a thousand delays, and have arranged everything in the most proper and commonplace manner.

He was early at their rendezvous, the fountain, but early as he was, Minna was there before him; she approached him in a hurried and agitated manner, her slight frame trembling with emotion, her large eyes glancing from side to side like those of the frightened deer—and he could feel every pulse beating in the little feverish hand, which he kissed.

"Let us go at once," whispered she, "they will soon come to seek me." Ernest needed no urging to speed; he led, or almost carried her, down the vine alley, and they reached the dark portal without molestation. Minna drew back, terrified at the gloomy passage—but Ernest's caresses reassured her, and she ran up the winding stairs; in a short time they reached the little chamber, which was his study, and that gained, they were in comparative safety. Here they waited a short time, partly to give the lovely fugitive time to compose herself—partly, that it might be dusk before they attempted to leave the castle: that, however, was matter of no difficulty. A staircase led direct from Ernest's chamber to the garden—and he had the key of a small wicket which led to the woods around; once there, and escape was certain. Minna sat down in the old oak chair, which was Ernest's usual place. With what delight did he contemplate her charming figure bending over the table, and examining his favourite volumes with a curiosity which even fear and timidity could not quite dispel! what a delicious augury did the enthusiastic young student draw from her apparent interest! How many happy hours would they pass together over those very volumes! but there was little time even for the most delightful anticipations of the future. The dinner hour of the castle had now arrived—and every creature in it was busily engaged. Now then was the time to leave it. Carefully wrapping up his precious charge in his cloak, he led her to the little gate, where his servant was in waiting. Placing her before him, he sprang up on his horse, a strong and stately black steed, and a few moments more saw them galloping rapidly along the road that led to Arnheim castle. They needed to make all possible haste, for the storm, which had been gathering all day, now threatened to burst over their heads:—their way lay through a thick wood—and the elements had already commenced their strife. The creaking of the huge pine branches, mixed with the hurried sweeping of the leaves, of which a dry shower every now and then whirled from the earth—from the gathered heaps of autumn, or came down in hundreds from overhead. The birds, disturbed from their usual rest, flew around, beating the air with their troubled wings, and uttering shrill cries; the thunder rolled along in the distance, and a few large drops of rain fell heavily upon the ground; there was an unnatural heat in the air, and gleams of phosphoric light streamed along the burthened sky. But Ernest heeded not the storm; he only feared for the sweet

burthen that rested so trustingly in his arms—he only drank the perfumed breath of the warm lips so near his own; he only felt the beating of the heart, now and henceforth to be pillowed on his own; he only heard the low murmur of a voice which now and then whispered his name—as if that name were to her all of love and safety. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed; the sparks flew from its hoof. He cut his way through the fresh wind, and felt as if the excitement of the impassioned moment were cheaply purchased, though his life were its ransom. They reached the castle of Krainberg before the storm burst forth in all its fury. The master was in waiting to receive them, and Ernest felt all a lover's pride as he marked the astonishment and admiration with which Von Krainberg gazed on the beautiful stranger. They led her at once to the chapel; Ernest grudged himself the pleasure of even seeing her till he had a right to gaze upon her—till every look was at once homage and protection; he was impatient, in her strange and isolated situation, to call her his own—his wife. A close, damp air struck upon them as they entered the chapel; it had long been out of use, and the hastily lighted tapers burnt dim in the sepulchral atmosphere. The mouldering banners were stirred by the high wind, and the breathing was oppressed by the dust; many tombs were around, and the white effigies seemed like reluctant witnesses glaring upon the hopes of humanity, with cold and stony eyes. A monk, bowed with extreme age, pale, emaciated, and his white head tremulous with palsy, stood beside the altar—and his long, thin fingers trembled beneath the weight of the sacred volume. He began the ceremony, and his low, tremulous voice could scarcely be heard through the moaning of the wind amid the tombs. The ground beneath their feet was hollow, and sent forth a hollow echo;—the graves below had once been filled with the dead, and now only a little dust remained in their vacant places: they had perished as it were a second time. There was a mournful contrast between the place of the bridal and the bride; there she stood in that radiant loveliness, which is heaven's rarest gift to earth. Her dress was of the simplest white, gathered at the waist by a belt of her own embroidery—ornament she had none. The daughter of the noble house of Von Lindorf wedded the heir of the as noble house of Von Hermanstadt, dressed as simply as a peasant. Her black hair hung down in its long plaits, like serpents—the scarlet flower at each end; a bright colour flushed her cheek, and her eyes seemed filled with light.

The aged priest closed the holy book, and Ernest turned to salute his bride; but even he started back at the sudden clap of thunder that pealed through the chapel. The building shook beneath the crash, and a flood of lightning poured in at the windows, casting a death-like light on the stony faces of the white figures on the monuments;—it was but for a moment—and Ernest caught his trembling bride to his heart. She was pale with terror, for now the storm rushed forth in all its fury, and a sudden gust of wind and rain dashed against the painted window at the end of the chapel. The repeated flashes threw a strange radiance around, and strange noises mingled together.

"It is an awful night," said the young baron of Krainberg, as he led the way to the hall, which, as they entered, was lit up with one livid blaze. Ernest supported the almost insensible form of his bride; he

murmured a few caressing words—but even love, in all its strength, felt powerless before the war of the immortal elements.

The next morning but few traces of the tempest remained; the river that wound through the valley was somewhat swollen, and a few giant pines dashed down to earth would never again cast their long shadows before them on a summer morning; but the sky was soft, clear, and blue, and a few white clouds wandered past, light as down. The leaves glittered with the lingering rain-drops, and a fresh, sweet-smell came from the herbage of the valley. Ernest was seated in a little breakfast parlour, looking to a terrace that commanded the country; he was seated at the feet of his bride, whose small fingers were entwined in his black hair. What a world of poetry seemed in the depths of her large, shining eyes, which looked upon him so tenderly—so timidly; their dream, for it was a dream-like happiness, was broken in upon by the entrance of Ernest's servant, who asked to speak to his master. There was something in the man's manner which commanded instant attention, and Von Hermanstadt followed him out of the room.

"Sir," exclaimed the man, "here is your letter to the Baron—he died suddenly last night. The lady Pauline is in a dreadful state, and the steward intreated that you would go up there at once."

Ernest felt that this was a case which admitted of no delay. Saying a few hasty words about important business to Minna, reserving the death till he could have time to tell it soothingly, he flung himself upon his horse, and galloped to Lindorf. Though grave and solitary, both in manners and habits, the Baron had been much beloved by his domestics, and the voice of weeping was heard on every side. Ernest hurried to his uncle's chamber; there the daylight was excluded, and the ray of the yellow tapers fell dimly upon the green velvet bed where lay the last Baron of Lindorf. In him ended that noble house; with his arms folded, so as to press the ebony crucifix to his bosom—his head supported by a damask cushion, lay the Baron. Ernest paused for a moment, awe-struck by the calm beauty which reigned in the face of the dead; the features were stately and calm, the brow had lost the care-worn look it wore in life, and peace breathed from every lineament of the sweet and hushed countenance. "Can the dead," thought Ernest, "struck down with an unrepented crime—can the oppressor of the orphan look thus?"

He had not time for further reflection, for a convulsive motion on the other side of the bed showed him Pauline crouched in a heap at the feet of the corpse—her face buried in the silken counterpane. Her bright hair was knit up with pearls, and she still wore the robe of the previous evening; how terrible seemed its gay colours now!

"We have not been able," whispered an old grey-headed servant, "to get her to speak or to move."

Ernest's heart melted with the tenderest pity. He took the passive hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. "Pauline, dearest, look up," said he, passing his arm round her, so as to raise her head. What his words could not effect, the movement did; she was roused from her stupor, and, giving one wild glance at the corpse, she leant her head on her cousin's shoulder, and burst into a passion of tears. Soothing her with the tenderest words, he carried her to her chamber. "At least," said he to himself, as he left her, "the memory of her father shall be sacred."

The old steward met him, and said—"There is a letter for you which my master was writing at the time of his death. I know many circumstances which it is now of the last importance that you should know too. For God's sake, Sir, go and read the letter, and I will be within call."

The old man led the way to his master's room. He looked round it piteously for a moment, and then hurried away, hiding his face in his hands. Ernest had never been in the room before; and yet how full it seemed of the living presence of him who was no more! There was his cloak flung on a chair;—there lay open books of which he and Ernest had recently been talking. There, too, was a flask of medicine—alas! how unavailing!—and a goblet of water, half drunk. But one object more than all riveted Ernest's attention;—there was the picture of Beatrice Cenci. It was a portrait as large as life: his own seemed to have been a copy of it. How well he knew that striking and lovely face! He knew not why, but he gazed upon it with a sudden terror; the large black eyes seemed to fix so mournfully upon his own. He turned away, and saw the letter on the table, addressed to himself. He seated himself, and began to read the contents; though the tears swam in his eyes as he saw the handwriting of an uncle who, whatever his faults, had always been kind, very kind, to himself. It ran thus:—

"My beloved Ernest,—For dear to me as a child of my own is the boy who has grown up at my side. I have long been desirous of communicating to you the contents of the following pages, but I have found it too painful to speak—I find that I must write. My confidence will not be misplaced, for I have noted in you a judgment beyond your years, and a delicacy which will estimate the trust reposed in you. My health is declining rapidly, and I would fain secure protection for my darling Pauline, and another as dear and more unfortunate. I have rejoiced to see that my sister's plan for a marriage between you and my daughter is not likely to take place. You do not love your cousin—you prefer the solitary study and the lonely ramble—so would not a lover. She, too, is amused in your absence. I hear her step and song among her companions, and you are not with them. It is for the best—you will be a safe and affectionate friend. I hope she will never marry.

"Alas!—On me and mine has rested a fearful curse! I married one whose beauty let the picture now opposite to me attest, and her heart was even lovelier than her face. An Italian artist painted her as Beatrice Cenci: he said that the costume suited her so well. I have since thought it an omen that we should have chosen the semblance of one so ill-fated. For years we were most happy, but at last an unaccountable depression seized upon my wife. She became wayward and irritable. This led to the quarrel between your mother and ourselves. She knew not the fatal cause. After the birth of her third and last child, her malady took a darker turn. Ernest, it was melancholy madness, and incurable! In a paroxysm of despondency, she murdered the infant in her arms, and died a few hours afterwards in a state of raving insanity!

"I will not dwell on my after-years of misery. I was roused by fear of the headstrong and violent temper of my eldest girl, Minna—I saw in it the seeds of her mother's malady. My terror was too well founded. She was found one evening attempting to strangle her little sleeping sister, who was then six years old—Minna being just fourteen. A brain fever followed, and a report was spread of her death. Why should our

family calamity be made the topic of idle curiosity? But, in reality, she has resided in this castle—her state requiring constant and often strict restraint. I have been scarcely ever absent from the castle; but, alas! my tenderness has answered but in part. With a caprice incidental to persons in her dreadful situation, she has taken an extreme dislike to me, and fancies that I am her uncle, and imprison her to detain the vast possessions of which she fancies herself the heiress.”

The fatal paper dropped from Ernest's hand. He remained pale, breathless, the dew starting, and the veins swelled of his forehead. “God of heaven, have mercy on me!—What have I done?” Again he caught up the letter, and, with a desperate effort, read to the close.

“My faithful Heinrich and his sister Clotilde are the only depositories of this secret. While I live, I shall devote myself to the care of my ill-starred Minna, who is the very image of her mother. When I die—and the shadow of death even now rests upon my way—I commend her to her God and to you. You will be to her and to Pauline as a brother. I know I can rely upon you.”

“Married to a maniac—a hopeless maniac!—What will my mother say?”—exclaimed Ernest, as he paced the room. The image of his beautiful bride rose before him; he felt as if his tenderness and his devotion must avail; he would watch her every look—anticipate her very thoughts. He started—it was the steward who came into the room.

“I see,” said the old man, “that you have read my master's letter. Alas! I have dreadful news to tell. The Baroness Minna has evaded all our precautions. She has escaped, I know not whither. I only trust it is alone.”

“Heinrich,” said Ernest, solemnly, “I speak to you as the trusted and valued friend of my beloved uncle. Minna is with me. I married her last night—deceived, alas! by a narrative which I ought never to have credited. I at least ought to have known my uncle too well to believe that he could be guilty of fraud or oppression. The rest of my life will be too little to atone for that moment's doubt. Old man, hear me swear to devote myself to his children!”

“God bless you!” sobbed the old man, as he clasped the hand which Ernest extended towards him.

Months passed away in unceasing watchfulness on the part of Ernest. With trembling hope he began to rely on Minna's complete recovery. Wild she was at times, and her fondness for him had a strange character of fierceness; but his influence over her was unbounded, and her passion for music was a constant resource. By Heinrich's advice they left the castle, that no painful train of thought might be awakened; and they resided in a light, cheerful villa, amid the suburbs of Vienna. Her husband found all the plans of mutual study in which the young student lover had so delighted, were in vain. It was impossible to fix her attention long on anything. Companionship there was none between them, and the call on his attention was unceasing; but his affection became even deeper for its very fear, and it was hallowed by the feeling of how sacred it was as a duty. Gradually as he became more and more satisfied about Minna, he grew more anxious for Pauline. He saw her drooping day by day; her spirits became unequal, and her eyes were rarely without tears. Too late he discovered how she loved him. Her bodily weakness seemed to render her less capable of repressing her

feelings. Her eye followed him, go where he would; she hung upon his least word, and she shrunk away from her sister. The proposed visit to his mother brought on such a passion of tears, that he had not the heart to insist upon it—especially when he looked upon her pale, sunken cheek, and watched her slow, dispirited step. Once or twice he saw Minna watching her with a wild, strange glance in her large, black eyes, as if there was an intensive feeling of jealousy.

It was now the first week in June, and the weather was unusually hot; and there was thunder in the air, which added to the oppression. The moon, too, was at its full; and Minna, always restless at that time, was now unusually so. At last, towards evening, she sank on the window-seat in a deep slumber. Pauline was walking on the terrace below; and Ernest, who saw that she was scarcely equal to the fatigue, went down to give her his assistance. She took his arm, and they walked up and down together. At last she leant over the balustrade, and her eyes filled with tears as she watched the moonlight turning the flowers to silver.

"I wish," said she, "I were a flower—happy in the sunshine—happy in the soft night air. No beating heart within, to make me wretched." And she dropped her head on his arm, and wept.

Before Ernest had time to utter even a few soothing words, a bright blade glittered in the moonlight, and Pauline sunk with a faint scream on the pavement.—Minna had stabbed her sister to the heart! There she stood: her cheek flushed with the deepest crimson, and her eyes flashing the wild light of insanity—waving the weapon she had so fatally used. It was the little Indian dagger Ernest had lent her to sever the long tress of hair. She had concealed it till this moment.

"Yes," cried she, "I have killed her at last. They thought I did not know her, but I did. She took away my father's heart from me, and would have taken away my husband's; but I have killed her at last."

By this time the servants came rushing from all parts. At their approach, Minna seemed seized with some vague fear, and attempted to fly. Ernest had just time to pass his arms around her, though she struggled violently. They raised Pauline, but the last spark of life had fled—the pale and lovely features were set in death!

Minna lived on for years—her insanity taking, every succeeding year, a darker colour. Ernest never left her side. Fierce or sullen, violent or desponding, he watched her through every mood. She wore herself away to a shadow, till it was a marvel how that frail form endured. For months before her death, she was almost ungovernable, and did not know him the least. She scarcely ever slept, but one night slumber overpowered her. The sun was shining brightly into the chamber, and its light fell upon the whitened hair and careworn features of her husband, who had been watching by her for hours. A sweet and meek expression was in her eyes when she awoke.

"Ernest, dearest Ernest," said she, in a soft, low whisper. She raised her head from the pillow, and, like a child, put up her mouth to kiss him. She sank back: her last breath had passed in that kiss!

He laid her in the same tomb with her father and sister; and the next day, the noble, the wealthy, and still handsome Count von Hermanstadt entered the order of St. Francis.

DUNCAN AND HIS VICTORY.

" I wish you were the son of an Admiral, and I your father, you dog." *Wild Oats.*

I HAVE always had an instinctive dread of the sea. When I look out upon the boundless expanse of ocean, when I hear even the murmur of its billows in the calmest sunshine, I experience a degree of awe that is indescribable. I have never seen it under the aspect of anything approaching to a storm ; but when I have been upon the coast during a gloomy day under a lowering atmosphere of clouds, and a hollow though not powerful blast of wind, my animal spirits desert me altogether ; I sink under an intuitive conviction that I am placed in immediate contact, as it were, with an element over which I have no control, and could not for an instant contend. It may roll in and overwhelm me in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. My faculties grow confused, when I attempt to contemplate the mysterious power by whose breath the waves are made mountains—by whose fiat they are stayed. Courage I believe to be much a matter of animal endowment ; and if upon any occasion I could be as brave as, according to Junius, the total absence of all thought and reflection can make a man, my nerves would fail before the wonders of the great deep. Familiarity might reconcile me, and habit might restore my self-possession, if I were to make a voyage ; but in the sight of ocean from the shore, I am free to confess myself a downright coward "upon instinct." The longer I have lived, the more this awe has increased.

I can only extenuate so egotistic a preface, by telling the reader that it has been introduced to show how even such a nature may be affected in a contrary direction. It was on Monday, the 9th of October, 1797, that an affair of business called me to Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, and about four o'clock of a most brilliant afternoon I first caught sight of the Roads. I have not forgotten, and I never shall forget the thrill with which I unexpectedly beheld a noble fleet of men-of-war under way, and sailing majestically out from their anchorage. It was that of Admiral Duncan, who, as I afterwards learned, had received information that De Winter had left the Texel, and was going forth to contend with him for the empire of the sea. My long-felt awe was gone. I gazed with a glow of exultation which youth only can know, and almost identified myself with the thoughts, action, and being of the Commander. To have been that man, I would have dared death in any or in all forms. To direct the thunders of that squadron seemed to me the most inspiring, the most glorious of all conditions. Ship after ship rode by me in silent grandeur, as if the subject elements were made but to bear them on. My memory, already saturated with descriptions I had read—although the vivid pictures of Cooper and Hall then were not—excited my imagination, and my fancy conjured up before my mind's eye the stern dignity of the Admiral, who may almost be said to "dwell alone," walking dreadfully serene upon the deck of his ship, and changing or confirming with a word the entire dispositions of that

dread line of battle; the master of the lives, actions, and destinies of the thousands of brave hearts whose courage it was his to direct. The presentation of power is, after all, the grandest and most irresistible mover of the human mind; nor can any condition of mortality render an image of power like the Admiral of a fleet, or the Commander of an army. And when the eye drinks in the whole splendour of such a spectacle, as it then lay before me, the fibres being, at the same time, braced and stimulated by a brisk air and a brilliant atmosphere, he must be sadly deficient in the romantic temperament who would not have been drawn out of himself. These are the sensations that make the land-bred boy, a mariner—that make the mariner a Nelson or a Duncan.

The fleet sailed on, and I gazed till darkness shut it out from my ken. The squadrons met and fought, and Duncan was victorious. He returned to Yarmouth Roads, and I hastened back to the coast to renew my novel sensations, or, as I anticipated, to exalt them. O! what a change!

Covering almost identically the same tract of ocean, there lay at anchor the conquerors and the conquered: the first ship that met my sight was (as I afterwards learned) the *Ardent*, her masts reduced to stumps—her sides perceptibly, even from the shore, bored with shot like a cullender. The other vessels, at near or remote intervals, all partook of the same character of destruction—motionless, except for the dull monotonous heaving of the swell—silent—mournfully inactive; the rigging hanging in disorder, the masts sticks, the decks bare. I expected triumph, without having defined, even to myself, what that triumph was to be. I found a scene of desolation that, like the “thick darkness” of the Egyptians, was felt, but could not be described. It was a dull, cold day; the wind moaned rather than blew. I became feelingly persuaded that even victory is but vanity.

When I entered the town, all was mourning. The inhabitants seemed to move about in heaviness—they went sorrowfully to their tasks; and as I passed down to the beach I met several parties bearing wounded men to the hospitals, whose haggard and pale, though weather-beaten faces, which I saw as they lay, indicative of heroically-suppressed pain, awakened the keenest sympathy. Nor shall I cease to remember the bearing of one gallant fellow on being accosted by a stranger, who was induced to inveigh against war by way of heightening the interest. “Only a leg! d—n my eyes,” exclaimed Jack, endeavouring to lift himself upon his elbow, “only a leg; hurrah! Duncan for ever!”

But, I repeat, all in the town was mourning. A considerable number of seamen belonging to the port had sailed in the fleet, and in that day of slaughter not a few were killed and wounded. Nor could the spectacle of landing several hundreds of these poor fellows, with the sadly-accompanying preparations for their burials or their attendance, be, without diffusing a melancholy over every face one met. The case of Captain Burgess of the *Ardent* was one of particular interest and commiseration, not only on account of his rank—being the highest of the slain—but because he was considered to have been a doomed man. It seems that, with the superstition which used to be a trait as characteristic as bravery of a seaman, this officer had applied to a fellow who professed astrology, and who, independently of being a cheat by trade,

was a scoundrel by nature, education, and habit. This quacksalver, however, had drawn Captain Burgess's horoscope, and pronounced that he would fall in action. The prophecy was unhappily verified, for he was cut in pieces by a shot, about ten minutes after the engagement began. The astrologer, anxious to propagate the belief of his skill in divination, published the fact, and thus created more conversation than even the death of so gallant a man would otherwise have occasioned. Yarmouth was, of course, filled with anecdotes of the action, not the least splendid of which was the heroism of the seaman who mounted the rigging, and nailed the colours to the mast during the heat of the engagement.

Soon afterwards there was circulated a *mot* of the gallant Admiral himself. After Admiral De Winter had been landed in England, Mr. Pitt or Lord Melville gave a dinner to the conqueror and the conquered, and at which most of the Cabinet Ministers were present. It is well known how hardly the victory was contested, for the Dutch had well-sustained the reputation of the valour which distinguished them in the days of Van Tromp and De Ruyter. It was indeed rendered more easy to the English—if what was most difficult can be deemed to be rendered easy—by the dastardly flight of the Dutch Admiral Story and four ships-of-the-line. In discussing the particulars of the action, Admiral De Winter insisted strongly upon this defection, and appealed to Admiral Duncan to say whether, if those vessels had fought with the same hardihood that the rest of his fleet had exhibited, the victory would not, in all probability, have been on his side? To which the veteran replied by filling his glass, and saying, "Admiral De Winter, I am exceedingly happy to drink your health in this good company." A neat evasion of the question, and a most complimentary manner of bringing to the Admiral's recollection that he was a prisoner in England, without any assertion of superiority.

Twelve months after this happened the Battle of the Nile, and it was celebrated by Admiral Duncan, and the officers of the English and Russian fleets, which then lay in Yarmouth Roads, on the 11th of October, the anniversary of Lord Duncan's engagement. The town of Yarmouth was illuminated, and the party dined together at one of the hotels. Chance led me there, and the Mayor took me with him to the dinner; where it happened that, there being no other person in plain clothes in the room, I was placed at the left hand of the Admiral. He was, without exception, the finest man in his person I ever beheld, and the lines of the song written to describe the battle—

"The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be the veteran Duncan's name"—

did not exaggerate the reverential respect his noble features and majestic stature awakened in the mind. Venerable he surely was; nor can there be found a phrase that more perfectly responds to the feelings which arose in the mind from his figure, deportment, and conversation. Imagine a man upwards of six feet two inches in height (I think he was six feet four), with limbs of proportionate frame and strength. His features were nobly beautiful, his forehead high and fair, and his hair as white as snow. His movements were all stately, but unaffected, and his manner easy, though dignified. I scarcely ever experienced so deep a sense of personal insignificance, as when presented to this magnificent

specimen of human nature. I was a slim youth, though rather above the middle stature, and deficient neither in strength nor activity in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase; but when he took my hand between his, which reached to my elbow, and bent over me, I felt perfectly awed and overshadowed by the majesty of his proportions—and that if he was only a man, I could but be a much lower creature, though permitted to bear the same generic appellation.

Well, the repast proceeded much like other entertainments. There was however, I thought, a marked difference in the heartiness (not of appetite, but of manner) which peculiarly appertained to the participants. While all was enjoyment, there yet seemed a total abandonment of self to the general gaiety. The cloth drawn, the Admiral gave "THE KING" with the same heartiness. Any stranger to our national customs would have caught the spirit of attachment that seemed to rise with the name. Loyalty is a common, and, I fear, a cant word; but this was a true and heartfelt inspiration of all that a sailor loves and looks up to in the Royal Sovereign, his master—the father and friend of his people, as well as the majestic political fiction of the wearer of the crown. They did not drink the health in ordinary phrase "with enthusiasm," but with the steady resolution they would have cheered on going into action—it was a cheer to denote devotion in life and in death. From that moment the joyousness of the company was up, and every man filled his glass and repeated the toast and the hurrah! like one whose whole heart was cheerfully engaged, and who had no concern beyond that of the moment. One of the most delightful traits of the nature of the gallant old man was, that he took the earliest occasion to turn towards his home and his affections. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'll give you the best woman in the world; I'll give you my own wife—Lady Duncan." The roof of the room shook with the cheers, and I saw the veteran's eyes become moist with the tears of fond recollection. He then gave "Lady Anne Hope" (the wife of the Captain of the fleet, his Vice-President), "who," he said, "was as good a woman as Lady Duncan;" not forgetting to repeat, however, that she "was the best woman in the world." So purely natural were the thoughts and manners of this good old seaman.

I used the opportunity his affability afforded me, to inquire some particulars of his own state of feeling before and after the action? He said he went upon deck about six o'clock, having had as sound a night's rest as he had ever enjoyed in the whole course of his life. The morning was brilliant, with a brisk gale; and, he added, that he never remembered to have been exalted by so exhilarating a sensation, as the sight of the two fleets afforded him. He said, however, that the cares of his duties were too onerous to allow him to think of himself; his whole mind was absorbed in observing, and meeting the occasion by orders—all other feelings were lost in the necessity of action. The night after the battle he never closed his eyes—his thoughts were still tossing in the turmoil through which he had passed; but his most constant reflection was a profound thankfulness to God for the event of the engagement. All this was said in so perfectly natural a tone, and with a manner so simple, that its truth was impressed at once, together with veneration for a man who could regard thus humbly an event in which so much of human life had been sacrificed, so much of personal honour,

and so much of national glory and advantage attained. So few words never filled me with such perfect esteem and respect.

A trifle occurred which touched the mainspring of the passions of these brave fellows, and occasioned a tumultuous burst of feeling. When the wine had circulated about an hour, Lord Duncan asked if there was any one present who would enliven the party with a song. There was a dead silence, which was at length broken by the Mayor, who told the Admiral that I could sing. My voice had just broken, and settled into a base of a good deal of volume and power, but as rough as the tones of Boreas himself. It so happened that I had learned an old English war-song, from a gentleman who had himself been taught it more than half a century before, *vivâ voce*, by an aged seafaring man; and I believe the tradition now rests with me alone. It is a curious specimen of the very earliest poesy adapted to such celebrations, and contains, as it seems to my judgment, internal evidence of a very remote date; I can trace it back for more than a century. Of its descriptive strength the reader may judge.

“ Weigh anchor, my lads! see your enemy is near,
Down bulkheads and cabins, see the gun-room be clear;
Down chests, up hammocks, see all in the hold and between decks be right.
Both fore and aft, my boys, freedom to fight.”

She backs her sails and now lays by,
To show that she does not fear us;
But soon we will her courage try,
When we have brought her near us.

See her colours are out, she's a French man-of-war—just within gun-shot!
Come, gunner, I'd have you be arm'd; give her a gun, and try how she
likes it;

She's too hardy to run, and too stubborn to strike to us.

Come, my jolly hearts,
Play your parts;
Every man to his station!
And when you're upon her,
Remember the honour
Of the Old English nation!

Come, haste, with all the speed you can, hoist up your English flag;
Now win a golden chain, my boys, ne'er fear a wooden leg!
Hark to the report of the gunner, you old dull blockhead at the helm, and
bring your echo steady,

Round steady!
See she fires thick,
Return her quick,

Our sports make better than standing shilly-shally.
Most bravely done, my boys, we stormed her by that hurry,
A brighter deed was never done by Old England before ye.

Come, my jolly hearts,
Play your parts.

Wheel about quick as thought, loosen your lee-lines—fire away your
middle tier.

My boys, most bravely done,
We blew her sides in shatters;
She crowds more sail, and fain would run,
But she is too lame and tatter'd.

Now huzza, my boys, she's sinking !

 List how they squall,

 O ! how they brawl ;

To avoid grim death they leap into their grave !

Such cowardly Frenchmen are fearful to die,

They ne'er shall be conquerors over the brave !

 Now this danger is o'er,

 Let us put to the shore ;

 But first fill a bowl,

 That every brave soul

 May drink a large potion ;

 And he that lies slain

 Deep in the main,

Let him pledge us in the brine of the ocean.

The melody of this ancient ditty consists of recitative and air, as rude as its lines ; and it is rather a chaunt than a song. There is, of course, full scope for simple energy of manner. Every line seemed to find its echo in the hearts of my sensitive audience, who expressed their delight by every sort of applause. It was repeated, and again repeated. The Russian Admiral Tate, a little Scotchman who sat on my left, could not give utterance to his satisfaction ; he absolutely leaped from his seat, shouted, and shook my hand with a vehemence that declared his ungovernable ecstacy. Powerful associations, indeed, evidently wrought upon all present, to whom incidents like those described were probably the most permanent of their past recollections, and the most exciting of their future aspirations.

When the moment arrived for the departure of Lord Duncan, the scene became as silently impressive as the former part of the evening had been tumultuously joyous. The old man rose slowly from his seat, drew himself up to his full height, and in a few simple words announced that he must take his leave. A dead silence ensued. He turned to the Russian Admiral, and folding his vast arms round him, expressed his farewell in this solemn embrace. It was then that the voices of his companions in arms broke forth, and he was saluted with three such cheers, so hearty, so regular, so true, that they vibrated through every fibre of my frame. The sensation is even now revived as I write, though the best part of forty years have since passed to cool remembrance. The venerable man bent his head upon his breast for a moment, and seemed deeply impressed ; he then bowed low and majestically—tucked his triangular gold-laced hat under his huge arm, and walked gravely down the room to the door amidst a silence so intense, that his measured tread sounded like minute-drops. He stopped—he turned ; he again reared himself to his noble height, took his hat from under his arm, waved it over his head, gave three loud, articulate, and distinct hurrahs—in return for the former salutation—placed it upon his noble brow, and closed the door. It was the last time I ever beheld that glorious impersonation of all that is brave, and generous, and good,—but the vision still remains with me.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LUNDY'S LANE.

THE sun had just passed his meridional altitude, and was blazing in his full glory in one of those clear cerulean skies which I have never seen equalled except in some other portions of the North American continent. The native forests, which bounded on two sides the farm of Lundy's Lane, lay lonely and motionless; and save for the noise caused by the rapid motion of the wings of some beautiful little hummingbirds, flitting occasionally from flower to flower, in the foliage of the majestic and blossoming tulip tree, or the hum of the laborious bee among the sweet buds and blossoms of the sugar maple,—all was lifeless and still as the grave. The roar of the "mighty Niagara" disturbed not the repose of the mid-day lassitude that seemed everywhere to reign, for its thunders came softened and subdued through the thick foliage of the forest; and, although scarcely a mile distant from the Canadian shore of this mighty cataract, had it not been for the immense column of spray, white as the light mists of a summer's morning, rolling upwards to a vast height, and then forming into a stream of fantastic clouds, impelled by a gentle current of upper air, a stranger would never have supposed himself within one short mile of this unparalleled and tremendous fall of water.

* * * * *

The sun had not yet descended behind the gentle summit of Lundy's farm. The cattle had not yet returned to their evening pasture, nor the wild bee to its hive in the lightning-scathed pine tree; but the green pasture was occupied by armed warriors, and the faint hum of the insect creation was drowned in the shrill tones of the fife, and the louder rattle of the battle drum. They were the valiant troops of my own sovereign, arrayed in that enchanting scarlet and white, and the dear white and blue cross of St. George flaunted proudly in each silken banner; and there were gay banners borne aloft, with the emblazoned names of many a stronghold in rescued Spain, where their gallant supporters had hardly earned their crowns of laurel, when they lent their proud names to adorn the living page of history. The noise of the loud Niagara was lost amidst the incessant rattling of musketry, and the frequent thunders of a battery of cannon which crowned the gentle eminence already mentioned; and the silvery column of spray was obscured in the dense sulphurous vapour which the awakening evening breeze rolled onward through the western woods. As yet no living enemy had appeared, and the fury of the assailants seemed to be wreaked on an unoffending and defenceless grove of oaks which lay northward from the centre of the farm; but ere long more formidable foes came; for there issued from that oaken grove two compact columns of armed men arrayed in dark blue uniforms, with many a gaily striped and star-spangled banner fluttering in the breeze; and, notwithstanding the murderous and successive volleys of grape and musketry poured in amongst them by the British troops, these new-comers, and they were Americans, boldly rushed forward to the very centre of their position. Long, doubtful, and bloody was the struggle. The sun sank red and fiery through the smoke of the battle-guns; and when the last faint rays of the evening twilight mellowed the

splendour of the golden west, still the battle raged, and various were the successes and hopes of the contending combatants. Victory never hovered more doubtfully over a well-fought field; both armies claimed her, but, in fairness, she belonged to neither,—it might, with much propriety, be termed, what it really was, a drawn battle!

It was now the lone hour of midnight, and the scene had again changed; the pale moon hung her silvery crescent far over the eastern wilderness; while, ever and anon, her gentle face was veiled behind the fleecy clouds, which were wafted along by the freshened night breeze across the blue vault of heaven, as if it were too painful a sight for her to behold the carnage that bestrewed the battle-field of Lundy's Lane. The loud bellowing of cannon and the sharper rattling of musketry were heard no more; Lundy's farm was no longer the scene of hurried movements, rapid advances, desperate charges, and quick retreats; for the contending armies were nowhere to be seen. The affrighted herds had never returned to their wonted pasture, but both glade and upland were plentifully tenanted with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. There was also a profusion of broken and useless arms along the skirts of the forest, and in the direction of the summit of the open plain where a few field-pieces had been planted, and which still remained on the ground. Some of them were, however, disabled—some turned, and, as it were, pointing in the direction of those who had deserted them; while others remained, shotted, and ready to pour forth destruction upon whoever might approach them; but the lately contending parties were gone. It seemed as if both armies, equally weary of the conflict, had simultaneously retreated, the Americans across the Chippawa river, and the British to their encampment on Queenston Heights. The night wind moaned mournfully through the torn foliage of the forest, and mingled with its murmurings were heard the groans and supplications of the wounded and the dying: the roar of the mighty cataract was heard more distinctly, as if in mockery of those whose parched lips would soon be livid in death; but who could yet hear its loud rumbling, and gladly would have given all that in this world they ever possessed for one single draught of its pure, but un pitying waters! Happy were they who heard it not; *their* sufferings were over; but many, very many there were that must welter in their gore until after the morning sun should have tinged the tall pine trees with splendour and beauty.

The morning came, and the sun arose in unclouded glory, as if to exhibit more fully the destruction which had been wrought during the preceding night. Lundy's farm was one scene of desolation and death! The ripening crops which had gladdened the husbandman's heart, for they promised a rich harvest, were entirely swept away. The fences were all thrown down and levelled with the ground, and the farm buildings were perforated with a thousand bullets. The farm-house was again occupied, not with the affrighted family, for they had not yet ventured to return, but with the advanced guard of the British army, come, not to slaughter, but to save; they had returned to administer relief to the wounded, and to dig graves for the fallen brave. Never is the British soldier's generosity more conspicuous than after a hard fought battle; for it is then that he treats his vanquished foe as he would an unfortu-

nate friend, sharing alike with each those kind offices and attentions which situation and circumstances admit of; and that was a day to tax his best feelings, for there was no lack of objects to claim his sympathy and aid. On no part of the field of battle did death appear to have been measured out so prodigally as in that portion of the woods on which the British cannon were, at the first onset, observed to play; for it was through this grove that the Americans advanced to the attack, and, after repeated charges valorously made on the British lines, even to, and past the cannons' mouth, as repeatedly fell back on this fated ground, charged, in turn, by our own troops into the dark bosom of the forest. Here, at the head of the pursuing party, fell, mortally wounded, the young and gallant Moorsom. Brief, but brilliant was his path to glory; the bloom of youth had but barely ripened into manhood when this last of his many battles ended his mortal career. Near him lay stretched in death the commandant of a brave brigade of Americans, who, like a trusty soldier, had been the last to retreat before the advancing foe. They sleep in the same grave which was dug for them at the foot of a tall acacia tree, which, though wounded and rent by many a cannon ball on that fatal night, will survive for yet unnumbered years, and annually give forth its fragrant and grateful blossoms as a tribute in memory of the virtues of those who slumber in peace, beneath its silent shade.

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEAR AND EARLY FRIEND,
LIEUTENANT MOORSOM.

Sleep! though they who most adored thee

May not slumber by thy side.—

Sleep! Acacia flowers wave o'er thee,

In full summer's blooming pride.

Though thy winding-sheet was gory,

And untrophied was thy grave;

Such a robe 's the soldier's glory,

Such should sepulchre the brave!

When unnumber'd foes beset thee—

Thou nor quail'd, nor thought of flight;

When the fated death-ball met thee,

Thou wast foremost in the fight.

Though no marble doth encumber

The lone spot where thou dost rest;

Fame shall not forget to number

Thee among her bravest—best!

Kindred, friends, shall oft be telling

Of the feats achieved by thee;

While each bosom, fondly swelling,

Sorrows o'er thy memory.

Though long years thou hast been sleeping

In thy lone grave, cold and chill,—

There are eyes yet red with weeping!

Bosoms that adore thee still!

J. B. B.

REFORM IN EUROPEAN TURKEY*.

Of all countries, in modern times, perhaps Turkey presents the most extraordinary and interesting spectacle. The Mahomedan nations confined to Asia excite but little European attention; their ignorance, their indolence, their obstinate perseverance in the usages of their ancestors, are matters in which we have no concern; the most ardent reformer never hopes to change their notions of despotism, nor the most benevolent philanthropist to introduce the habits of a more refined social life. The only persons who have made attempts at converting them are religious missionaries, and, however laudable and persevering the zeal of these good men, their utter want of success is a proof how hopeless is the task; the Asiatic Mahomedan is still the same, and his existing laws and customs, at the present day, are as unchangeable as those of his countrymen, "the Medes and Persians," three thousand years ago; the Arabs are still the untamed descendants of Ishmael, "their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them;" the Kenites dwell in tents, buying men, and selling them in Egypt, as they did Joseph; the Chaldeans are astrologers, as in the time of Daniel, and all their actions are governed by lucky and unlucky hours; the women are still secluded in separate apartments, and every great person has both wives and concubines, like the kings of Israel, and men are, at this day, mutilated to guard them, as in the days of the Babylonish captivity. In fact, there is nothing changed, or likely to be changed among those nations, and whatever bloody revolutions have taken place among them, and however Mahomet, Tamerlane, or Ghengis Khan may have swept away old, or established new, dynasties, still "an Amurath an Amurath succeeds;" and the race that follows is precisely the same as the race that went before.

Of that portion of Asiatics, however, who entered Europe, a different expectation might have been formed. Penetrating into the centre of European civilization, and occupying for a long time the very heart of the country, they were in continual contact with its improvements, and saw everywhere about them its beneficial effects; yet with what pertinacity did they adhere to that inbred reluctance to change which seems a component part of an Asiatic constitution. For three centuries various efforts were made by the enlightened men who "few and far between" appeared among them; but every attempt to innovate on their venerable ignorance was resisted to the death, and every man who tried to improve them fell the victim of his hopeless philanthropy.

In these our days, however, we have seen, among other strange things, an amelioration of the constitution of a Turk, and a disposition to adopt the opinions and improvements of their more enlightened neighbours, to which they had so long shown so inveterate a repugnance. The desperate energy of one determined man has at length effected that which resisted all the efforts of his predecessors, and he has brought about his reforms in a manner perfectly in keeping with the character of the people he had to manage; he has created, to a certain extent, an unanimity of sentiment among them, by killing every man who differed from him in opinion.

In the year 1821, this remarkable era in Turkey began. Its Greek subjects made one more attempt to emancipate themselves from the horrible bondage imposed on them by their Asiatic masters, and not relying as before on Russian protection, they succeeded by their own exertions. In the progress of the war it was found that European discipline alone was efficient

* A Residence at Constantinople during a period including the commencement, progress, and termination of the Greek and Turkish revolution. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo.

to resist them, and a determination was formed by the Sultan to effect, at all hazards, that which cost his predecessor his throne and life. The barrier of ancient prejudice being once broken down, and the nucleus of reform once established in military matters, it soon extended itself to others. The European officers invited and introduced to discipline the armies, mixed with the people, and gradually and insensibly introduced a taste for the social habits of the West among their brother-officers; the artisans employed in the foundries and factories, led their companions to admire and adopt the scientific lights and manual dexterity which they showed them; and the great mass of the people, no longer kept apart by that barrier of pride and prejudice which the Janissaries had set up between them and their European neighbours, began to mix more freely with them. But the operation of all those things would have been but slow, and the effects only seen after a long interval, if the march of improvement had not been accelerated by an innovation which the master-mind that directed all things determined to adopt. Mystery, deception, impenetrable obscurity, in the motives of the sovereign, and blind and abject obedience in the subject, were the great springs which moved the Turkish machine. To perpetuate this no Turk was allowed to learn an European language; if he did so, he lost his caste. He was therefore never able to read the papers of the West, and could know nothing of what was happening in other countries, any more than in his own. To remedy this evil, the Sultan established a newspaper for the information of the people he was reforming, and the prospectus of it evinced a proof of the wonderful revolution effected in their modes of thinking. It stated that "ignorance was the cause of distrust and opposition; for men were ever disposed to set themselves against that of whose object they were not informed." After this extraordinary concession to public opinion, the prospectus adds that, "the people were henceforth to be informed of all circumstances, domestic and foreign, which related to the Turkish government, and the political information should be accompanied by whatever intelligence could enlighten the public mind,—new inventions, commercial transactions, and all other objects of public utility."

The Sultan kept his word, and even did more than he had promised. He established a newspaper, not only in Turkish for those who still understood only that language, but also in French for those who were disposed to learn it. He added one in Greek and another in Armenian, for his Christian Rajahs; so that there are now four newspapers published weekly at Constantinople for the instruction of the public mind; and they are as liberal in their opinions and enlightened in their matter as any other periodicals on the Continent, and more so than many of them. The effects of all these things on this hitherto stubborn and hopeless people are quite astonishing—visitors hardly recognise the same population after an interval of absence. In about sixteen years more alterations have taken place among this immutable race than could be seen among the most fickle and fluctuating people of the West in a century; their dress, their diet, their usages, their prejudices, their prepossessions, have been altered, as well as their discipline and tactics, and their social and civil habits have been no less improved than their military.

The opportunity of contemplating them *in transitu*, must be highly interesting; and several travellers, who have visited the country at different stages of their passage from one state to the other, have published curious details of what they saw. In fact, no country has, latterly, been more visited than this,—hitherto considered so remote and obscure; and a succession of travellers, led by the rare and singular attractions which the state of the people lately presented, have published practical details of what they saw. We know however but of one who had the opportunity of being eye-witness to their condition in every stage. Dr. Walsh was in the country before the revolution began; he was there during its continuance, and he returned to

it after its completion. He therefore saw the Turks in their quiescent and apparently immovable state—he witnessed the horrors of the struggle that ensued, which seemed to convulse the very frame and goad into fearful activity the impenetrable apathy of a stupid race,—and he finally saw the rapid change that was effected in them when the revolutionary movement was passed, and they quietly settled down into a reasonable and improving people. His “Residence” therefore must have afforded him opportunities of observation which certainly no other writer possessed; and his situation, as Chaplain to the British Embassy, must have furnished him with means of information which no passing traveller could reach. The result is now before us, and its details may be safely considered as supplying the most authentic information we have yet obtained, or are, indeed, considering all the circumstances, ever likely to obtain, concerning the revolutionary events of the Turkish Empire.

Dr. Walsh has at length favoured the public with the treasures from which he drew some of the interesting and important communications with which they are already acquainted. The “Journey from Constantinople” was peculiarly valuable at the time of its publication, as it was connected with the advance of the Russians to the Turkish capital, and opened various important views to the countries of Europe upon the relative circumstances, both political and social, of the besiegers and the besieged. Nor do the present volumes diminish its worth; some of its facts are retold, but under different impressions—and especially for the purpose of rendering the narrative a connected series of all the events included in the period it is intended to embrace. Dr. Walsh, as a philosophical traveller and a Christian philanthropist, has been the most fortunate of men. Perhaps no individual ever had such opportunities of observing human character under all its varied aspects, and in circumstances so calculated to awaken at once commiseration and abhorrence, and sometimes admiration and delight. Nor need we be apprehensive that any of his readers will suppose that he has dwelt too long on dismal details, and described horrors with too much minuteness and repetition; for, while they illustrate the detestable policy of despotic power, and the caprice and cruelty which it exercises, from the highest to the lowest of its functionaries, they are but as the dark shades of a picture which, though sufficiently gloomy in its principal subject, has its streaks of lights which reveal, in the distance, scenes of beauty and repose.

The public have already decided on the merits of these delightful volumes; and we doubt not that, during the winter months, they will be the spirit-stirring companions of many a home and fireside adventurer. The Greek revolution, so appalling in its progress, with some touching incidents connected with the sacrifice of its ten thousand victims, passes in review, page after page, disclosing deeper and still deeper interest. We trust the price is paid,—and that Greece will be *living Greece* again.

When Dr. Walsh first saw the Sultan, he was the object of universal terror. “Hunker, the man-slayer,” was his common appellation—and the Doctor thus describes him:—

“He is still allowed, as a recreation, to kill fifty of his subjects a day peremptorily, and as many more as he can show cause for; who permits his Rajahs of his great bounty to wear their heads for another year, when they pay the capitation tax; who suffers the representatives of his brother sovereigns to be dragged into his presence only when his slaves have fed, clothed and washed them till they are fit to be seen; who proscribes as impious every book but the Koran, and inhibits the use of any language but the Turkish; and who puts to death, with unsparring ferocity, every audacious man who presumes to enlighten the venerable ignorance of his subjects.”

When dragged into the royal presence, after the fashion hinted at, the Doctor remarks:—

“The Sultan appeared a tall, ill-made, mean-looking man, about forty. His

countenance is as dark as mahogany; his beard very full, and as black and glossy as jet; it is said he uses artificial means to colour it. He is remarkable for the smallness of his hands, and the largeness of his body; the latter being that of a man exceeding six feet in stature, though he is not more than five feet seven or eight inches. He looks always to most advantage sitting or riding; and, in fact, he is seldom seen by strangers in any other position. His dress was a dark, dingy red robe; and we thought there appeared nothing brilliant about him. He never turned his head, which he kept straight forward, as immovable as if it was fixed in a vice; but his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the colour of white glass, gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead as he glanced sideways at us, gave him, I thought, a most demure-like expression, according well with the civil character I had heard of the man, the melancholy state of the country, and the gloomy cell in which he received us. The speech of the Ambassador, expressing a desire, on the part of his Britannic Majesty, to continue the ties of amity and good-will between the two powers, was translated to the Sultan by his trembling Dragoman; and, after a short pause, he replied, in a low but firm, haughty tone, addressing himself apparently to the Vizir, who repeated the speech very badly and hesitatingly to the Dragoman, who mumbled it out in French to the Ambassador. This unfortunate Dragoman's name was Stavrak Oglou, not a Greek of the Fanal, but a native of Caramania. He was a tall, cadaverous-looking person, and could not conceal the extraordinary impression of terror under which he laboured. He stood next me, and trembled so exceedingly as quite to shake me as well as himself; and his nerves were so agitated that he could scarcely see to read the paper he held, which was blotted with large drops of perspiration dropping from his forehead, and more than once nearly fell from his hand. The man had some reason: his predecessor had just been executed, and he had no hope he should escape the same fate. In a very short time he was deposed, and banished from Nalolia; and, a few days after his arrival, was found assassinated at his own door."—vol. i. p. 360.

Six years after this interview Dr. Walsh returned to Constantinople—and never was a scene so changed. These important events had taken place in the interval—the Russian invasion, which threatened so much and effected nothing of consequence;—the destruction of the Janissaries, which changed the whole face and system of Turkish prejudice and policy;—and the last, the extinction of the Levant Company, who had hitherto held such a distinguished rank among the merchants of the world. The details of the various changes in manners, habits, and institutions within the empire are interesting and marvellous. "But," says Dr. Walsh, "the most important, and extraordinary revolution which had taken place since my former visit, was that which was effected in the Sultan himself."

"Once the most fierce, capricious, and malignant of his species—a man apparently formed by nature to be a tyrant, and favoured by Providence with the widest range for the exercise of his tyranny; now, just and generous, enlightened and considerate; making the improvement and happiness of his subjects his constant aim and study. The energy of this man, by which he first changed his own character, has changed the political and moral condition of his people; and the immutable Turk—immutable in his ignorance and under the habits of a semi-barbarism—is now rising into knowledge, civilization, and importance."

Then follows a masterly delineation of the former character of this wonderful man as contrasted with the present. But we refer to the volumes. Science—learning—the arts—morals and religion—are all indebted to Dr. Walsh's researches, inquiries, and observations. We know of no modern publication that has superior claims upon the world of letters.

The illustrations are badly executed. In a second edition we hope this blot will be remedied.

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

I WENT to the Zoological Gardens the other day, for the first time, to see my old friends, "the wild beasts" (grim intimates of boyhood), and enjoy their lift in the world from their lodgings in Towers and Exeter Changes, where they had no air, and where I remember an elephant wearing boots, because the rats gnawed his feet! The first thing that struck me, next to the beauty of the Gardens, and the pleasant thought that such flowery places were now prepared for creatures whom we lately thrust into mere dens and dust-holes, was the quantity of life and energy presented to one's eyes! What motion!—what strength!—what active elegance! What prodigious chattering, and brilliant colours, in the maccaws and parrakeets! What fresh, clean, and youthful salience in the *lynx*! What a variety of dogs, all honest fellows apparently, of the true dog kind; and how bounding, how intelligent, how fit to guard our doors and our children, and scamper all over the country! And then the *Persian* greyhound!—How like a *patrician* dog (better even than Landseer's), and made as if expressly to wait upon a *Persian* prince: its graceful slenderness, darkness, and long silken ears, matching his own gentlemanly figure, and well-dressed beard!

We have life enough, daily, round about us—amazing, if we did but think of it; but our comparative indifference is a part of our own healthy activity. The blood spins in us too quickly to let us think too much. This sudden exhibition of life, in shapes to which we are unaccustomed, reminds us of the wonderful and ever-renewing vitality of all things. Those animals look as fresh, and strong, and beautiful, as if they were born in a new beginning of the world. Men in cities hardly look as much!—and horses dragging hackney-coaches are not happy specimens; but the horse in the new carriage is one, if we considered it. The leaves and flowers in the nursery-gardens exhibit the same untiring renewal of life; and the sunbeam, in the thick of St. Giles's, comes as straight and young as ever from the godlike orb that looks millions of miles at us, out of the depths of millions of ages; but it is a visiter as good-natured as it is great, and therefore we do not think too much even of the sunbeam. This bounding creature, however, in its cage—this is not a common sight; so it comes freshly and wonderfully upon our reflections. What brilliancy in its eyes!—What impetuous vigour in its leap!—What fearlessness of knocks and blows!—And how pleasant to think it is on the other side of its bars! What a sensation would ensue, if that pretty-coated creature, which eats a cake so good-naturedly, were suddenly out of its cage, and the cry were heard—"A tiger loose!"—"A panther!"—"A lion!" What a rush and screaming of all the ladies to the gates!—and of gentlemen too! And how the human voices, and those of the parrakeets, would go shrieking to heaven together! Fancy the bear suddenly jumping off his pole upon the cake-shop! A tiger let loose at day-time would not be so bad as at night. Perhaps he would be most frightened himself. There was an account of one that got loose in Piccadilly, and slunk down into a cellar, where

he was quietly taken; but at night, just before feeding, it might not be so pleasant. The papers gave an account, some weeks ago, of a lion which got out of one of the travelling caravans in the country, and, after lurking about the hedges, tore a labourer that he met, in full daylight. Nervous people, in imaginative states of the biliary vessels—timid gentlemen, taking easy rides—old ladies, too comfortable in their homes and arm-chairs—must sometimes feel misgivings while making their circuit of the Regent's Park, after reading paragraphs of this description. Fancy yourself coming home from the play or opera, humming "Deh vieni, non tardar," or "Meet me by moonlight alone;" and, as you are turning a corner in Wimpole Street, meeting—a tiger!

What should you say? You would find yourself pouring forth a pretty set of Rabelaisque exclamations:—

"Eh—Oh—Oh Lord!—Hollo!—Help!—Help!—Murder!—Tigers!—U—u—u—u—u!—My God!—Policeman!"

Enter Policeman.

Policeman.—"Good God!—A gentleman with a tiger!"

[Exit Policeman.]

In one of Molière's exquisite extravaganzas between his acts, is a scene betwixt a man and a bear, who has caught him in its arms. The man tries every expedient he can think of to make the bear considerate; and, among others, flatters him in the most excessive manner, calling him, at last, his Royal Highness. The bear, however, whom we are to fancy all this while on its hind legs, looking the man, with horrible indifference, in the face, and half dancing him from side to side in its heavy shuffle, is not at all to be diverted from his dining purposes, and he is about to act accordingly, when hunters come up and take off his attention. Up springs the man into a tree; and with the cruelty of mortified vanity (to think of all the base adulation he has been pouring forth) the first words he utters respecting his "Royal Highness" are, "Shoot him."

Not without its humour, though real, is a story of a bear in one of the northern expeditions (I forget which). Two men, a mate and a carpenter, had landed somewhere to cut wood, or look for provisions; and one of them was stooping down, when he thought some shipmate had followed him, and was getting, boy-like, on his shoulders. "Be quiet," said he, "get down." The unknown did not get down; and the man, looking up as he stooped, saw the carpenter staring at him in horror. "Oh, mate!" exclaimed the carpenter, "*it's a bear!*" Think what the man must have felt, when he heard this explanation of the weight on his shoulders! No tragedy, however, ensued.

Pleasant enough are such stories, so ending; but of all deaths, that by a wild beast must be one of the most horrible. There is action, indeed, to diminish the horror; but frightful must be the unexpectedness—the unnaturalness—the clawing and growling—the hideous and impracticable fellow-creature, looking one in the face, struggling with us, mingling his breath with ours—tearing away scalp or shoulder-blade.

To return, however, to our Gardens—places safe enough, doubtless, and only to be mentioned on this point by way of jest. The next thing that struck me was *the quiet*; and in connexion with this, *the creatures' accommodation of themselves to circumstances*, and the human-like sort

of intercourse into which they get with their visitors. With wild beasts we associate the ideas of rage and howling. On reflection, we recollect that this is not bound to be the case; that travellers pass deserts in daytime, and neither hear nor see them; and that it is at night they are to be looked for in true wild-beast condition, and then only if raging with appetite. It is no very extraordinary matter, therefore, to find them quiet by day, especially when we consider how their wants are attended to; and yet we cannot but think it strange that they should be so, put, as they are, into an unnatural condition, under bars and bolts. More of this, however, presently. Let us look at them as making friends with us, receiving our buns and biscuits, and being as close to us (by permission of those same bars) as dogs and cats. This is a very different position of things from the respectful distance kept in the African sands or in the jungle! I am afraid it breeds contempt in some, or at least indifference; and that people do not always find the pleasure they expected in the sight. I could not help admiring one visitor the other day, who hastened from den to den, and from beast to bird, twirling an umbrella, and giving little self-complacent stops at each, not longer than if he were turning over a book of prints, while waiting to transact some business. "Hah!" he seemed to be saying to himself, "this is the panther, is it? *Hm—Panther*. What says the label here? '*Hyæna Capensis*.' *Hm—Hyæna*—ah! a thing untameable. '*Grisly Bear*.' Hah!—*grisly—hm*. Very like. *Boa—'Tiger Boa'*—ah!—*Boa* in a box—*Hm—Sleeping*, I suppose. Very different from seeing him squeeze somebody. *Hm*. Well! I think it will rain. Terrible thing *that*—spoil my hat." Perhaps, however, I am doing the gentleman injustice, and he was only giving a glance, preparatory to a more than usual inspection. When a pleasure is great and multitudinous, one is apt to rush it all over hastily in the first instance; as in an exhibition of paintings, or with a parcel of books.

It is curious to find one's-self (literally) hand and glove with a bear; giving him buns, and watching his face, like a schoolboy's, to see how he likes them. A reflection rises—"If it were not for those bars, perhaps he would be eating *me*." Yet how mild they and his food render him. We scrutinize his countenance and manners at leisure, and are amused with his apparently indolent yet active lumpishness, his heavy kind of intelligence (which will do nothing more than is necessary), his almost hand-like use of his long, awkward-looking toes, and the fur which he wears clumsily about him like a watchman's great-coat. The darker bears look, somehow, the more natural; at least to those whose imaginations have not grown up amidst polar narratives. The white bear in these Gardens has a horrible mixed look of innocence and cruelty. Some Roman tyrant kept a bear as one of his executioners, and called it "*Innocence*." We could imagine it to have had just such a face. From that smooth, unimpressible aspect there is no appeal. He has no ill-will to you; only he is fond of your flesh, and would eat you up as meekly as you would sup milk, or swallow a custard. Imagine his arms around you, and your fate depending upon what you could say to him, like the man in *Molière*. You feel that you might as well talk to a devouring statue, or to the sign of the Bear in Piccadilly, or to a guillotine, or to the cloak of Nessus, or to your own great-coat (to ask it to be not so heavy),

or to the smooth-faced wife of an ogre, hungry and deaf, and one that did not understand your language.

Another curious sensation arises from being so tranquil yourself, and slow in your movements, while you are close to creatures so full of emotion and action. And you know not whether to be more pleased or disappointed at seeing some of them look so harmless, and others so small. On calling your recollections together, you may know, as matters of fact, that lynxes and wolves are no bigger; but you have willingly made them otherwise, as they appear to you in the books of your childhood; and it seems an anti-climax to find a wolf no bigger than a common dog, and a lynx than a large cat. The lynx in these Gardens is a beautiful, bounding creature. You know him at once by his ears, if not by his eyes; but yet he does not strike you like the lynx you have read of. You are obliged to animate your respect for him, by considering him under the title of "cat-o'-mountain;"

"The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-o'-mountain."

But poor cat-o'-mountain is not abroad here, in the proper sense; he is "abroad and at home," and yet neither. You see him by daylight, without the proper fire in his eyes. You do not meet him in a mountain-pass, but in a poor closet in Mary-le-bone; where he jumps about like a common cat, begging for something to eat. Let him look as he may, he does not look so well as in a book.

I saw no lion. Whether there is any or not, at present, I cannot say. I believe there is; but friends get talking, and one of them moves hither or thither, and carries away the rest; and so things are passed by. I did not even see the rhinoceros; nor the beaver, which would not come out (if there); nor the seal (which I particularly wished to see, having a liking for seals and their affections:—there is one species in particular, remarkable for the mobility of its expression, which I should like to get acquainted with; but this is not the one in the Garden catalogue). The lioness was asleep, as all well-behaved wild beasts ought to be at that hour; and another, or a tigress (I forget which), pained the beholder by walking incessantly to and fro, uttering little moans. She seemed incapable of the philosophy of her fellow-captives. The dogs are an interesting sight, particularly the Persian greyhounds already mentioned, and the St. Bernard dogs, famous for their utility and courage. But it was a melancholy thing to see one of them barking and bounding incessantly for pieces of biscuit, and jerked back by the chain round his neck. It seemed an ill return for the Alpine services of his family.

The boa in his box was asleep. He is handsomely spotted: but the box formed a sorry contrast in the imagination with his native woods. He seemed prodigiously to want "air and exercise." Is not the box unconscionably small and confined; could not a *snake-safe* be contrived of good handsome dimensions? There is no reason why a serpent should not be made as comfortable as possible, even though he would make no more bones of us than we do of an oyster.

The squirrels are better off, and are great favourites, being natural crackers of nuts; but could no trees be contrived for them to climb, and no grass for their feet? It is unpleasant to see them so much on the bare ground.

The elephant would seem more comfortably situated than most. He has water to bathe in, mud to stick in, and an area many times bigger than himself for his circuit. Very interesting is it to see him throw bits of mud over himself, and to see, and *hear* him, suck the water up in his trunk and then discharge it into his great red throat; in which he also receives, with sage amenity, the biscuits of the ladies. Certainly, the more one considers an elephant, the more he makes good his claim to be considered the Doctor Johnson of the brute creation. He is huge, potent, sapient, susceptible of tender impressions, is a good fellow, likes as much water as the other did tea, gets on at a great uncouth rate when he walks, and though perhaps less irritable and melancholy, can take a witty revenge; as witness the famous story of the tailor that pricked him, and whom he drenched with ditch water. If he were suddenly gifted with speech, and we asked him if he liked his imprisonment, the first words he would utter would unquestionably be—"Why, no, Sir." Nor is it to be doubted, when going to dinner, that he would echo the bland sentiment of our illustrious metropolitan, on a like occasion, "Sir, I like to dine." If asked his opinion of his keeper, he would say, "Why, Sir, Hipkins is, upon the whole, 'a good fellow,'—like myself, Sir, (*smiling*), but not quite so considerate; he knows I love him, and presumes a little too much upon my forbearance. He teases me for the idle amusement of the bystanders. Sir, Hipkins takes the display of allowance for the merit of ascendancy."

This is what the elephant manifestly thought on the present occasion; for the keeper set a little dog at him, less to the amusement of the bystanders than he fancied; and the noble beast, after butting the cur out of the way, and taking care to spare him, as he advanced, (for one tread of his foot would have smashed the little pertinacious wretch as flat as a pancake,) suddenly made a stop, and, in rebuke of both of them, uttered a high indignant scream, much resembling a score of cracked trumpets.

Enter the three lady-like and most curious giraffes, probably called forth by the noise, which they took, however, with great calmness. On close inspection, their faces express more insipidity and indifference than anything else—at least the one that I looked at, did; but they are extremely interesting from their novelty, and from a singular look of cleanliness, delicacy, and refinement, mixed with a certain *gaucherie* arising from their long, poking necks, and the disparity of length between their fore and hind legs. They look like young ladies of animals, naturally not ungraceful, but with bad habits. Their necks are not on a line with their fore legs, perpendicular and held up, nor yet arched like horses' necks, but make a feeble-looking, obtuse angle, completely answering to the word "poking;" the legs come up so close to the necks, that in front they appear to have no bodies; the back slopes like a hill, producing the singular disparity between the legs just mentioned; and the whole animal, being slender, light-coloured, and very gentle, gives you an idea of delicacy amounting to the fragile; the legs look as if a stick would break them in two, like glass. Add to this, a slow and uncouth lifting of the legs, as they walk, as if stepping over gutters; and the effect is just such as has been described,—the strangest mixture in the world of elegance and uncouthness. The people about them seemed to be constantly curry-combing them after a gentle fashion; for an extreme cleanliness is necessary to their health; and the novelty of the spectacle

is completed by the appearance of M. Thibaut in his Arab dress and beard,—the Frenchman who brought them over. The one I spoke of, moving its mouth, but not the expression of its countenance, helped itself to a mouthful of feathers out of a lady's bonnet, as it stooped over the rails.

The sight of new creatures like these throws one upon conjectures as to the reasons why nature calls them into existence. They are conjectures not very likely to discover any thing; but Nature herself allows their indulgence. All one can suppose is, that, besides, helping to keep down the mutual superfluity of animal or vegetable life, and enabling the great conditions of death and reproduction to be fulfilled, their own portion of life is a variety of the pleasurable, which could exist only under that particular form. We are to conclude that, if the giraffe, the elephant, the lion, &c., &c., were not formed in that especial manner, they could neither perform the purposes required of them in the general scheme of creation, nor realize certain amounts of pleasurable sensation peculiar to each species. Happiness can only be added, or at least is only added, to the general stock under that shape. And thus we can very well imagine new shapes of happiness called into being: just as others appear to have been worn out, or done with, as in the mammoth and other antediluvian creatures. If we can conceive no end of space, why should we conceive an end of new creations, whatever our poor little bounds of historical time might even appear to argue to the contrary? What are a few thousands of years? What would be millions? Not a twinkle in the eye of eternity. To return, however, to our first proposition,—human beings, brutes, fish, insects, serpents, vegetables, appear to be all varieties of pleasurable or pleasure-giving vitality, necessary to the harmony and completeness of the music of this state of being; the worst discords of which (by our impulses to that end) seem destined to be done away, leaving only so much contrast as shall add another perfect orb to the spheres. (Permit at least this dream by the roadside of creation. Who can contemplate the marvellousness of God's works, and not think his best and most adoring thoughts on the subject?)

I forgot to mention the porcupine. It is very curious, and realizes a dream, yet not the most romantic part of it. The real porcupine is not so good a thing as it is in an old book; for it *doesn't shoot*. Oh, books! you are truly a world by yourselves, and a "real world" too, as the poet has called you, for you make us feel; and what can any reality do more? Heaven made you, as it did the other world. Books were contemplated by Providence, as well as other matters of fact.—In the time of Claudian, the mere sight of this animal seems to have been enough to convince people of its powers of warfare. At least, it did the poet. The darts were before his eyes; and he took the showman's word for the use which could be made of them; only, it seems, the "cunning little Isaac" of a porcupine was not "lavish of his weapons," nor chose to part with them, unless his life was in danger. He was very cautious,

* "Books are a real world,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

WORDSWORTH.

A passage often quoted—it cannot be too often.

says the poet, how he got in a passion ;—he contented himself with threats.

Additur armis
Calliditas, parcusque sui timor, iraque nunquam
Prodiga telorum, caute contenta minari,
Nec nisi servandæ jactus impendere vitæ.

De Hystrice.

The rattling of the prickles described by Claudian is still to be heard, when the creature is angry ; at least so the naturalists tell us ; and it is added, that they “ occasionally fall off, particularly in autumn ;” but it has no power of “ shooting them at its pursuers.”*

The dormouse looked very uncomfortable. His coat was half gone, as if from disease, and he appeared to sit down on the earth for the purpose of screening as much of his bareness as he could, and of getting warmth. But there was that invincible look of patience in the face, which is so affecting, and which creates so much respect in whatever face it be found. Animals luckily have no affectation. What you see in their faces is genuine ; though you may over-rate it, or do the reverse. When the lion looks angry, nobody believes he is feigning. When the dog looks affectignate, who doubts him ?

But the monkeys—What a curious interest they create,—half-amusing, half-painful ! The reflection forced upon one’s vanity is inevitable—“ They are very like men.” *Oh, quam simillima turpissima pestia nobis !*

Oh how like *us* is that most vile of brutes !

The way in which they receive a nut in their *hands*, compose themselves with a sort of bustling *nonchalance* to crack it, and then look about for more with that little, withered, winking, half-human face, is startling. The hand in particular mortifies one, it looks so very unbrute-like ; and yet is so small, so skinny, so like something elvish and unnatural, no wonder it has been thought in some countries that monkeys could speak, but avoided it for fear of being set to work. In their roomy cages here they look like a set of half-human pigmy schoolboys, withered into caricatures of a certain class of labourers, but having neither labour nor study,—nothing to do but to leap about, or sit still, or play with, or plague one another. Classes of two very gallant nations have been thought like monkeys, and it ought not to mortify them any more than the general resemblance to man should mortify the human species ; the mortification in the latter instance is undoubtedly felt, but it tells more against the man than the monkey : to him it is, in fact, “ a lift ;” and that is the very reason why the human being resents it. We wish to stand alone in the creation, and not to be approached by any other animal, especially by one apparently so insignificant in most respects,—so little “ respectable” on the score of size and power. I am afraid we would rather be resembled by lions and tigers. It is curious enough to observe, that in the British peerage there are but three coats of arms which have monkeys for their supporters : one is the Duke of Leinster’s, (owing, it is said, to a monkey having carried off a Fitzgerald in a time of danger to the house-top, and safely brought him back ;) the other belongs to the houses of Digby and St. John ; lions, tigers, eagles, all sorts

* *Cicero’s Translation of Blumenbach, p. 49.*

of ferocious animals, are in abundance. This is natural enough, considering that this kind of honour originated in feudal times; but the human mind (without losing its just consideration for circumstances past or present, and all the mingled strength, as well as weakness, which they include) has yet to learn the proper respect for qualities unconnected with brute force and power; and it will do so in good time: it is doing so now, and therefore one may remark, without too much chance of rebuke, that as all nations, indeed all individuals, according to some, have been said to be like different classes of the lower creation, (Englishmen like mastiffs or bull-dogs, Italians like antelopes, &c.,) so it ought not to be counted the most humiliating of such similitudes, when certain nations, or particular portions of a nation, especially of those that, for wit and courage, rank among the foremost, are called to mind by expressions in the faces of a tribe of animals, remarkable not only for that circumstance, but for their superiority over others in shrewdness, in vivacity, in mode of life, nay, in the affections; for most touching stories have been told of the attachments of monkeys to one another, and to the human race too, and particularly of their behaviour when their companions or children have been killed. What ought to mortify us in the human likeness is the anger to which we see them subject,—the revenge, the greediness, and other low passions; but these they have in common with most animals: their shrewdness and domestic sympathies they share with few. And there is a residuum of mystery in them, as in all things, which should lead us to cultivate as much regard for them as we can, thus turning what is unknown to us, to good instead of evil. It is impossible to look with much reflection at any animal, especially one of this apparently half-thinking class, and not consider that he probably partakes far more of our own thoughts and feelings than we are aware of, just as he manifestly partakes of our senses; and that he may add to this community of being, faculties or perceptions, which we are unable to conceive. We may translate what we see of the manifestation of its feelings into something good, or otherwise, as it happens; perhaps our conjectures may be altogether wrong, but we cannot be wrong in making the best of them,—in getting as much pleasure from them ourselves as we can, and giving as much advantage to our fellow-creatures. On the present occasion, as I stood watching these strange beings, marvelling at their eatings, their faces, and at the prodigious jumps they took from pillar to post, careless of thumps that seemed as if they would have dislocated a human limb, I observed one of them sitting by another, with his arm round his neck, precisely as one schoolboy will affectionately sit with his fellow, and rapidly grinning at a third, as if to keep him off. The grin consisted of that incessant and apparently malignant motion of the lips over the teeth, which looks as if it were every instant going to say something, and break forth into threat and abuse. The monkey that was thus kept off leaped up every now and then towards the parties (who were sitting on a shelf), and gave a good slap of the hand to the protecting individual, or received one instead. I did not know enough of their habits to judge whether it was play or warfare; whether the assailant wished to injure the one that seemed protected, or whether the protector wrongly or rightly kept him away, from jealousy or from sport. At length the prohibited individual was allowed quietly to make one of the

trio, and there he sat, nestling himself against the *protegé*, and so continued till I left; the probability therefore was, that it was all sport and good humour, and that the whole trio were excellent friends.

Nations of a very different sort from Africans have seen such a likeness between man and monkeys, that the Hindoos have a celebrated monkey-general (Hanuman), who cuts a figure in their mythology and their plays, and was a friend of the god Rama*. Young readers (nor old ones, who have wit or good spirits enough to remain young) need not be reminded of the monkey in "Philip Quarll," nor of him that became secretary to a sultan in the "Arabian Nights." After all, let nobody suppose that it is the intention of these remarks to push the analogy between the two classes further than is warrantable, or to lessen the real amount of the immeasurable distance between them. But anything that looks like humanity on the part of the poor little creature need not be undervalued for all that, or merely because we pay it the involuntary compliment of a mortified jealousy. And as to its face, there is unquestionably a look of reflection in it, and of care too, that ought not to be disrespected. Its worst feature is the inefficient nose, arguing, it would seem, an infirmity of purpose to any strong endeavour (if such arguments are derivable from such things); and yet, as if to show her love of comedy, and render the class a riddle for alternate seriousness and laughter, Nature has produced a species of ape, ludicrous for the length of this very feature†. Nature has made levity as well as gravity; and really seems inclined, now and then, to play a bit of farce in her own person, as the gods did on Mount Olympus:—

"And unextinguish'd laughter shook the skies."

Fit neighbours for the monkeys are the parrakeets—themselves, in some respects, a kind of monkey-bird—with claws which they use like hands, a faculty of imitation in voice, and something in the voice so like speech and articulation, that one almost fancies the guttural murmuring is about to break out into words, and *say something*. But what colours! What blazes of red and gold, of green, blue, and all sorts of the purest splendours! How must these reds and blues look, when thronging and shining amidst the amber tops of their trees, under a tropical sun! And for whose eyes are those colours made? Hardly for man's—for man does not see a hundred-millionth part of them, nor perhaps would choose to live in a condition for seeing, at least not in their true state; unless he should come to like their screaming in the woods, for the same reason that we like the cawing of rooks. They would appear, then, to be made for their own. "Why not?" asks somebody. True, but we are not accustomed to consider them in that light, or as made for any other purpose than for some distinction or attraction of sex. In nothing, however, does Nature seem to take more obvious delight than in colours; and perhaps (to guess reverently, not profanely) these gorgeous hues

* See Wilson's "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus." I wish I had read this interesting work before. Passages from it would have given a value to the article on the *Nymphs* in the May number of the "New Monthly." For an account of a festival in honour of Rama, in which his monkey-friend is conspicuous, see "Bishop Heber's Journal," chap. 13.

† The *Simia Rostrata*, Long-nosed ape. "It is *simia*, but not *sima*," says Blumenbach, "being remarkable for its long proboscis-like nose."

are intended for the pleasure of spiritual eyes, upon which no kind of beauty is lost, as it is too often upon man's. It is impossible to picture to one's-self the countless beauties in nature, the myriads of paintings, animal, vegetable, and mineral, with which earth, air, and seas are thronged, and fancy them all made for none but human eyes. Neither is it easy to suppose that other animals have eyes, and yet look upon these riches of the eyesight with no feeling of admiration analogous to our own. The peacock's expansion of his plumage, and the apparent pride he takes in it, force us to believe otherwise, in his particular case; and yet, with our tendency to put the worst or least handsome construction on what our inferior fellow-creatures do, we attribute to pride, jealousy, and other degrading passions, what may really be attributable to something better; nor may it be *pride* in the peacock, which induces him to display his beauty, but some handsomer joy in the beauty itself. You may call every man who dresses well a coxcomb—but it is possible he is not so; he may do it for the same reason that he dresses his room well with pictures, or loves to see his wife well-dressed: he may be such an admirer of the beautiful in all things, that he cannot omit a sense of it even in his own attire. Raphael is understood to have been an elegant dresser; and it has been conjectured from a sonnet of Shakspeare's (No. 146) that *he* was one. Who could suppose Shakspeare a coxcomb? much less *proud*! He had too much to be proud of in petty eyes, to be so in his own,—standing, as he did, a wise and kind atom, but still an atom, in the midst of the overwhelming magnificence of nature and the mysteries of worlds. The same attention to dress is recorded of the apparently grave philosopher, Aristotle; and the story of Plato's carpet, and of the "greater pride" with which Diogenes tramped upon it, is well known. Now, inasmuch as pride is an attribute of narrowness of spirit and want of knowledge, the lower animals may undoubtedly be subject to it,—though still to be proud of a colour, and of external beauty, would imply an association of ideas more subtle than we are accustomed to attribute to them; and proud or not, there appears great reason to believe, that conscious of these colours and beauties they are. If so, the eyes of a crowd of parakeets and macaws, assembled as in the place before us, must have a constant feast. Does their talk mean to say anything of this? Is it divided between an admiration of one another, and their dinner? For, assuredly, talk they do of something or other, from morning to night, like a room-full of French milliners; and apparently they ought to be as fond of colours, and of their own appearance. These lively and brilliant creatures seem the happiest in the Gardens, next to the ducks and *sparrows*; the latter of whom, by the way, are in exquisite situation here, having a rich set of neighbours brought them, without suffering any of their imprisonment. It would be delightful to see them committing their thefts upon cage and pan, if it were not for the creatures caged.

And the poor eagles and vultures! The very instinct of this epithet shows what an unnatural state they must have been brought to. Think of *eagles* being commiserated, and called "poor!" It is monstrous to see any creature in a cage, far more any winged creature, and most of all, those accustomed to soar through the whole vault of heaven, and have the world under their eye. Look at the eyes of these birds here, these eagles and vultures! How strangely clouded *now* seems that

'grand, and stormy-looking depression of the eyelid, drawn with that sidelong air of tightness, fierceness, and threat, as if by the brush of some mighty painter. That is an eye for the clouds and the subject earth, not for a miserable hen-coop. And see, poor flagging wretches! how they stand on their perches, each at a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhibition, eagles *all of a row!*—still, scratchy, impaired, useless-eyed, almost motionless? Are these the majestic and sovereign creatures described by the Buffons and Mudies, by the Wilsons of ornithology and poetry, by Spenser, by Homer? Is this the eagle of Pindar, heaving his moist back in sleep upon the sceptre of Jove, under the influence of the music of the gods? Is this the bird of the English poet,

"Soaring through his wide empire of the air,
To weather his broad vans?"

Wonderful and admirable is the quietness, the philosophy, or whatever you choose to call it, with which all the creatures in this place, the birds in particular, submit themselves to their destiny. They do not howl and cry, brutes though they be; they do not endeavour to tear their chains up, or beat down their dens; they find the contest hopeless, and they handsomely and wisely give it up. It is true, their wants are attended to as far as possible, and they have none of the more intolerable wants of self-love and wounded vanity—no vindictiveness seemingly, nor the love of pure obstinate opposition, and of seeing whose will can get the day. If they cannot have liberty, they will not disgrace captivity. But then what a loss to them is that of liberty! It is thought by some that all which they care for is their food; and that, having plenty of this, they must be comfortable. But feeding, though a pleasure of life, is not the end of it; it is only one of its pleasurable supports. Or grant it even to be one of the ends of life, as indeed it may be considered by reason of its being a pleasure, more especially with some animals (not excepting some human ones), still, consider what a far greater portion of existence is passed by all creatures in the exercise of their other faculties, in some form of *motion* (so much so, that even food would seem not so much an object of the labour, as a means of it—life itself being motion in pulse and thought), and then think of how much of the very spirit of their existence all imprisoned creatures are deprived.

The truth is, that if a man has happened, by the circumstances of his life, to think and endure much—to enjoy much, and to know what it is to be deprived of enjoyment—and, above all, to know what this very

* Gray's translation, "Perching on the sceptred hand," &c., is very fine; but he has omitted this exquisite epithet of the eagle's sleep, *moist* (*ὕγρον*), so full of the depth of rest and luxury. (Gilbert West's version of the passage has merit, but he wanted *gusto* enough to venture on this epithet. Cary (thanks to his Dantesque pen!) has not dishonoured it.)

"Jove's eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
Possess by thy enchanting numbers;
On either side, his rapid wing
Drops, intranced, the feather'd king;
Black vapour o'er his curv'd head
Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed,
Upheaving his moist back he lies,
Held down by thrilling harmonies."

CARY'S Pindar, p. 62.

want of liberty is, this confinement for a long time to one spot, the sight of these Gardens ends in making him more melancholy than comfortable. Hating to interfere with other people's pleasures, or to seem to pretend to be wiser or better than my neighbours (especially when speaking, as circumstances render expedient, in my own name), I did not well know how to get this truth out of my lips; till seeing the interesting article in the "Quarterly Review" on the same subject, and finding the writer confessing that he could never pass by these eagles "without a pang," I felt that I might protest against the *whole business of captivity* with the less hazard of a charge of immodesty and self-opinion*. Let me not be understood as implying blame against any one. I have the greatest respect for the persons and motives of the gentlemen who compose the Zoological Society, and who have (as already hinted) given a prodigious lift, in the scale of comfort, to creatures destined to shows and menageries. Their zeal in behalf of the general interests of knowledge and humanity is, I have no doubt, fervid; and their defence, in the present instance, is obvious, and perhaps unanswerable. *If they did not take charge of animals for exhibition, others would, and would do it badly; and the old system would return.* There would be no such handsome places any longer for the prisoners as the Marylebone and Surrey gardens. Granted. I am only restoring the principle to its element, or pushing the abstract defence of the whole system to its utmost, and trying whether it would stand the test of a final judgment, if action were free, and prohibition could be secured; and, under these circumstances I may ask, not uselessly even for present purposes, whether a great people, under a still finer aspect of knowledge and civilization than at present, would think themselves warranted in keeping *any* set of fellow-creatures in a state of endless captivity—their faculties contradicted, their very lives, for the most part, turned into lingering deaths? Every now and then the lions, and other animals in these places, disappear. They die off from some malady or other, either of inactivity, or of other contradiction to their natures, or from the soil or climate. The "Quarterly Review" thinks that the London clay is pernicious to the collection in Marylebone Gardens. The Surrey collection, it seems, though the smaller, is the healthier. But how long do the animals last there? Or is captivity a good thing for them anywhere?

The main arguments in favour of such collections are, that they increase the stock of knowledge, encourage kindly feelings towards the lower creation, and tend to substitute rational for irrational amusements. They who object to them are warned furthermore how they render the

* "But we must bend our steps to the eagle-house, and we confess we never pass it by without a pang. Eagles, lammergeys, condors, *creatures of the element*, born to soar over Alps and Andes, in helpless, hopeless imprisonment. Observe the upward glance of that golden eagle—ay, look upon that glorious orb—it shines wooingly: how impossible is it to annihilate hope!—he spreads his ample wings, springs towards the fountain of light, strikes the netting, and flaps heavily down:—*'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.'* We know not what their worships would say or do to us, if we were to work our wicked will; but we never see these unfortunates without an indescribable longing to break their bonds, and let the whole bevy of these

'Souls made of fire and children of the sun'
wander free."

imagination over-nice and sensitive, or make worse what cannot be helped; and something is occasionally added respecting the perplexed question of good and evil, and the ordinances of Providence. I have not room to repeat what has been often said in answer to reasonings of this description, which, in truth, are but so many beggings of the question, all of them to be set aside till the first doubts of the manliest and most honest conscientiousness be disposed of. Providence is to be adored at all times, and its mysteries to be brought in, humbly, when man comes to the end of his own humble endeavours; but till then it is not his business to play with the awful edge-tools of a right of providential force, and its mixture of apparent evil. He must do what his conscience tells him, all kindly, and nothing (where he can help it) with a mixture of unkindness; and thus I know not how a conscientious naturalist, setting aside that argument, *that others will do worse*, would be able, if nations were to come to such a pitch of refinement as above stated, to *do the evil* of imprisoning and withering away the lives of his fellow animals, that some problematical *good might come*.

A paragraph in the newspaper the other day, speaking of a lion that died after three years' incarceration, (one in four of its whole life,) said, that the Zoological Society have "never been able to keep any of the larger carnivora longer than that time; they have lost (it adds) nine lions since January, 1832." It is not easy to reconcile this statement to others which tell us of tens and twenties of years passed by lions and other beasts under the like circumstances. Imprisonments of that duration have been known in the Tower and other places—jails far less favourable, one would think, to the lives of the inmates, than these open and flowery spots. The Society's catalogue informs us that the grisly bear in their possession "was brought to England upwards of twenty years since by the Hudson's Bay Company," and that it remained in the Tower till the accession of his present Majesty; and their harpy eagle was caught in 1822. Long life in a prison, however, is a very different thing from natural life out of it.

At all events, on the principle of doing the very best possible, would it not be desirable, nay, is it not imperative on societies possessed of funds, to *enlarge even the better accommodation they have provided*, to give elephants and giraffes still greater ranges, and, above all, to supply far better dens to the lions and tigers, &c., for dens they still are, of the narrowest description?

WORDS FOR A TRIO.

An argument like a good trio should be
Where we all differ, and yet all agree,
In truth, and in tone, and in blest harmony.

L. H.

THE NAVAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN*.

If we reflect upon the magnitude and grandeur of our navy—that it is the source of our power, wealth, security, and fame—that it ever has been the pride and favourite of the nation—and that its deeds of enterprise and valour, as well as its fortitude under sufferings, are pre-eminently susceptible of all the beauty and sublimity by which narrative and description can elevate the mind and rouse the passions—we may not escape astonishment at the very little that the higher branches of literature have done upon such a subject. In fact, most of our works upon naval history and biography have been written by landsmen, who have not been able to imbibe a sailor's spirit or the peculiarities of a sailor's feelings, and they have ~~expressed~~ feebly or obscurely what they have been barely able to understand by dint of toil and trouble. Hume, the historian, confessed, that whatever pains he took, he never could comprehend a naval battle; and considering the manner in which actions between single ships, squadrons, and fleets have often been described (especially in the days of manœuvres and tactics) we are not surprised that they should have baffled the comprehension of perhaps the most acute and lucid intellect of his age and country. But we have arrived at a different era, and we have now before us a standard work of Naval History, comprising a period more replete with science, more full of great and glorious deeds, and more illustrative of all the resources and energies of powerful and heroic minds, than any other period of five times the duration in the naval annals of this or of any other country, either in the ancient or modern world. From the year 1793 to the battle of Trafalgar or Algiers, naval affairs were conducted upon a scale and with a spirit which no future conjuncture of circumstances will probably ever produce; Captain Brenton has drawn these with a master's hand. The work impresses us with the science and skill of a veteran officer, and we have its lucid pages glowing with the seaman's spirit, patriotism, and feelings.

A mere naval history, however, with whatever talents or in whatever spirit it may be written, would, upon the whole, be an uninstructional work. A perpetual and unrelieved account of battles can afford to the mind only a coarse stimulus and gratification, which soon exhausts attention, and eventually occasions the worst species of satiety. Such books, like the "Newgate Calendar," are merely an excitement to youth or the resource of the illiterate and vulgar. Captain Brenton judiciously avoids this evil, and the plan of his work merits unequivocal praise, and places it far above all competition. The author connects our naval affairs with the general history of the country and of Europe. Our campaigns and battles on the ocean are therefore not isolated events, but parts and parcels of the general warfare. We trace them in connexion with the causes, conduct, and objects of the war, with the avowed or secret designs of cabinets and negotiations, so that the work has not only all the merits of a strictly naval history, but its parts combine into a succinct, but comprehensive, lucid, and most interesting history of the affairs of the belligerent nations, with their effects upon neutral powers and upon the general interests of mankind. This plan renders the work one of the most entertaining and useful productions of the age; but it will be our duty presently to point out several errors in the filling-up of the outline.

We recollect that when Captain B.anton first published his "Naval History," in 1823, the work occasioned a very powerful sensation throughout the military and naval services, and created a strong impression on the public mind in general. Few books incurred more censure or received more praise. Unfortunately, however, in our opinion at the time, an opinion which the public have at length confirmed and adopted, the work was

* The Naval History of Great Britain, brought down to the Present Time. By Capt. Edward Pelham Brenton, R.N.

strongly blamed for its very best points of excellence, whilst it received the most extravagant praise for its worst and least pardonable defects. The extent of the history, with its very high price, confined its circulation to the richer classes; but as it received probably more public patronage than any work under similar circumstances had received for a very long period, we felt surprised that the gallant officer did not supply the country with an edition in which the errors of the first might be expunged, and which might be brought within the reach of more humble pocket. This desideratum is at length supplied, but not altogether without defects, which we shall feel it our duty to point out. Some few of the original sins still remain; others are much modified and softened; and others, we are happy to say, are omitted and atoned for; and we shall point out the first two classes, in the hopes that there may be no deduction from the merits of this excellent work in the future numbers.

We have stated that Captain Brenton's original work was strongly blamed or reproached for points that constituted its greatest merits, and that it was as extravagantly praised for its greatest defects. This position, amounting almost to a paradox, it will now be our task to establish.

The gallant author is evidently an enthusiast in his profession. His love and zeal for the service know no bounds, and he never takes his pen in his hand without showing that he is imbued with an ardent spirit of patriotism, and with a devoted loyalty, both of which, however, have that peculiar tinge which is derived from a naval life. Captain Brenton, moreover, under all circumstances is influenced by a spirit of veracity, and from these various causes he was induced to tell many truths of a most unpleasant nature; and hence were his writings and himself blamed by all who had, or had had, or who hoped to have a participation in systems that injured the public service to the advantage of private individuals. In the true spirit of history, and with feelings most highly to his honour, this gallant officer exposed the scandalous practice of hiring merchant vessels at an enormous rate of tonnage, under the pretext of using them as transports, when they were allowed to be idle in port, the real object being to enrich owners who were of a certain set of political opinions. Next came a by far more flagitious and cruel species of corruption. Whilst the impress service was inflicted upon all classes, with a barbarity almost incredible in these days, and whilst, by dint of high bounties and pardons for crimes, our navy, at the most awful and critical juncture of affairs, was receiving convicts from the hulks, and the sweepings of wretches from the jails and haunts of infamy in London and our large towns, hundreds of the finest seamen, that possessed votes in boroughs, were protected from serving in the navy, and allowed, at the very gasp of our existence, to idle their lives away on board of packets or vessels serving or only nominally serving on the coast or in ports and harbours. Surely nothing could have been more culpable in an historian than concealing these facts. Our gallant author also pointed out the execrable supply of our fleets with provisions, stores, and, above all, with ammunition—gunpowder, for instance, either adulterated or deficient in quantity. The needless severity of punishment was exposed, and a humane sentiment was uttered at the judicial butcheries of our veteran seamen for nominal mutinies, such as that at Bangry Bay, and at the executions at which the writer of this article had the misfortune to attend as an officer. Some animadversions were made upon the unequal distribution of prize-money, upon the unnecessary detention of ships upon foreign stations, upon the cruelty of keeping the pay of seamen so long in arrear, and upon the abuses in general which rendered the mutiny at Spithead almost unavoidable.

Another highly honourable instance of candour and veracity was the exposure of the fraudulent system of misrating our ships, by which in all actions and battles we made it appear that we had overcome a vastly superior force, whereas, in numerous instances, directly the reverse was the fact.

Great as was the honour due to Captain Brenton for thus pointing out

errors for correction, and for writing history in the spirit of an honest chronicler, he was entitled to a still higher degree of admiration and of public gratitude for his pointing out the want of skill, seamanship, zeal or spirit in officers, by which battles were avoided, or rendered nugatory in cases where they might have and ought to have ended in the entire destruction of the enemy.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the man who possesses so fine a moral courage, and who is actuated by patriotism, loyalty, and so pure a zeal for his profession, must have to encounter the resentment of the guilty or suspected, before his conduct settles in the quiet and permanent possession of that esteem and fame which, however late, are sure eventually to be bestowed upon such deserts. Thus was Captain Brenton's valuable work blamed for its chief merits, until it gradually gained upon the public esteem, and is now in possession of a celebrity which is not likely to be diminished.

We owe it in justice to our author to state, that in making these exposures he was guilty of no personalities. He betrayed not the slightest spleen, rancour, or individual feeling, but wrote in the fair spirit of history. The "*Purcere personis et dicere de vitiis*" seemed to be ever present in his mind, and he attacked systems rather than men, and treated the *causes* rather as the *vitia temporum* than the *crimina hominum*. In these exposures he was decidedly too lenient, and, from our own personal service in the navy, we could point out important cases in which he ought to have been more severe in his observations. It is singular, moreover, that in his strictures upon the fleet off Brest, in 1794, for which he incurred such censures, his views have been fully justified by all the documents and statements which the controversy has elicited. But public opinion has long been uniformly and steadily in favour of our author on all these points, and upon this branch of the subject the work may now be pronounced as perfect. Its utility in this respect is invaluable.

We now come to a by far less pleasing part of our duty as critics. We have shown that Captain Brenton's work was censured for all that was praiseworthy, and it is now our task to show that it has been praised for that which was reprehensible.

Captain Brenton, as we have already observed, takes a sort of bird's-eye view, or makes a comprehensive sketch, of the military and political affairs of the world, during the period of his history, and by this means he gives importance, dignity, and increased interest to his naval details and narrations. Merely to describe a naval battle, is simply to show the relative dexterity and valour with which ships and fleets can knock each other to pieces; but to trace the causes of battles, their designs and objects, the hopes and fears, the joys and disappointments which they occasion in courts, cabinets, and nations, and to point out their effects upon relative operations of armies, and upon subsequent features of the war and final close of hostilities, is giving a grand, a useful, and interesting feature to naval warfare. We can conceive nothing more mean than a naval history of England during the first American war, written upon the one plan; nothing more grand, if written upon the other.

Unfortunately, however, Captain Brenton's execution is not always equal to his plan or outline. When afloat he is comprehensive, lucid, just, and grand; but directly he gets on shore he is too apt to merge the historian into the politician, the politician into the partisan, and the partisan into the zealot. Our author, we need not say, is not a Radical, Whig, or Liberal of any denomination; nor is he a Conservative, or even a Tory in any modern or recent acceptation of the word; but he is a Tory of the flaccid genus, and is just the individual of that genus that a man might expect to have found on the quarter-deck of Admiral Hosier or Commodore Benbow.

In the very first paragraph of the work we find a taunt against the Americans for their "SUCCESSFUL REBELLION!" We all of us must have heard of the old joke, that treason never prospers, for if prosperous none dare give

it that odious name of treason; and surely the reasoning may be applied to the twin offence—rebellion. The Americans committed no rebellion. They merely asserted a great principle, the foundation of all liberty and the very key-stone of our constitution—a principle that no man in our empire will now dispute, and which few honest and temperate men disputed at that time—the principle that representation should precede and accompany taxation. We have next a reiteration of the trite old notion, that the French Revolution was occasioned by the political infection which the French soldiers received in their service in the American war. The French Revolution was in progress at least half a century before that of America dawned on the political horizon; and a philosophic mind must see that both were the inevitable results of nations becoming too populous, wealthy, spirited, and intelligent for institutions which had never been intended for, and which were not adapted to, so advanced a state of society. “But Divine Providence,” says Captain Brenton, “enabled us to overcome these two rebellions, and a most formidable and dangerous rebellion at home.” Could any man believe that “this dangerous rebellion at home” is an allusion to the few days’ riots of Lord George Gordon’s mob—riots got up by the court as a “No Popery” cry on the immediate eve of a general election, and which were for some time connived at and fostered for party purposes—riots confined to the lowest rabble, that never extended beyond the metropolis, and which were at last put down in one day, without the loss of a single life or even limb on the part of the public authorities. We are next told that France, in declaring war against us in 1793, was actuated by “persevering malignity, by deadly hate,” &c. &c. But France was not actuated by any other feelings against England than those of the rivalry and nationality common between all nations adjacent or in contact. These feelings exist between the Poles and Russians, the Spaniards and Portuguese, the Swedes and Danes or Norwegians, the Austrians and Bavarians, the Prussians and Russians, the Russians and Turks, the Austrians and French, the French and English, and are reciprocal between all the petty states of Italy. These feelings arise from the cupidity of each other’s possessions, and the supposed necessity of inculcating them for self-defence. But never was a nation more amicably disposed than France towards England in 1793; never did a nation make more strenuous efforts to preserve peace; and the virtual declaration of war and actual committal of hostilities commenced on the part of England.

Adverting to the very laudable attempt of the Emperor of Germany to open the Scheldt in 1785, our author justly observes that “there appears a manifest injustice in denying to a people the use of a river which a bountiful Creator has given to them.” Can it be believed that, after this, the author vituperates the French for their attempt to open this river in 1792, and accuses them of disregarding “those venerable monuments of antiquity,” the treaties of Munster and Westphalia, by which the navigation of that river was prohibited under the guarantee of England. This is writing history in a very partial spirit.

These faults, however, are much reduced in number, and mitigated in a degree in the present edition, and we point them out in a friendly spirit in order that they may not be allowed to extend beyond their present limits of the first number, or first 140 pages of the work.

Captain Brenton is possessed by an anti-Gallic mania—an anti-Napoleon-phobia, and nothing can exorcise the evil spirit. Can it be believed that in a very able and even beautiful description of our cruel and insane possession of Toulon in 1793, he calls Napoleon only “the celebrated Napoleon,” and adds, “a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, he had the ART and the AUDACITY to command respect and obedience, even from his superior officers, who blindly submitted to be led by him whom they could not instruct. To him the Convention owed the surrender of the place and the retreat of the British forces.” Is this the view which a gallant officer and honourable gentleman takes of genius and valour reaping their reward on the field of battle?

Speaking of this horrible expedition, the author acknowledges that Mr. Pitt was informed by the first military authority that 50,000 good troops were requisite for the purpose, and yet we undertook it with a motley gang of foreign poltroons; and when we were obliged to fly, and the wretched inhabitants were trembling with horror at the prospect of being delivered up to the slaughter and butchery of the Republican forces, our commanding officer made them a long speech, expatiated upon the paternal goodness of the king of England, who had sent out for their protection—what? the fifty thousand good troops?—no—but two commissioners. Raving despair succeeded this disgusting mockery, and in a few days the slaughter commenced.

Not only does Napoleon always receive this harsh treatment at the hands of our author, but the French officers of the greatest bravery and fame are sometimes recorded with an equal want of candour. The courage and noble qualities of other French officers exhibited against us in fight are attributed to the ignoble source of personal terror. Captain Brenton cannot even narrate the glorious and hard-fought battle of the 1st of June, without assuring us that the celebrated deputy of the Convention, Jean Bon St. André, "the representative of the people," as he sneeringly calls him, left the admiral's side and ran below immediately the firing commenced. Whether this man wanted or did not want personal courage, is a point utterly below the notice of history; and what therefore can be the motive of mentioning it? We could point out many similar passages. We do not say that they are petty and mean; but we may ask, whether they are consistent with the spirit of a gallant officer? Our author's candour, where his prejudices are not concerned, induces him to expose, (what indeed could not be concealed,) that many of our officers have in battle betrayed the grossest dereliction of principle, though few have been brought to courts-martial. Might not a system of vigorous justice have operated upon the fears of these men as powerfully as the terrors of the guillotine are said to have acted upon the nerves of the officers of the French navy?

It is impossible, without great pleasure and improvement, to read Captain Brenton's account of the state of the navy prior to the French revolutionary war. The mind is struck with the rapid rise of this now gigantic and overwhelming arm of defence and aggression, and great surprise is occasioned both at the lateness of our most essential improvements and at their having been all borrowed tardily from other nations. This we find that our ships of war were not coppered till the latter part of the American war, although the French had adopted this obvious improvement throughout their service years before, and we had felt the want of it in all our naval battles. So behind-hand were we in architecture, that our chief model of two-deck ships was long the *Courageux*, taken from the French so late as 1761. Then our lower deck ports, even in three-deckers, only three feet eight inches above the sea, till the French taught us to make them seven, eight, or even nine feet. After the *Courageux*, the *Tonnant*, *Malta*, and *Canopus*, all captures from the French, were our models for two-deckers, whilst the *San Joseph* (Spanish) was perhaps the finest ship of her immense size that we had ever possessed. The *Egyptienne* ought to have taught us that improvement in frigates which we at last learnt to our cost by our defeats from the Americans. Even in signals the French preceded and excelled us.

Captain Brenton gives an admirable account of the awful mutiny of 1797, with the less important, though still interesting, mutinies that preceded and followed it. Attempts are no longer made to conceal the fact, that the great mutiny, and generally all mutinies prior to the war of 1803, were occasioned by the truly horrible cruelties and ill usage inflicted on the men. All their grievances, or nearly all, were eventually redressed; and the fine principles that the men assumed, with their fortitude, forbearance, decorum, and discipline, under every possible incentive to indecency and outrage, stamp the character of the English sailor as the finest upon earth. No population in

the world ever produced so sublime a moral scene. The men had been kept on the pay and allowances established in the reign of Charles II., false weights and measures were basely sanctioned by law, and the provisions were so scanty and bad, that the seamen were a prey to disease. Punishment was frequent, severe, and cruel almost beyond the belief of humanity; and so nominal was the division of prize-money, that in one case Captain Brenton tells us that the admiral, who was not present, shared 50,000*l.*, each captain 30,000*l.*, and, he might have added, each seaman about three or four pounds. But all the remonstrances of the seamen, their petitions and memorials, had been neglected; and though, during the mutiny, the officers, by shooting, beating, and abusing the men, often excited them almost beyond human forbearance, yet did the seamen abstain from violence or insult, keep the crews in order, and adhere to their resolution to return to their duty should an enemy appear. Lamentable is it to relate, that in the various mutinies which extended from that of 1797 to the mutiny in Bantry Bay in 1803, more than five hundred of our best seamen and the finest men in the world were executed, and a great many of them, it is now acknowledged, without a fault, whilst the faults of a vast number of others were rendered venial by provocation and other circumstances. Captain Brenton with a manly spirit points out cases, such, for instance, as that of the *Bounty*, in which the officers, who had driven their crews to mutiny by conduct which ought to have been punished by courts-martial, were richly rewarded; whilst the unhappy seamen were flogged or hanged for the mutiny into which they had been so cruelly goaded.

It is consolatory in this and in all other respects to reflect upon the prodigious improvement in the spirit of the age. The country is much indebted to this naval officer for pointing out the progress that has been made from the old fraudulent and ferocious to the present enlightened and humane system of naval management.

There is another part of Captain Brenton's history which is invaluable. We allude to his impartial account of battles and of all naval operations, in which he brings the valour and self-devotion and patriotism of our seamen and officers before the reader in the most vivid and glowing colours, and raises to their fame an everlasting monument: whilst, on the other hand, with a candour that stamps on him magnanimity and the finest spirit, he points out where battles have been lost, or but partially gained, from a want of courage, zeal, patriotism, or professional knowledge of officers. This is doing the country a great service. It is obvious that every service of every nation must be improved if history be written in that spirit of truth which gives publicity to bad and glory to good actions, and which secures honours and rewards solely to merit—which, in short, realizes the motto on Nelson's escutcheon:—

“Palmas qui meruit ferat.”

In congratulating the public upon the appearance, in a very cheap form, of this invaluable work, we are sorry we cannot refer to a most interesting portion of it,—we allude to the narration of shipwrecks and disasters, “the moving accidents by flood and field.” The great resources of intellect under extreme misfortunes and difficulties, the fortitude evinced under excessive sufferings, the patience with which prolonged disappointments and disastrous accidents have been sustained, the generosity and tenderness which brave men have exhibited towards fellow-sufferers less able to bear up against appalling dangers and almost overwhelming miseries, and the master mind which has often extricated all around it from almost inevitable destruction, are not less interesting than the battles, murders, and sudden deaths which fill up the foreground of military and naval histories. In this branch of the work Captain Brenton is unrivalled; and we now dismiss the subject, having done our duty in pointing out those prejudices which we feel confident will be expunged from its future numbers.

How sharp those beams are in the tree !—how fresh,
 And how unblunted ! as when first they sang
 Through sable air, and into orb'd gold
 Struck the new planets. None of the rust of time
 Is there ; nor of the mists of all the wets
 Of air and ocean ; but how straight they come !
 What arrows of thin diamond, needle-sharp !
 What visible immortality, warm from heaven,
 Untired through space, new-born throughout all time,
 And though as fierce as Will, as soft as Love !
 How can they come so far, and come so strong,
 And yet alight with such a loving ease ?
 Manifest love are they, and early at work,
 Unscornful, universal, beautiful ;
 And now, this moment, while I write, are flooding
 The ocean floods with light, in which the whales
 Lift warm their island-backs, and cherishing
 My buds here in the window, soft as thought.

Not with so little wisdom as some think,
 Nor with religion so unworthy a better,
 Did old imagination, in these beams
 Of heav'n, shape forth a god, lustrous in groves *,
 Who to his golden-chorded lute attund
 All graceful aspiration, and had shafts
 Of fiercer light, by which corruption died :—
 Beauteous Apollo ! Fair as his own fances
 In forests dark, the deathless elegance.

Yes, still there is Apollo. Still he haunts
 The groves that have survived his other groves,
 In poets' books ; and painting lost him not ;
 How could it ? Being of colour and the sun,
 Visible poetry ; and he has shrines
 And marble incarnations in hush'd rooms,
 Where, as he stands, he seems as though he need
 Never move more, reposing on his truth,
 And the air loves him. Poets never dreamt
 That he was dead, though in the common creed
 Not seen. Lo ! Dante, at heav'n's very door
 Invokes the Pagan angel † : Spenser, naming him,
 Is grave as Homer was ; and Milton's self,
 Stein from the Sinai thunders, and disposed
 To think him evil, could not, but rebuked,
 Only to let him hear his tones of love,
 And find, for him and his, strange corners sweet
 Of flowery blame against a kindlier creed,
 (Dear Christianity ! Most Christian creed !)
 When all that has been, shall be found of piece
 With all that is, and beauty and kindness one.

LEIGH HUNT.

* I cannot be sure that this passage was not suggested by the beautiful one in the *Excursion* (Book the Fourth) where the lonely Greek herdsman, hearing some unknown music sweeter than what himself has been playing, has his fancy excited till it " fetches

Even from the blazing chariot of the Sun
 A beardless youth, who touch'd a golden lute,
 And fill'd the illumined groves with ravishment."

If so, I can only hope that my echo of the fancy has not quite dishonoured it.

† See the address in the first canto of the *Paradiso*, beginning—"O buono Apollo !"

PORTRAITS OF NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS.—NO. II.

THE POLICE MAGISTRATE.

THE traveller, when he came within view of the gibbet, knew that he had entered a civilized country. The Police Magistrate is of opinion that a spacious and well-filled prison is an object of national pride. He measures the resources of a nation by the number of offences it can afford in a year;—he calculates its moral greatness by the square acres covered by its gaols. That, in his eyes, is the land of liberty where there are plenty of prisons for the accommodation of the people. He is a friend to popular rights, and contends that the subject has the same right to his gaol which the sovereign has to his palace. He can see no reason why the number of culprits should not be regularly kept up, on the plan laid down in the Army and Navy—when volunteers are scarce, a bounty might be offered. He has no objection to the project for building new churches; and admits that the new work-houses may fairly claim the approval of all who are friendly to the extension of imprisonment: but laments that there is a shameful want of public spirit with regard to the erection of new prisons. He is sure that there would be no want of offenders, if there were more gaols. He begrudges the money spent on the National Gallery at Charing Cross, but hints that a House of Correction at the entrance to Parliament Street is much wanted. He rejoices in the reform of the Criminal Code, and would go yet further; for, as he says, to transport a man for life gives him no chance of repeating his offence, which is unfair towards the magistrate, and can only tend to depopulate our prisons. The more depraved, however, are better away; for nothing grieves him more than sending a hardened sinner to gaol. Prison discipline is too precious to be wasted on a wretch without feeling—on one who only corrupts the morals of the innocent prisoners, and teaches them not to mind picking oakum. He holds that man to be unworthy of the tread-mill who seeks to lessen the misery of his fellow-prisoners. Those whom he has the greatest satisfaction in committing are the roving rogues, who, although they know they are without food, are not ashamed of having an appetite that many a magistrate would be proud of when he goes home to dinner. The wicked wanderers who own to being houseless, and are nevertheless convicted of sleeping in the open air—perhaps of singing in the day time—these he commits *con amore*; and often does his heart ache at the reflection that imperious custom and vulgar prejudice prevent him from awarding more than a fortnight's imprisonment. But he never repairs to his club to dine, or visits the theatre in the evening, with so heavy a heart as when, by a series of unlucky accidents, his morning has been devoted to examinations that have ended in nothing—in the discharge of the prisoners; when, after a fierce contest, he has failed to return a single member to the House of Correction. On such occasions (they are rare), he exclaims, with a bitterness never felt by the old Roman, "I have lost a day!" These misfortunes will happen to the best of magistrates; and they are chiefly attributable to the indulgence shown to the accused in the production of evidence

to substantiate their innocence. A man who would prove himself not guilty can have little respect for the Bench—no sympathy with the feelings of the magistrate, who is obliged to release him. It is questionable whether, in such cases, the complainant might not be committed instead; for surely magistrates should not sit for nothing? Prisoners, however, of a certain station in life, may be acquitted without violence to his feelings. If Sarah Jenkins, charged with shoplifting, be fashionably attired, and in affluent circumstances, she is addressed as Mrs. Jenkins, and accommodated with a chair and a glass of water. The Magistrate laments that an investigation should be called for, and casts a furtive glance to his private room. The witnesses are in this case persons whose testimony must be received with exceeding caution. They have something suspicious in their aspects; while the prisoner at the bar—or rather the “party accused”—looks so very respectable. At every serious turn of the disclosure, he ejaculates—“The party is so respectable—it’s a pity!”

But there is one class of persons whom he particularly holds up for the reprobation of mankind—the people who don’t come forward to prosecute. This he regards as a moral offence of the blackest dye: nothing provokes him so much. Trial by Jury is so excellent an institution that it ought to be encouraged. The prisoner, he assumes, has faithfully done *his* duty; and shame be on the prosecutor who neglects his own.

THE BORROWER.

The Borrower, with admirable consistency of character, borrows his motto from Shakspeare—“Base is the slave who pays!” He understands the meaning of the verb “to give,” as in the case of a political subscription or a charitable donation, of which lists are published in the papers. Generous people give—poor-spirited people pay. He looks upon himself as a professor of the most ancient and noble art extant—the art of borrowing. He is proud to call himself an Englishman, because the said art has here been cultivated beyond any other. In modern times, more especially, it has been brought almost to perfection; and has been so closely studied and so fondly cherished by statesmen and economists, that it may justly lay claim to be distinguished as the great National Art. Mr. Pitt is, of course, his *beau-ideal* of a minister; and he holds Britannia to be the envy of surrounding nations by virtue of her having been able to get her acceptances discounted to the extent of eight hundred millions. He thinks it the duty of every subject living under such a State to follow the State’s example; and as he preaches, so he practises.

By the art of borrowing, he of course means borrowing money. All other loans he despises except in cases of extremity,—as misapplications of great powers, and as tending to bring : great principle into a familiarity which breeds contempt. To be sure, the man who borrows ready made articles is no fool, but he is a small dealer, and generally disgraces the art. What can he promise himself? What does he attain to? He can seldom get beyond a set of books, an umbrella, or a great coat: this is poor work, and renders borrowing a bore to both parties. The highest achievement in

this department is a horse and gig; and what can you do with it when you have got it? A borrower cannot afford to injure his credit by driving anything so suspicious as a gig; and to sell a borrowed one for even twice as much as it is worth is an offence against the laws: a borrower of this stamp can hardly pretend to more sagacity than a lender. Borrowing a house, ready furnished of course, for the season—or a sailing boat for a month, may be a more respectable course, and it occasionally receives high sanction; but in the end both the villa and the vessel must be delivered back to the right owners (as the phrase is), which, to a borrower of the smallest susceptibility of feeling, is always unpleasant.

Money alone, the sure means of purchasing pleasures of any pattern—the medium for the exercise of our own free will—the power of defying the world—

“The glorious privilege
Of being independent—”

this alone is worthy the great soul, the proud purpose, the noble ambition of the enlightened borrower; he should, as Cobbett used to say, “get gold and keep it.” He will take good care, at all events, if he have the least pretensions to honour—never to pay it back.

We have already intimated that to pay back money is inconsistent with the principle of borrowing; but a different doctrine, we are aware, has been craftily broached in some quarters, and a different practice in some cases prevails. Borrowers of some credit and character are now and then known to create much disappointment by actually returning the money—by observing their “promise to pay” to the letter, and thereby violating the spirit of it. This occurs in cases where, a small sum having been lent, there is thought to be no chance of extorting the loan of a large one but by the repayment of the trifle. Convenient as the plan may be, and at first sight it seems defensible enough, it is in point of fact tampering with an essential principle. It is a descent from the high to the middle ground—it countenances the fatal doctrine of expediency, and compromises an intrinsic right.

The high-minded borrower is proof against the plausibility of this practice. He is not of opinion that the end justifies the means. He never can be persuaded, under any circumstances whatever, to violate the first rule of his art. All that he ever hazards doing in this way, is to write to you to advance him a good round sum, requesting that you will deduct what he owes you from the amount. His maxim in the earliest flush of youth—at the dawn of life, when the mind, conscious of its purity, yet sensible of its frailty, looks out into the great world of morals and takes to itself some settled line by which its true guidance may be ensured, and its youthful rectitude preserved; even then, ere yet he had ventured into the monied world, or whispered for the first time his want of a loan—his maxim was, “No money to be returned.” What was adopted by the enthusiasm of youth, shall be adhered to by the experience of age. No sophistry, no tenet of expediency, no suggestion of convenience ever succeeds in inducing him to pay back the money he has borrowed: he would as soon think of turning lender. He gets his gold by fair play, and he keeps it upon a defined principle. He acts upon an upright and very simple system, that of never taking a denial; he asks, and asks for ever—but is always accommodating; he wants seventy pounds, but he will

put up with fifteen, and take your bill for the rest ; or he will call to-morrow, or on Friday, for the balance. He is not particular about guineas—make it pounds, and he will cheerfully allow the shillings as discount. If you regret that you cannot accommodate him on the instant, he merely inquires when you can ; next week will do for him. If you cannot possibly name a time and see no likelihood, then he can but drop in and take his chance ; and, in the meantime, you will just be so good as to give him a note of introduction to Mr. Loosecash, your agent in Lothbury.

Such is his urbanity that you cannot offend him : you are “hot at home” to him three times a-day for a whole week, but on the eighth morning he meets you coming out, and presses your hand with as much fervour as if it had just written him a cheque. His disinterestedness is equally conspicuous ; give him your acceptance for a hundred, and you may have his for a thousand at what date you will. He is the first to rejoice at the repeal of the usury-laws, because he can now offer you your own terms ; one rate of per centage is the same to him as another. And let it not be insinuated to his dispraise that he was ever known to break faith with you. His frank and emphatic “Of course” in reply to your doubtful, drawing “May I depend upon you ?” means just what it says. If you cannot depend upon the man who never means to pay, where can you rest dependence ? Would you rely on him who is trusting to a mere endeavour—to that rope of sand, a good intention ?—on one who will certainly pay you if he *can* ! No, here there can be no dependence. But on him who, like the sentimental traveller, is predetermined not to give you a single sou, you may rest an unhesitating reliance. A resolution to pay is scratched on glass, a determination not to pay is cut in marble.

The Borrower is a vehement advocate for the strict administration of all laws conservative of property. He is a deadly enemy to the swindler. His soul sickens at the sight of a pickpocket. Even forgery, though more genteel, he denounces as infamously unfair. All these pursuits, he contends, militate against the successful practice of borrowing, and all might be more profitably and peaceably carried on upon the principles of that art. He insists that in a free country no man should be plundered without his consent,—but that at the same time every man has a right to be robbed if he likes. He is arbitrary in his judgments upon vagrants and other riff-raff—he has no pity for the poor—fellows who pay their way while they can, and when they can't, take to stealing ; who know nothing of the golden mean ; who have probably “frittered their money away in paying their debts,” when, by spending it rationally, they might always have borrowed in an honourable independence. Yet it is curious that these two negatives, the beggar and the thief, make up that grand affirmative, the Borrower. It is simply so. How weak the elements that compose this strong and subtle spirit ! Anybody can beg, anybody can steal ; but to unite the two—to BORROW—requires profound genius.

Now the world, as we daily see, is full of profound genius.

THE MAN WHO BELONGS TO NO PARTY.

This gentleman is the living personification of the Malaprop Cerberus—three gentlemen at once. He is Tory, Whig, and Radical—and belongs to neither party. In his excess of impartiality he joins all three, and discards them in turn. The three goddesses are continually contending on the little Mount Ida of his imagination, and each wins the prize once a-day. At breakfast Sir Robert Peel is unanswerable; by dinner-time, Lord John has stammered out something convincing; and with the third bottle, O'Connell reels in, to the air of "See the conquering hero comes." He is a more exquisite monster than that of the enchanted island, for he has three voices—and if he had, three votes would give one to each party, to preserve the balance, and prove his independence.

His is a comfortable creed, for it entirely excludes the workings of that antiquated inconvenience called a conscience. The man who belongs to no party can support each in succession, without damage to his character. Deviate as he may from the direct path, he cannot forfeit his consistency. It is his privilege, and his only, to take that course upon every occasion which his inclinations or his interests point out. He it is who can, with perfect impunity—with no possibility of impeachment—allow fair play to be the first law of nature—the first of self preservation. He is bound by no principle but that which is comprised in the duty of "taking care of yourself." That he considers to be the Whole Duty of Man. Teach us that, he thinks, and you have taught us all. If every subject would but fulfil that duty, if every individual only knew how to "take care of himself," the doctrine of perfectibility would be no longer a dream, and the Millennium no longer moonshine.

It is one of his maxims, that the man who is indifferent to his own interests can have no concern about those of other people. If he be unmindful of himself, how can he be thinking of his fellow-creatures? And yet, he remarks, nothing is more common than to hear self-sacrifices lauded. People not only neglect their duty towards themselves and abandon the very interests they are most bound to guard—but afterwards they walk abroad into the public streets and proclaim what they have done—as though there were nothing criminal, but something glorious, in inflicting injury upon a human being. Nay, so strong is this delusion, that the very people—and this indeed is curious—the very people who are prone to take care of themselves, are generally the first to boast their self-sacrifices. The innocent absolutely stand self-accused, and beg to be condemned—quite glad to be even suspected of the very folly they would be ashamed to commit.

Amongst these you will not find the "Man of no Party." He is a gentleman of too much decision of character—too upright and too downright. According to his creed, that man is the true patriot who never misses an opportunity of serving himself; he alone is the real lover of his country who constantly devotes his mind, through good and ill report, to the prosperous working out of his own individual ends.

Although these ends may be often attained by an obstinate attachment to a particular party—and the shallow think this the certain way—they are only to be effectually accomplished through the medium of a delicate inde-

pendence of all parties—and this the cunning know. Independence is nothing more than a sense of dependance suppressed—as contentment is the art of hiding your desires, or as innocence is guilt undetected. The man of no party, then, is independent, because he contrives to conceal the fact that all parties are essential to him. Concealing that, he becomes essential to all parties.

Now suppose him to make choice of one; directly he does so, he ceases to be of consequence. He is a convert to the right creed, and is never heard of afterwards. A party cannot afford to reward a friend whose suffrages it is sure of for nothing. It is throwing a good thing away to bestow it where it has been earned—favours in the political world should be employed to bribe, and not to recompense. He is a party-man, and must look for his reward in the triumph of his cause. With his party he must vote, right or wrong—that is, for or against his own interests—being equally sure of receiving no indemnification from the other side. He has made up his mind—and he may die a beggar when he likes. His opinions are known—his vote certain—there is an end of him.

But look at him as he is, a Man of no Party—joining either of the three when it suits him, bound fast to none, an object of desire to all :

“What more felicity can fall to dⁱfigure
Than to enjoy delight with lib^erty?”

He is a creature who has both—whose movements are matters of importance, whose intentions are universally speculated upon. Every body is curious about *his* opinion on the subject, because it is only to be guessed at ; everybody wants to know what *he* thinks, because he has not made up his mind ; everybody conceives *his* vote to be of consequence, because they wonder on which side it will be given. Each party fancies him its own, and “the eyes of Europe are upon him.” Meantime he saunters from side to side, prying into everything and looking out for the shortest and surest path to his own advantage :—

“There he arriving round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly—”

deciding at last according to his sovereign will and pleasure. He has no predilections, no prejudices—he is bound to no pledge, trammelled by no party—he is himself alone, and is like no brother—he can do what he likes with his own opinion and his own vote—the minister going out and the minister coming in are the same to him—he is a free-born, independent Englishman, who proves his anxiety for others by taking care of himself, and his good wishes for the interests of his country by assiduously promoting his own.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lord Roldan ; a Romance. By Allan Cunningham.

A romance comes before the public with a double claim—the claim, not of prose only, but of poetry. In the novel we look for the realities of life ; it is in the romance we hope for the blossoms of the imagination, springing from earth—yet overspreading it with perfume and beauty.

The existing taste is not perhaps favourable to works of this class ; and though such a Romance as “ Lord Roldan ” must find favour in the eyes of all lovers of what is high and chivalrous, yet there are many who, realists in all but the name, can neither feel nor understand the workings of the poet’s head or heart. To rob our existence of romance would be like shearing the sun of his beams.

It is impossible not to be captivated by the soft and thrilling beauty of the opening scenes of the first volume ; they are the most exquisite we have ever read. The picture of Mary Morrisson is drawn with a skill and freshness worthy of the biographer of Burns ; we felt from the first that she was a sweet wild flower which transplanting would destroy, and the interest she excites is carried on with considerable ability through the changes which time and situation occasion to those she loves. The period chosen for the romance is when the star of Napoleon was ascending to the height from whence it at last dazzled him on to his destruction ; the world, and the people therein were whirled from east to west—from north to south ; but still the lowly Mary Morrisson and the bay of Glengarnock shine on with the green freshness of a summer island. You see her at the first, and you see her at the last—the same upright, yet gentle woman, bending beneath the rebuke which she felt appearances had condemned her to ; yet, conscious of her own rectitude, and remaining firm to the determination which obliges us to regard her with a respect bordering on veneration. We look upon the conception and development of Mary Morrisson’s character as amongst the finest efforts of modern genius :—the art which develops nature, without tainting or tearing the flower, whose leaves it unfolds, is surely perfect.

We invariably avoid revealing a plot : a bad plot is not worth unravelling ; a good one deserves the labour, but it is a task which the reader must perform for himself, or he can derive no pleasure from his reading. We have seen “ Lord Roldan ” spoken of with an unmerited degree of coldness by some of our contemporaries whose opinions we, in general, highly value : and we have, strange as it may seem, seen them take exceptions to the volumes, because of what they termed their *wildness* and *improbability*. We have already drawn the distinction between the novel and the romance. If Mr. Cunningham had trodden only amongst the dull realities of life, his story, as a romance, must have wanted excitement and interest ; it would not have been worthy of its name. He has emulated Napoleon’s eagle in his flights ; and taken Mary Morrisson’s son to Italy and Egypt, where he makes a conspicuous figure as one of the daring soldiers of Buonaparte. We admire the spirit which suggested so bold a journey, but we confess we think that a greater lapse of time should have passed before those mighty ones—who, living as they do in the memories of hundreds, cannot as yet be considered as historical persons—are brought before us. This is the only objection we can offer to a work the variety and vigour of which would, if need were, cover a multitude of sins. We have instanced the character of Mary Morrisson, as with her and her son rest the interest of the whole ; but it would be impossible, where there is so much demanding admiration, to single out from the mass of characters who play their parts so well, individuals demanding peculiar attention. The Scottish scenes are all, without exception, admirable : the tryst between young Roldan and his first love would form a delightful subject for Allan’s pencil, and the Halloween meeting in the

same volume would be worthy the attention of Sir David Wilkie. We sincerely commend this production to all who in these manufacturing times retain their affection for pure romance, and congratulate the only genuine Scottish poet left amongst us, on having added another laurel to his already richly-gathered garland.

Gasparoni, and other Poems.

Rhymes for the Romantic and Chivalrous.

Alfred the Great.

The Vale of Lanherne, and other Poems. By Henry Sewell Stokes.

"Gasparoni, and other Poems," is a collection of unmeaning absurdities. "The Rhymes for the Romantic and Chivalrous" will pass muster well enough among the numerous volumes of fugitive poetry which monthly issue from the press. The author is young, and may one day, if we may judge from his first essays, produce a work of merit: he has, at present, many faults, which practice and experience alone will enable him to avoid. "Alfred the Great" is a composition of a very different character, and as it aspires to the style of the regular epic, requires, as indeed it deserves, a somewhat more lengthened criticism. The subject which Mr. Collingwood has selected is certainly one of the best adapted in the whole course of English history for poetical illustration: and, although the genius of Dryden selected the romantic and legendary life of Prince Arthur as an exercise for his powers of rich description, the career of the great Saxon hero and legislator, or, at least, as much of it as is connected with the expulsion of the Danes, appears to afford, if not so much latitude for mere imagination, a far closer agreement, at any rate, with the rules which, in epic composition, it has hitherto been the custom to acknowledge and obey. At any other time than the present, when the tide of literary taste is running against poetry of the severely heroic character, the appearance of such a work as "Alfred the Great" would have excited a general interest, and ensured the author a high place among the writers of his country: as it is, it may not altogether fail in the effect of reviving some respect for a style of composition, which, rather from the want of ability in many who have rashly attempted it, than from any exhaustion of its own capabilities to instruct and delight, has long sunk into comparative neglect and disesteem.

Mr. Collingwood's blank verse, a metre he has judiciously selected as most appropriate for his poem, is, like the architecture of the period it celebrates, of a simple and unostentatious character, yet neither devoid of dignity nor elegance: possessing a strength which is not the less likely to be accompanied with stability, because not constantly intruded upon the eye, and an even tenor of excellence which neither despises, nor wholly relies upon the aid of external ornament. There is a peculiar happiness also in his conception of the Danish character: the iron warriors and votaries of Thor and Odin are drawn with a bold and decided hand, and the gloomy magnificence of the spirit of the Scandinavian mythology is well contrasted with the Christian hope and tempered patriotism which guides the Saxon chieftains and their king, amidst perils and disasters, to the hour of final deliverance and triumph. We may add, that the interest of the poem never flags, and has the additional merit (a merit not of every-day occurrence in a metrical production of twelve books) of keeping pace with the progress of the story from its commencement to its conclusion. Thus much of praise we are fully warranted in expressing, and those who take the trouble of perusing the work for themselves will, we are convinced, be inclined to think that we have rather fallen short of, than exceeded, the deserved mea of approbation.

Some time ago, when Mr. Stokes's "Song of Albion" was transmitted for our notice, we felt ourselves justified in predicting that, at no distant period, its author would appear before the public with increased claims to their approbation; we are happy to find our prediction verified by the volume

before us. "The Vale of Lanherne" consists of a series of pictures from rural life, under some of its most pleasing aspects, as exhibited in the south-western counties of England, and is as agreeable a poem as refined taste, benevolent feeling, combined with a ready power of observation, and great skill and ease of versification on the part of its author, could be expected to produce. His descriptions of the romantic scenery on the iron-bound coast of Cornwall, and occasional delineations of the simple-minded, but interesting population inhabiting the region—

"Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold—"

are no less novel than felicitous. The portions of his poem which appear to us most original are the characters of the inmates of the Nunnery of St. Mawgan, the Buried Parish Church, the Dying Wrecker, the Precipice of Trevanion, the Pilchard Fishery by Night, and the Tombs of the Seakings,—all beautiful little cabinet pictures, accurately and delicately handled.

Popular Geography; a Companion to Thomas's Library and Imperial School Atlases. By Rowland Bond.

Of all the elementary works on geography with which we are acquainted, this appears to us the best calculated to convey information, so that the information may be retained. It is "got up" in a very neat manner, printed in a clear type in double columns; and the several chapters are skilfully arranged. The first part contains all that is important concerning the natural productions of the world—its geological formations, its river systems, its population, &c. The second contains the customary geographical details of the four quarters of the globe. The third explains all that is interesting and useful appertaining to ancient geography. It will be apparent that the advantage to be derived from such a publication must depend not only upon its accuracy, but upon the manner in which it is arranged. Of its accuracy we entertain no doubt; the author is, and has long been, lecturer on geography and mathematics to the London Institution; and his book is dedicated, by permission, to the head master of King's College. His fitness for the task, therefore, we do not question; and although it can scarcely be expected that we should go through page after page of his book, we have looked sufficiently into it to be satisfied of the truth of what he states—"no labour has been spared to make it worthy public approbation."

Of the arrangement we may speak in terms of high approbation. We will take, for example, the plan by which he describes the British Islands—dividing his account under the following heads: Astronomical Position and Boundaries; Mountains and Plains; Rivers and Lakes; Climate; Superficial Extent; Population; Revenue; Trade and Commerce; Counties and Chief Towns, &c. Under each head the author gives the best authorities on the subject; and while he does not too much compress, contrives to give, within the compass of a few pages, a vast variety of information upon every essential topic.

The importance of such a book is obvious: as a school-book, or a book for families, it will be found of rare value; and we recommend it as one deserving the widest circulation.

• " **A Saunter in Belgium.** By George St. George.

There is not, perhaps, a better criterion of the respective temperaments and talents of different individuals, than the manner in which, after sojourning in a different country, their observations are communicated for the benefit of the public. One man shall travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren, in districts abounding with natural marvels or interesting modifications of social life: while another, from a hasty gallop across a wilderness, or a quiet saunter through cities from which previous tourists appear to have reaped the last remaining grain of intelligence, shall produce a book

filled with entertaining and original remarks and descriptions;—so much, a phrenological critic might remark, depends upon the development of the perceptive organs of different observers; and, without pretending to be phrenologists, we may observe, that whatever may be Mr. St. George's outward indications of the faculty of observation, he has given sufficient evidence in the volume before us of his possessing its actual power to no ordinary extent. He has, moreover, taken the most rational way of ensuring a true acquaintance with the condition and habits of the people he has visited—not, according to the most approved method, by hurrying from one station, as designated by the Guide-book, to another, with all the speed which constant relays of post-horses can supply, but by pursuing his travels in the guise of an honest pedestrian, to all outward appearance, of a class not superior to that of the peasantry themselves: thus gaining ready admission to the firesides of the simple-minded Flemings, and thoroughly informing himself of the condition of that grade of society which may be considered as representing the great active principle from whence all of general good or evil in the history of mankind has almost invariably originated. But, in addition to his extensively observant faculty, Mr. St. George possesses a mind well stored with historical reading, so that, amidst his representations of cities as they now are, and pictures of recent life of a truly original and amusing character, we are frequently recalled to the quaint but vivid descriptions of the past, as contained in the graphic pages of Froissart and Guicciardini; and that air of political importance which has so long departed from them appears again to invest the once powerful seats of commerce and art in the Low Countries. Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, Tournay, Namur—each of these is connected with a train of associations in itself sufficient to fill a volume; and from the valuable mine before him Mr. St. George has selected the most valuable material for the embellishment of his book. We would observe, in conclusion, that not the least of his qualifications to please as a writer is derived from a spirit of kindness and good nature, which seems to have accompanied him throughout his ramble. His pencil is invariably dipped in light and sunshine, and he possesses the happy faculty of discovering that there is a bright as well as a dark side in most circumstances. We venture to predict that his volume will prove an effectual talisman against the power of that splenetic demon which is accustomed to wait upon travellers, and upon English travellers more especially, if taken abroad as a companion; while to those whose travels are undertaken by their own firesides, we do not know a better guide for a mental excursion in Belgium.

A Treatise on the Physiology and Pathology of the Ear; containing a Comparative View of its Structure, Functions, and various Diseases. By J. H. Curtis, Esq., Aurist in Ordinary to his Majesty.

No one, we think, will be disposed to deny Mr. Curtis the praise of perseverance, and, what is more, of *successful* perseverance. How commendable is that application which is so combined with judgment—that is, surmounts every obstacle, and ultimately realizes the full amount of its anticipations! Such is precisely the case with the author of this volume, who, notwithstanding the intricacy of his subject, and the apathy, and even opposition manifested as regarded his attempts at first, has completely triumphed over them all, and shown satisfactorily that diseases of the ear are, generally speaking, as curable as those of other organs, and that the only reason why they have ever been considered otherwise has arisen solely from the neglect with which the ear had almost universally been treated, until Mr. Curtis set his mind unshrinkingly to the task. The result of his labours is briefly summed up in this volume, the sixth edition of his treatise on the ear. The present edition has the advantage of many useful additions: among which are several interesting cases, showing the simultaneous cure of affections of the ear and the eye, proceeding from the same causes; a beautiful plate of

the great sympathetic nerve, exhibiting its various ganglia and ramifications, with a special design of showing their influence on the eye and ear, and hence how derangement of the stomach is productive of diseases of those organs; a novel plate of the organs of sensation; numerous curious and interesting remarks on the causes of disease in general; on the state of the deaf and dumb, and on other collateral topics. Altogether, we can confidently recommend Mr. Curt's work as giving a fair view of what has been, and what can be, done for the diseases of this intricate and invaluable organ.

1. *Facts, not Fables.* By Charles Williams. 12mo. 1833.
2. *The Vegetable World.* By Charles Williams. 12mo. 1833.
3. *Art in Nature and Science anticipated.* By Charles Williams. 10. 1835.
4. *Visible History: England.* By Charles Williams. 8vo. 1835.
5. *Visible Geography: England.* By Charles Williams. 8vo. 1835.
6. *The Treasures of the Earth.* By Charles Williams.
7. *The World of Waters.* By Charles Williams.

We scarcely know which has the stronger claim upon our admiration—the ingenuity or the industry of Mr. Williams. His object in the volumes before us is beyond all praise. The rising generation and their teachers are under equal obligations to him, and, encouraged as he has been, we are glad to learn that his valuable labours are not likely soon to terminate. His “Facts, not Fables,” at their first appearance, were cordially welcomed to many a family circle, and prepared the public, generally, to give a favourable reception to any work of his which might succeed them. The Facts are fifty in number, and are selected from the natural history of beasts, birds, and insects, as well as from the records of mankind. Each Fact illustrates a sentiment or a moral, and is concluded by an appropriate application. Take the two following as fair examples and specimens of the whole:—

“THE ANT.—*What we fail to do at once may yet be accomplished.*

“The celebrated conqueror Timour the Tartar was once forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building. There he sat alone for several hours. After some time, desirous of diverting his mind from his hopeless condition, he fixed his attention on an ant, which was attempting to carry a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall; its efforts, however, were unsuccessful. Again and again it strove to accomplish its object, and failed. Still undaunted, it returned to its task, and sixty-nine times did Timour see the grain fall to the ground; but the *seventieth* time the ant reached the top of the wall with the prize, and ‘The sight,’ said the conqueror, who had just before been despairing, ‘gave me courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed.’

“*Application.*

“Nor should we forget it. We should first see if a thing is worth doing, and if it be, and we fail, we should try again and again, and persevere until it is accomplished. If an ant was not discouraged by sixty-nine failures, when should a little boy or girl be disheartened?”—Page 3.

“THE TRAVELLER.—*The many should not be condemned for the errors of the few.*

“‘The Americans,’ says Waterton, ‘are a gentle and civil people. Should a traveller meet with some disgraceful scenes, he ought not, on his return home, to adduce a solitary instance or two as the custom of the country. In roving through the woods of Guiana, I have sometimes seen a tree hollow at heart, shattered, and leafless; but I did not, on that account, condemn its vigorous neighbours, and say that the woods were bad—on the contrary, I made allowances; a thunder-storm, a whirlwind, a blight from Heaven, might have robbed it of its bloom, and caused its present forbidding appearance. And on leaving the forest I carried away the impression, that though some few of the trees were defective, the rest were an ornament to the wilds, full of uses and virtues, and capable of benefiting the world in a superior degree.’

"Application.

" 'I don't like those children;' 'I don't like that school;' 'I don't like the people of that village or town!' And why not? O! it is because of one or two you think disagreeable; and so you condemn all of them, about whom you may, notwithstanding, be wrong. How unfairly, how unjustly, then, do you judge! Besides, among those you do not know, are many with whom you would be delighted, and who would be glad to make you happy. Far better is it to think kindly of all, than harshly of any one. When a little girl was asked, 'How is it that everybody loves you?' She replied, 'I don't know, except it is because I love everybody.'"

"The Vegetable World" is a work of a higher character, and is adapted to a class that has long outgrown the nursery. It is not so much a book of science as a descant on nature, exhibiting in a pleasing form some of the most interesting phenomena of natural history. But the principal object of the writer -- and which is managed with great skill -- is to trace the practical uses to which the various productions of the vegetable kingdom have been applied. He endeavours, indeed, to find a use for everything, and loses no opportunity of leading the youthful minds he is anxious to instruct, from the beautiful design so obvious in every form of organized matter, to the one Divine and glorious original of all. The table of contents conveys no idea of the various subjects which the volume embraces. This is a defect which ought to be supplied in another edition.

"Art in Nature and Science anticipated." This work preceded the former, to which, indeed, it is properly an introduction; though its object is sufficiently distinct and complete to render it independent of its successor. The principles of art, and the infinitely-varied practical illustrations of which they are susceptible, are all to be found in nature. This proposition Mr. Williams has undertaken to establish, and in working it out to the satisfaction of his readers, has presented them with a very delightful volume. He commences in the following animating manner, which reaches the heart as well as the mind of the reader:—

"The eye of a mother is perhaps glancing over this page, and, accustomed to observe her children, she will remember how often the flower blooming in the meadows, and the gay insect fluttering by, have attracted their attention and stimulated their inquiries. Here then is a basis on which a knowledge of natural history may be laid, and much that is interesting may assuredly be communicated even in childhood. Sympathy with the feelings of the poet*, so beautifully described in his address to the nightingale, is therefore a most desirable indication of paternal love:—

"That strain again?"

Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate."

"What objects of beauty, interest, and wonder appeal to us whenever we escape the error and folly of those who, seeing, see not! To give only one instance,—none, perhaps, is more appropriate than that which appears in the just, yet glowing language of Linnæus:—See the large elegant-painted wings of the butterfly, four in number, covered with delicate feathery scales! With these it sustains itself in the air a whole day, rivalling the flight of birds, and the brilliancy of the peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life; how different is the first period of its being from the second, and both from the parent insect! Its changes are an inexplicable enigma to us. We see a green caterpillar, furnished with sixteen feet, feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into a chrysalis, smooth, of gold lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food. This insect again undergoes another transformation,

* Coleridge.

acquires wings, and six feet, and becomes a gay butterfly, sporting in the air, and living, by suction, upon the honey of plants. What has nature produced more worthy of our admiration than such an animal, coming upon the stage of the world, and playing its part there under so many different masks?

"There is one most interesting point of view in which animated nature has yet been but little regarded. It has been said, indeed, that the nautilus suggested the construction and use of sails; but though this is certainly not *impossible*, it partakes of little more probability than the idea would, that the divisions of houses into rooms, or the construction of domes, colonnades, and staircases, was borrowed from the architecture of ants; or that tapestry and carpets originated with the provision of them by other insects. An accurate and intelligent study of the natural world will, however, render it indisputable, that though the 'lord of the creation' often plumes himself on his inventive and observing powers, and is too complacent in his estimation of the arts he practises, and of the sciences he loves, he who has 'in the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' has taught inferior creatures to anticipate him in many of them, of which this volume will furnish ample and conclusive evidence."—*Introduction*.

Mr. Williams's later works, and which are the first of a series entitled "Visible History," and "Visible Geography," both of which treat exclusively of England, discover the versatility of his talents, as applied to one grand design, the education of children and youth. In these he has struck out an entirely new plan of teaching history and geography on two principles—engaging the eye by representations historically correct, and exercising the power of association. He tells us, in the preface to the first volume, that

"It originated in domestic instruction. The author found that questions were of constant occurrence, and particularly, 'What sort of thing was it, papa?' If he had a representation of the object referred to at hand, this was therefore produced to meet the inquiry; and if he had not, he hastily drew one, anxious to reward the curiosity and interest it is so important to excite. Proceeding in this way, the proofs were increased, that when the eyes are engaged—not merely by pictures, but by what are, as far as possible, correct representations—the knowledge acquired is far more accurate; and also by this means an irksome task becomes a delightful employment.

"Another advantage was gained by attending to the association of ideas. It is well known that many things will not engage the attention, or leave any impression on the mind, unless it already contains something of the same kind; and that what is derived from reading and observation will be retained just in proportion as, to use a common figure, there are pegs in the mind from which it is suspended."

The graphic illustrations of these volumes are not only well executed, but they are a admirable auxiliaries to the text; and we are quite satisfied with the author, that the course he has pursued has opened to the juvenile readers of history what approaches more nearly to a "royal road" than any by which it has been preceded.

We have but just received "The Treasures of the Earth," and "The World of Waters," and though they belong to the series of "Art in Nature," and "The Vegetable World," we have therefore placed them last on our list. This series too, we are happy to learn, will yet be extended. Each volume is distinct and complete in itself, and in the hands of the intelligent and affectionate parent or teacher may be considered as a stock on which may be easily and delightfully grafted a particular acquaintance with that department of knowledge to which it immediately refers. "The Treasures of the Earth" is a collection of interesting and striking facts, illustrative of the important science of mineralogy; like its predecessors, it is in dialogue, and is enlivened with anecdotes and the thousand little charms of domestic pleasantry, which prove to us that Mr. Williams has contrived to bring his readers within the circle of his own family, where they become acquainted with places and methods of instruction by which they may most profitably, if they are parents, regulate their own. "The World of Waters" comprehends, to the extent of its limits, a great variety of invaluable details in re-

ference to the phenomena of oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams; to the force of water when in motion; to the inhabitants of the deep,—fishes, mollusca, sponges, &c.; and also to the ships of our much-loved land. The scene of the conversations is laid in the Isle of Wight; and the prominent objects of interest in that attractive part of the country and its neighbourhood are described. The party proceed by packet from Southampton to West Cowes; then East Cowes and Carisbrook are visited; afterwards, they go to Freshwater and its interesting neighbourhood; from thence, returning to Cowes, they visit the back of the island, and Ryde: from whence, in conclusion, a trip to Portsmouth is taken. Though these scenes and places have often delighted us, in seasons when we have sought among them health and recreation, these pages, by the information they convey, and which we failed to gather for ourselves on the spot, as well as by the association they awaken, invest the whole with an interest far superior to that of novelty; and, in taking leave of Mr. Williams and his works, we cannot withhold our admiration from labours which are directed to so noble an object, and which are pursued with a perseverance which sets competition at defiance.

The Fly-Fisher's Entomology, illustrated by coloured Representations of the Natural and Artificial Insect. By Alfred Ronalds.

The disciples of Izaak Walton are fortunate fellows now-a-days. Time was, when the gentle craft was to be learned only by the river side; when a long apprenticeship was necessary to know how to throw a fly—and a still longer, to know how to make one. "Brethren of the Angle" have now, like other classes, their short cuts to knowledge; and although the practice must be acquired upon the wide lake or beside the running stream, he may first and easily obtain acquaintance with the theory of the art; aided by the experience of others, he may become as expert in a single season, as his less lucky progenitors became in years. Notwithstanding all that has been done, however, here is a book which is really a useful and most interesting novelty: it is beautifully "got up," contains a vast deal of information within very narrow space; and is explained and illustrated by sixteen coloured prints, describing the natural fly and the artificial fly; each accompanied by lessons as to the manner of making the materials used, and the water for which each is more peculiarly suited. We recommend the little volume to all anglers in all countries—it is precisely what they have long wanted. The scientific name of each insect will render it familiar to those who only know it by some one of its many names; and the practical information it supplies; which is of exceeding value to the tyro, cannot fail to be interesting and useful to the most skilful fisher of Scotland or of Wales. We have indeed rarely met with a work which so completely performs that which it promises; and until a new race of insects are called into existence, the volume can scarcely be superseded by a better.

Recollections of an Artillery Officer. By Benson Earle Hill.

2 vols.

Mr. Benson Hill is well known to the public as an exceedingly clever comedian; he has here introduced himself to their notice in quite another character; and, if we mistake not, as an author as well as an actor, he is certain to become an especial favourite. Mr. Hill has been an artillery officer—served on the continent and in America; was present at the siege of New Orleans; and has encountered many of the "moving accidents" to which a soldier is at all times liable. We have rarely if ever formed acquaintance with a more observant traveller, a more social companion, or a more agreeable and exciting story-teller—he describes everything he sees in a racy and original manner—brings persons and things vividly before the reader, and leads him on at a quick march from anecdote to anecdote, and from event to event, with unwearying good humour: we are never tired of

his pleasant tales; he gives to his actual experience all the interest of a romance; if his "battles and sieges" are but few, his "fortunes" are many—and we defy the coldest reader to avoid being deeply interested in them. There is not a dull page in the work: it aims at nothing deep; does not pretend to throw new light upon any matter, or indeed to add to the general stock of information; but as a book of "personal gossip" it is, we think, without an equal. Mr. Hill is not only a gentleman by station; it is apparent that all his habits and feelings are those of a gentleman. It is to be regretted that the stage has few such.

The Poetic Wreath. Consisting of Select Passages from the Works of English Poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth. Alphabetically arranged.

Send the most simple child into a garden full of flowers to cull what he loves best, and he cannot but return with his arms filled with fragrance. Glorious indeed are our poetic records—from Chaucer to Wordsworth!—Gods! what a banquet.

The beautiful Book of Gems called the attention of many to the old Poets, who before its publication hardly knew their names; and it is, as we expected, already followed up by smaller publications, all of them tending to enhance the value of true poetry.

We wish there had been an index to this pretty volume, as it is calculated to be of use to those who desire to make quotations on particular subjects, and yet have not time to hunt through many volumes for the purpose. The ~~as are all~~ are all beautiful; and it would be injustice not to mention the embellishments, which are ably executed, on wood, from exquisite designs by Mr. S. W. Arnold.

The Gossips' Week. 2 vols.

These volumes contain a few stories of great merit. They are the production of a person not only in the possession of *mind* in its bold and comprehensive sense, but of one gifted with the delicate perceptions and sensibilities of a refined and accomplished nature. We hail such productions as a proof that the age we live in is gaining ground in all that renders life estimable. How different are such stories from the coarse and gross histories which, notwithstanding their talent, disgraced gone-by times.

The greater number of tales in the "Gossips' Week" relate to foreign lands, and yet they excite our English sympathies as warmly as if the events took place by our own firesides, or in our native villages—a plain proof that the author took nature as her guide in all she thought and wrote. There is one story of English origin, but we are not sure that it is our favourite. The

boys and Donnas, Signorens and Signoras, worked their into public favour only because of their strange names. To make a tale of foreign title interesting now requires more than ordinary skill; and this skill is possessed in an eminent degree by our fair gossip. It would be exceedingly unjust if we failed to notice some very pretty etchings, which add greatly to the interest and value of the volumes. We do not remember to have met with anything of the sort, except in Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women." We should like to see them more frequently in works of this class: it is a combination of two beautiful arts, upon which we truly congratulate the possessor. The time for many editions is past and gone; but we hope to meet with such stories again and again. It is not our plan in these brief notices either to extract or strictly analyze; but we feel assured that our readers cannot fail to peruse the "Gossips' Week" with pleasure, and close it with regret.

Loudon's Arboretum Britannicum. Nos. XV. to XXII.

The first fourteen numbers of this work were devoted to the history of trees and shrubs in all parts of the world; but those now before us are filled with descriptions of the trees and shrubs which will stand in the open air in Great Britain, illustrated by several hundred beautifully executed wood cuts. These descriptions are very interesting and amusing, as well as instructive; and they not only give all the scientific details, (which, being printed in separate paragraphs, may be skipped by those who do not wish to read them,) but the popular descriptions, geography, history, properties and uses, mythological, historical and poetical allusions, soil and situation, propagation and culture, and statistics, with the price in the London nurseries. Mr. Loudon has contrived to make, not only a very elaborate and useful but an exceedingly amusing work; and he appears to have carefully examined all authorities, from old Tusser, with his barbarous rhymes, and Gerald, dating "from my house in Holborne, in the suburbs of London," to the excellent works of De Candolle, Don, and Lindley, and, indeed, all the eminent botanical writers of the present day.

Schloss Hainfield. By Captain Basil Hall.

A book by Captain Basil Hall—be it little, or be it big—is always a rich treat. The simple story of an old Scotch lady's life, in this interesting volume, is richly worth half the novels of the present day. The narrative is easy, unaffected, natural, and full of interest. We feel every sentiment; and our only regret is, when there is no more left to tell! Basil Hall is a man to be envied; and, what is still better, an author whom it is impossible not to love.

Edward, the Crusader's Son. A Tale. By Mrs. Barwell. 2 vols.

The intelligent and accomplished lady who has written these volumes was urged to the undertaking by an idea that a tale founded on, and illustrating the manners, customs, architecture, and costume of the eleventh century would be valuable, not only to the young, but to that class of instructors who disapprove of the too stimulating pages of historical romance, and yet desire something more than *dull details* for their pupils. The task was difficult, but it has been fully conquered. Mrs. Barwell has proved herself worthy to take place amongst the most able of those who write for the benefit of the rising generation. We most cordially recommend the volumes, and hope she will soon find other portions of English history to illustrate in the same manner.

Mornings with Mamma. Third Series.

This is another delightful book for the young. It fully sustains the high reputation gained by the preceding volumes.

Criminal Law in England.

This is a concise and useful digest of the criminal laws of England, drawn up by a country magistrate, in the conversational form. We heartily wish that all worthy members of the quorum were possessed of as much information respecting the "*questiones perpetuæ*" which are constantly falling beneath their cognizance, as is contained in these hundred and fifty pages, which we take the liberty of recommending, no less to their perusal, than to that of those who have not time to consult the more voluminous authorities upon the same subject.

LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. Cottle announces "Early Recollections, chiefly relating to the late Mr. Coleridge, during his long residence in and near Bristol."

A Supplementary Part to the original edition of Stuart's "Athens," containing the curious plate wanting in the 2nd volume of all the copies extant, together with several other plates, from drawings by Sir J. L. Chantrey, is preparing for publication.

Mr. Oxtier, author of "The Life of Lord Exmouth," has in the press a Work entitled "The Church and Dissent, considered in the Practical Influence."

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. Hallam's Introduction to the Literary History of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.

The Letters of Bunnymede.

The Book of Books; or London as it is, and as it ought to be. Illustrated by George and Robert Craykebank, the late Robert Seymour, and W. Bonker.

Divine Inspiration, by the Rev. Dr. Henderson.

The Oakleigh Shooting Code, by Thomas Oakleigh, Esq.

The complete Works of William Shakespeare, with 40 illustrations. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. W. Harness, M. A. In parts, price 2s. each. To be completed in 15 parts.

Scientific Memoirs. Edited by Richard Taylor.

Dr. Blundell's Observations on the more important Diseases of Women. Edited by Dr. Castle.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Traits and Trials of Early Life, by L. E. L. 1 vol., 7s. 6d. bound.

Mrs. Armytage; or Female Domination, by the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters." 3 vols., post 8vo., 17. 11s. 6d. boards.

Sketches of English Literature, with considerations on the Spirit of the Times, Men, and Revolutions, by the Vicomte de Chateaubriand. 2 vols. 8vo., 24s. boards.

The Diary of a Deaconess, with a Peep into the Salons of the Tankieries and St. James's. 2 vols. post 8vo., 17. 1s. boards.

The Violin and its Professors, from the earliest period to the present time, with a Memoir of Paganini, Hints to Amateurs, &c., by George Duhaour. 1 vol., 7s. 6d. bound.

Sayings and Doings—First Series, by Theodore Hook, Esq. The 3 vols. in 1, 6s. bound.

* Captain Brenton's Naval History of Great

Britain, Part III., price 3s. 6d.. To be completed in 8 monthly parts, with numerous Portraits of distinguished Officers, &c.

Jerningham; or the Inconstant Man. 3 vols. post 8vo., 17. 11s. 6d. boards.

The History of Van Diemen's Land, from 1824 to 1835. 12mo., 5s. boards.

The Roman: or of Nature; or, The Flower Seasons, illustrated, by Louisa A. Twamley, 27 coloured plates, 17. 11s. 6d. morocco.

Travels in Northern Greece, by W. M. Lenke. 4 vols. 8vo., 37. cloth.

The Court and Camp of Don Carlos, by M. B. Honan. Post 8vo., 12s. cloth.

The Ruth-Day; a Poem, by Caroline Bowles. Fcp. 8vo., 7s. boards.

Sermons on Association, by the Rev. G. A. Poole. 12mo., 5s. cloth.

The Retired Lieutenant, &c.; Poems, by John Lake. 2 vols. 8vo., 14s. cloth.

History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland, by D. Gregory. 8vo., 14s. boards.

Gallery of Modern British Artists. 4to., 30s. Britannia after the Romans. 4to., 80s. boards.

Kant's Metaphysics of Ethics, translated by J. W. Semple. 8vo., 16s. boards.

Capt. Dickinson's Narrative of the Operations at Cape Frio, to recover the Stores of the Thetis. 8vo., 10s. 6d. boards.

Journal of Movements of the British Legion, by an Officer. 8vo., 12s. boards.

Switzerland, illustrated by W. Beattie, M.D.; Illustrations by W. H. Bartlett. 2 vols. 4to., 37. cloth.

Parochial Sermons, by R. D. Hampden, D.D. 10s. 6d. boards.

The Ominous Isle, a Poem, by the Portland Shepherd. 12mo., 2s. 6d. sewed.

Admiral Napier's Account of the War in Portugal. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s. boards.

Cherry Chase, illustrated with Plates. Royal 4to., 21s. cloth.

Madrid in 1835, by a Resident Officer. 2 vols. 8vo., 23s. bds.

Tales of a Rambler. Post 8vo., plates, 10s. 6d. cloth.

Public and Private Life of the Ancient Greeks, by H. Hase. Foolscep, 5s. 6d. bds.

My Confessions to Silvio Pellico, by Guido Sorelli. 8vo., 15s. cloth.

D'Athanasi's Researches and Discoveries in Under Egypt. 8vo., 12s.

Cassini's French Cookery. 8vo., 21s. bds.

Empron's Narratives of South America. 8vo., 10s. cloth.

The Rambler in Mexico. Post 8vo., 9s. ci.

A Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece. 8vo., 15s. cloth.

FINE ARTS.

PUBLICATIONS.

Greenwich Pensioners commemorating the Battle of Trafalgar.
Painted and Engraved by John Burnet.

This is unquestionably one of the most interesting and finely-executed productions of modern times. It is published as "a companion" to Wilkie's painting of "Chelsea Pensioners," of which Mr. Burnet was the engraver. Here, however, he is also the painter; and has afforded satisfactory proof of his excellence in both arts: we believe he is the only engraver in Europe who can at once design and execute a work of so much magnitude and importance, so as to satisfy the most scrupulous critic in either art. Engravers who are also painters are rare—too rare—among us: they devote their youth to the more mechanical, and neglect the inventive, part of the pursuit. It is not often that a print appears undefaced by some defect in drawing; it is however, perhaps, too much to expect that equal skill will be manifested in both; and if Mr. Burnet stands almost or quite alone, in this respect, among British artists, it will scarcely surprise those who appreciate the difficulty in arriving at excellence in either.

The print under notice commemorates the dearly-bought victory of Trafalgar—one of those great national events, to perpetuate the remembrance of which is worthy and honourable employment for an artist of Great Britain. The painter has collected round the palace hospital a group of the heroes who helped the great hero of all—the aged shipmates of Nelson who are living thirty years after the day of battle; but to make his group as pictorial as was consistent with his grand object, he has introduced some embryo mariners and merry maidens, who make up the scene. Independent of the interest which naturally grows out of the subject, the picture is a very beautiful one; and the print is worthy of the prominent station it will occupy on the walls of all who love and appreciate art, or rejoice in calling to mind the glories of their country.

Findens' Ports and Harbours of Great Britain, with Views of the most remarkable Headlands, Bays, and Fishing Stations on the Coast.
No. I.

Messrs. Finden have commenced a new undertaking, and if it progresses as advantageously as their former works have done, there can be no fear but it will be fully estimated by the public. The "Ports and Harbours" are unquestionably the most interesting parts of "Great Britain," and the best calculated for pictorial effects; the sea is ever beautiful—in calm or in storm—and shipping is always picturesque. It is impossible, therefore, but that a series of plates, representing the most attractive and important places in the kingdom, and engraved under the superintendence of artists of taste and experience, must form a valuable addition to our store of illustrated works. The prints contained in this part are from drawings by Mr. Harding and Mr. Bulmer; and describe Tynemouth Priory (with the life-boat introduced), Tynemouth Castle (a vessel wrecked on the rocks), Cullercoats, the Entrance to Shields Harbour, and Berwick Bridge—five plates, admirably engraved, of a large size, with explanatory letter-press, all for the sum of half-a-crown.

The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chace; illustrated in Twelve Plates.
Designed and Etched by John Franklin, Esq.

These illustrations are designed and etched by an artist—and a very accomplished artist. We think it necessary to say so much by way of preface, lest readers should imagine that the title Esq. designates one who is but a lover of the art of which he knows little or nothing; amateurs seldom do

much. Mr. Franklin has already obtained some reputation; his works have made their way in our several exhibitions, and we may safely augur, that he is destined to hold a very prominent station in his profession.

Who has not read, who does not love, the glorious old ballad of Chevy-Chace? It is one of the happiest memories of our childhood, the enjoyment of which does not pass with our youth. It is strange that the sister art has not heretofore been associated with it: the last great scene was indeed commemorated by Bird, in the finest of his paintings; but artists have strangely neglected it. We look upon the choice as affording proof of taste and genius in Mr. Franklin; that taste and genius which must achieve, if it have not yet achieved, greatness. The twelve plates illustrate the twelve leading points of the deeply-exciting story, beginning with the "vow" made by the stout Erle of Northumberland, and ending with the widows coming next day

"Their husbands to bewayle."

The publication altogether is one of exceeding beauty, and we trust its reception will be such as to justify Mr. Franklin in illustrating other ballads—they will at once occur to him—which afford subjects as fine, and nearly as dear and as familiar the "Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chace."

The Shakspeare Gallery. Part II.

This is a design to represent the *female* characters of Shakspeare, and is therefore misnamed "The Shakspeare Gallery." It is, however, a very sweet and interesting publication, and cannot fail to find welcome with all who love the immortal poet. If the "all" should patronize the publication, Mr. Heath will have to obtain the co-operation of a score of copper-plate printers.

May-Day in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A. Engraved by James Watt.

This is one of the few examples of painting and engraving, which prove the supremacy of British artists. It is a splendid creation of the painter, happily transferred to copper by the skill of an accomplished engraver; and it will be classed with those successful efforts of the burin which our rivals of the Continent admit as satisfactory assurances of excellence being among us in England. The subject is full of interest; it describes one of those joyous scenes of festivity which make a story of the olden time like a record of romance. Every portion of the print is crowded with incident; from the gorgeous couple in the centre, to the groups of merry masquers all around; every part tells a tale of gay customs, gorgeous dresses, and pleasant plays, long since forgotten by the crowd, and cherished only in the memories of the antiquarian, the artist, or the poet. A more delicious print to grace the ~~eyes~~ of persons of taste has never been produced in England. The fame of Mr. Leslie has been long established,—this engraving will add greatly to the already high reputation of Mr. Watt.

THE DRAMA.

MALIBRAN has gone to Brussels and the play-goer to sleep. Nothing less startling than her fine voice has sufficed of late to keep him awake in an English theatre. He is now beginning to rouse himself after the languor that succeeded to the excitement, and drops into the Haymarket to hear his old acquaintance, Mr. Sinclair, or into the English Opera to listen to a ballad of Wilson's. Sinclair he finds much where he left him many years ago—singing the same songs in the same way, and uttering with the same air the same sentiment, to introduce the symphony—"Here I am without a

penhy in my pocket, like love among the roses !" Mr. Wilson is singing in De Pinna's opera, called *The Rose of the Alhambra*, and Miss Shirreff joins gracefully in the endeavour to give force and expression to the music. It is pleasing in parts, but as a whole wants novelty and character. It is not easy to criticize, because it is so hard to remember. The opera has, however, been quite successful, and those who stay in town, and must have music of one kind or the other, must make the most of it—for the Italian Opera, *the Opera*, is on the eve of closing, and Giisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache will in a few days more be "all abroad." The season here has been a splendid one, and, perhaps, the very oldest opera-goers, with all the help of romance to colour their reminiscences, will not pretend to have enjoyed more delightful evenings in the spring of youth than those on which these wonderful singers have worked their spells upon the "willing soul, and lapped it in Elysium."

So much for the music of the month. The performances at the Haymarket have been varied by the appearance of Mr. Vandenhoff in several of the leading parts of the drama, though the season was unsuited to them, and the company hopelessly incapable of supporting him. How absurd to see the walking-gentleman of Madame Vestris's theatre suddenly converted into the Iago of the Haymarket—but this, we presume, is not the fault of Mr. J. Vining, but the exquisite folly of the manager. And surely the master of the ceremonies at this house is the very pink of ancient gentlemen; the manager is certainly more amusing in his perversity than all his company put together. However, he is to reproduce *Ion* for our entertainment, having stumbled in the dark upon a brilliant notion: and Ellen Tree is to play the hero—how, we will not anticipate—and Mr. Vandenhoff will appear as Adrastus, which, we doubt not, will exhibit the author's power in this fine character in a light unknown to the Covent Garden performance.

The Strand Theatre, which opened with some excellent dramatic attempts, has found it necessary to seek its fortune in more vulgar paths; it has become quite a fashionable and flourishing establishment by the medium of a burlesque on *Othello*! Anything for a sensation. But we are glad to see that the manager does not now, without a struggle, to this taste, but takes advantage of his popularity to slip in something of a better class—that may be tolerated for the sake of the absurdities that accompany it. This is a drama founded on a paper of Mr. Jerrold's in a rival Magazine; and it is put into its present form, under the title of *An Old House in the City*, either by Mr. Jerrold himself, or a very skilful and accomplished imitator. The plot is simple and striking, the characters boldly hit off, and the dialogue pointed enough. It is full of needles—sharp bright points of satire, that pierce you as you listen.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE following notes of a paper, lately read, on the economy of an insect destructive to turnips, by Mr. Yarrell, are applicable at the present season. This time last year the yellow fly was seen upon the young turnips. It was remembered by some farmers that this was the fly which prevailed in 1818, and which was followed by the caterpillars known by the name of the blacks. The eggs being deposited by the perfect insect in the leaf of the plant, the black caterpillar, or turnip-pest, speedily makes its appearance, feeding on the soft portions of the leaves of the turnips, and leaving the fibres untouched; and finally, casting its black skin, and assuming one of a more slaty or grey colour, it buries itself in the earth. Lodged there, it forms for itself, from the soil, a strong oval cocoon, from which some of the earlier broods pass almost immediately into the perfect state, filled with *ora*, and

ready quickly to supply another generation of destroyers. So complete and so rapid was the destruction in some instances last July, that a whole field was found, in two or three days, to present only an assemblage of skeletonised leaves; and this, too, when the turnips had attained a considerable size. The insect, whose proceedings have been thus briefly noticed, belongs to the *Hymenopterous* family *Tenthredinidæ*; it is the *Athalia centifolia*, a species first noticed by Panzer. By their repeated broods, the devastation was continued for so long a time, that even the third sowing did not, in all cases, escape destruction: the turnip became pithy, and of little value, and it was necessary to import the root largely from the Continent to supply the deficiency of the home crop. The remedial measures adopted on a former visitation were, the turning into the infested fields of a large number of ducks, who greedily devoured the caterpillars as they were brushed from the leaves by a boy with a long pole; the passing of a heavy roller over the ground at night, when the caterpillars were at their feed, and the strewing of quick-lime by broad-cast over the fields, renewing it as often as it was dispersed by the wind. The latter mode was generally considered as the most effectual preservative.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A letter was read, addressed to the right honourable chairman, from P. R. Lord, Esq., of the Bombay medical service, dated Surat, Dec. 1835, containing some observations on the port and town of Cambay, in Guzerat, and of a branch of industry carried on in that place—namely, the cutting and polishing of corneians. Mr. Lord described the process followed by the natives in this art, which was very efficient, though simple. The original corneian stones have a black, flint-like appearance; but, by exposing them to the heat of the fire or sun, they assume, some a red, some a white, or any intermediate shade of colour. Mr. Lord alluded to the fact, that, for some years past, the upper part of the Gulf of Cambay has been decreasing in depth; and said, that the decrease was now going on with such rapidity as almost to allow the observer to witness, in the formation of dry land before his eyes, a tangible illustration of Mr. Lyell's beautiful and much-talked-of theory. Vessels formerly discharged their cargoes under the very walls of the town. At the time Mr. Lord was speaking of, the nearest vessel in harbour was at least four miles distant, and was then lying, sunk in the mud, without any chance of floating till the return of the spring tide. The cause of this diminution in the depth of the harbour was the immense quantity of slime and mud brought down by the river Mhye, which, after a course of nearly one hundred miles, through an entirely alluvial country, discharged its turbid contents a short distance to the east of Cambay. The effect was very prejudicial to the trade of Cambay.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, OXFORD.

At the Ashmolean Society, at Oxford, on the 20th May, Dr. Buckland communicated to the Society a notice on some very curious recent discoveries of fossil footsteps of unknown quadrupeds, in the new red sandstone of Saxony, and of fossil birds in sandstone of the same formation, in the valley of the Connecticut. The sandstone which bears the impressions of these footsteps is of the same age with that in which, in the year 1828, Dr. Duncan discovered the footsteps of land tortoises, and other unknown animals, near Dumfries. In the year 1834, similar tracts of at least four species of quadrupeds were discovered in the sandstone quarries of Hesseberg, near Hildburghausen. Some of these appear to be referable to tortoises, and to a small web-footed reptile. The largest footsteps mark the path of a large quadruped; probably allied to *Marsupialia*, or animals that carry their young in a pouch, like the kangaroo. The name of *Chirotherium* has been given to this animal, from a distant resemblance, both of the fore and hind feet, to the human hand. The size of the hind foot was twice as great as

that of the fore foot, being usually eight inches long and five inches wide; one was found twelve inches long. These footsteps follow one another in pairs, at intervals of fourteen inches from pair to pair, each pair being on the same straight line. Both large and small steps have the great toes alternately on the right and left side, and bent inwards like a thumb. Each step has the print of five toes. The fore and hind foot are nearly similar in form, though they differ so greatly in size. No bones of any of the animals that made these footsteps have yet been found. Another discovery of fossil footsteps has still more recently been made by Professor Hitchcock, in the new red sandstone of the valley of the Connecticut. In three or four quarries of this sandstone he has ascertained the existence of the tracks of at least seven extinct species of birds, referable, probably, to as many extinct genera. All of these appear in regular succession on the continuous track of an animal in the act of walking or running, with the right and left foot always in their relative proper places. The distance of the intervals between each footprint on the same track is occasionally varied, but to no greater amount than may be explained by the bird having altered its pace. Many tracks are often found crossing one another, and they are sometimes crowded, like impressions of feet in the muddy shores of a pond frequented by ducks or geese. All these fossil footsteps most nearly resemble those of *Grallæ* (waders). The impressions of three toes are usually distinct; that of a fourth, or hind toe, is generally wanting. The most remarkable among these footsteps are those of a gigantic bird, twice the size of an ostrich, whose foot measured fifteen inches in length exclusive of a large claw measuring two inches!! The toes of this bird were large and thick. The most frequent distance of these larger footsteps from one another is four feet; sometimes they are six feet asunder. The latter were probably made by the animal when running. There are also tracks of another gigantic bird, having three toes of a more slender character. These tracks are from fifteen to sixteen inches long, exclusive of a remarkable appendage extending backwards from the heel eight or nine inches, and apparently intended (like a snow-shoe) to sustain the weight of a heavy animal walking on a soft bottom. The impressions of this appendage resemble those of wiry feathers, or coarse bristles, which seem to have sunk into the mud an inch deep—the toes had sunk much deeper; and round their impressions the mud was raised into a ridge several inches high, like that round the track of an elephant in clay. The length of the step of this bird appears to have been six feet; the footsteps on the five other kinds of tracks are of smaller size, and the smallest indicates a foot but one inch long, and a step from three to five inches. The length of the leg of the African ostrich is about four feet, and that of the foot ten inches. All these tracks appear to have been made on the margin of shallow water, that was subject to changes of level, and in which sediments of sand and mud were alternately deposited. And the length of the legs, which must be inferred from the distance of the footsteps from each other, was well adapted for wading in such situations.

VARIETIES.

Effect of Water on Cast-iron.—Some large brass and cast-iron guns, which went down with the Royal George, in 1782, are now lying in the Tower. The brass ones are little affected by their long immersion in the sea; but those of cast-iron are changed throughout their whole substance. They resemble plumbago or pencil-lead, and, like it, may be easily cut with a knife. —Cast-iron pipes, attached to a pumping apparatus, in a mine of 140 fathoms deep, in the north of England, have been so softened in five years, as scarcely to hold together on removal.

Insurance Companies.—Statement of the duties paid into the Exchequer, for the year 1835, by the insurance companies of England, specifying the name of each company, and the sum paid by each. Also the farming stock (which is free of duty), insured in the same period by each company respectively.

	Total Duty paid, 1835.			Sum insured on Farming Stock, Exempt.	
	£.	s.	d.	£.	
Sun	129,114	4	6	4,915,128	
Phoenix	73,159	4	2	3,543,858	
Notwich Union	61,864	8	9	8,648,105	
Royal Exchange	57,975	4	6	3,736,729	
Protector	54,366	14	11	758,804	
County	42,318	11	5	5,685,843	
Guardian	32,475	10	0	670,324	
Globe	28,368	8	9	1,009,553	
West of England	27,734	2	1	700,090	
Imperial	27,380	19	2	202,428	
Alliance	22,602	17	10	455,145	
Atlas	22,100	1	4	719,004	
Manchester	18,657	2	1	280,207	
British	17,474	15	9	530,140	
Union	17,335	5	7	227,138	
Westminster	16,313	5	1	23,600	
Hand-in-Hand	11,168	9	2	—	
Kent	10,445	0	3	938,663	
London	10,175	8	8	104,338	
Leeds and Yorkshire	9,518	16	7	464,059	
Birmingham	7,071	18	5	476,905	
Yorkshire	6,742	13	7	1,410,135	
Suffolk (West)	5,879	3	10	1,152,840	
Essex and Suffolk	5,438	2	2	1,032,020	
Suffolk (East)	5,222	13	2	880,930	
Newcastle-upon-Tyne	5,166	15	8	300,542	
Salsamander	4,975	12	8	643,531	
York and North of England	4,321	18	10	—	
Bristol	3,645	14	8	20,590	
Salop	2,754	0	7	323,563	
Essex Economic	2,657	16	2	485,534	
Hants, Sussex, and Dorset	2,535	9	6	275,958	
Bristol Union	2,462	18	2	8,032	
Sheffield	2,144	19	9	106,400	
Bristol Crown	1,753	2	6	—	
Bath Sun	1,564	12	9	45,080	
District Birmingham	1,480	8	1	2,600	
New Norwich Equitable	1,375	4	4	230,711	
Leicestershire and Midland } Counties	800	12	4	199,240	
Shields (North and South)	731	10	6	—	
Reading	208	16	3	—	
<hr/>				<hr/>	
£750,473 14 6				£41,215,167	

From the above statement it appears the amount of property insured against fire, in the year 1835, in England alone, was 547,530,500*l.*, and the boon to the agricultural interest, by the remission of duty upon farming stock for the same period, was 61,822*l.* The amount of duty paid upon fire insurance, in the year 1834, was 737,597*l.*, and the amount of farming stock exempt, in the same year, was 37,157,000*l.*

Criminal Offenders.—By a paper issued from Whitehall; it appears there has been a *total decrease* in the number of offenders charged in 1835, as compared with the preceding year, of 1720 persons, or nearly 8 per cent. In thirty English counties there was a decrease. This decrease was most

marked in the following counties:—In Northamptonshire it was nearly one-half; in Herefordshire, above one-third; in Berkshire, Cheshire, Hampshire, and Worcestershire, one fourth; and in Durham and Shropshire, one-fifth. In Middlesex the decrease was 17 per cent.; in Surrey, little more than 4 per cent.; in Yorkshire, 14 per cent.; and in Lancashire, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In Wales, the total decrease on the twelve counties was 27 per cent. In the remaining eleven English counties, and in Bristol, there was an *increase*, which was proportionally greatest in Gloucestershire, where it amounted to 19 per cent.; in Kent to 15 per cent.; in Warwick to 14 per cent.; and in Staffordshire to 10 per cent. In Essex the increase was above 8 per cent. The decrease does not appear to be confined to any one class of offences, but to be spread pretty equally over the whole; being, however, rather the greatest on the more heinous offences.

A return, just published, gives the produce of the customs at each port in the United Kingdom. The following is the gross amount for each kingdom in 1834 and 1835. England has 74 ports, Scotland 21, and Ireland 15.

	1834.	1835.
England	£17,912,978	£19,614,979
Scotland	1,441,243	1,529,820
Ireland	1,757,142	2,016,149

The six principal seats of the import trade of England are the following:

	1834.	1835.
London	£10,697,000	£11,773,000
Liverpool	3,846,000	4,273,000
Bristol	1,072,000	1,177,000
Hull	682,000	721,000
Newcastle	286,000	289,000
Gloucester	131,000	162,000

There are 68 other ports in England, but the value of the imports does not rise to 100,000*l.* at any of them.

By the return recently ordered, on the motion of Mr. Baring, it appears that the quantity of hard soap made in England during the year 1835, was 137,806,623 lbs.; of soft soap, 8,592,233 lbs. In Scotland, 10,465,035 lbs. of hard, and 3,510,876 lbs. of soft soap were made. England and Scotland together exported 12,987,365 lbs. of hard, and 8954 lbs. of soft; upon which a drawback was allowed amounting to 81,209*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* To the manufacturers also of woollens, linens, silks, and others, 54,262*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* was allowed as drawback; and another drawback on the soap exported to Ireland, amounting to 62,538*l.* 4*s.* $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* was allowed. Of soap imported, the quantity in 1834 was 489 cwt. 26 lbs.; in 1835, 981 cwt. 26 lbs.; and in the present year, 233 cwt. 2 qrs. 23 lbs. The total amount of the duty paid thereon appears to be 3753*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* Seventeen persons were last year convicted of defrauding the revenue arising from soap. The amount of the penalties adjudged was about 1000*l.*, into which amount enters a sum of 500*l.* incurred by an individual named Lee, who absconded, leaving no effects.

Wool.—It appears, from recent parliamentary returns, that the present state of our wool trade is highly prosperous. In the year 1835, the total quantity of imported wool was 42,208,949 lbs., which exceeds the quantity imported in 1834 by more than 4,000,000 lbs. On the 5th of January, 1835, 6,594,266 lbs. remained under bond; but on the 5th of January, 1836, the quantity in bond was only 2,864,014 lbs. The quantity of wool imported from Germany, in 1835, was nearly 24,000,000 lbs.; from Russia, upwards of 4,000,000 lbs.; from New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, about 200,000 lbs. more than from Russia; from Spain, Turkey, and Italy, taken together, nearly 4,000,000 lbs.; from Portugal, 683,000 lbs.; Holland, 301,000 lbs.; Belgium, 231,000 lbs. Of the foreign wool imported in 1835, there were exported, in a manufactured state, 4,101,700 lbs. Of the total quantity imported in 1835, there were retained for manufacture 41,718,514

Varieties—Foreign Varieties.

lbs.; being nearly 1,000,000 lbs. more than was taken up by the manufacturers in the preceding year.

The total declared value of woollen manufactures exported in 1835 to foreign countries, was 6,840,511*l.*, distributed nearly as follows:—

United States	£2,600,000	Italy	£243,582
East Indies and China	800,000	Belgium	123,727
North American Colonies	418,000	Russia	93,025
West Indies	114,200	Brazil	337,788
Germany	631,000	Mexico	356,700
Portugal	368,000	France	68,000
Holland	245,620		

The total value of the exports of 1835, above those of 1834, is fully a million sterling.

British Museum.—The Committee of Inquiry have made their Report to the House, and recommend that the number of official trustees be reduced; those who do not attend to be requested to resign; and the vacancies, as they occur, to be filled up by persons distinguished for their eminence in literature, science, and art. The Museum to be opened during the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas weeks; and on all public days from 10 till 7 o'clock in the months of May, June, July, and August; the reading-room to be opened throughout the year at 9 in the morning. A further division of departments is to be made; the salaries of the officers to be increased, and pluralities abolished; and an improved synopsis to be prepared, and sold in parts. Casts are to be made from the statues, bronzes, and coins, and sold to the public at the lowest possible price. Full and accurate catalogues of all the collections are recommended to be prepared and printed; but not a word is said about the classed catalogues of the books and MSS. (which, it is understood, might be printed without any expense to the Government), whose completion is so anxiously desired by the public, and to obtain which so many petitions have been presented to the Legislature. The evening reading-room, an equally popular measure, is also passed over without any notice. Mr. Tilt's petition for the assistance of Parliament to enable him to engrave about 4000 British medals in the Museum, and in private collections, is recommended to the consideration of the House.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The indigent in Paris, without reckoning paupers, who receive relief from the municipality, amount to 62,539, and are divided into 14,499 men, 10,862 boys, 25,748 women, and 11,430 girls. Among the men there are 5880 journeymen or workmen, 1743 who have been builders' labourers, 1433 house porters, 1028 commissioners or porters, 763 shoemakers, 418 tailors, 238 water carriers, 218 who have been employed as clerks or writers, 194 coachmen, 156 rag gatherers, 148 cobblers, 120 servants out of place, and 1338 whose station is not defined. The women are classed as follows:—1331 buyers and sellers of old clothes, 926 charwomen, 790 portresses, 703 washerwomen, 229 nursery maids, 173 sick-nurses, 142 other servants out of place, 141 female rag-gatherers, and 3720 whose occupation is undefined.

Scales of Fishes.—A. M. Dumeshil, of Wunstorf, states that, according to his observations, the metallic lustre of the scales of fishes is due to the presence of the purest silver; and that the 12,000th part of a grain of silver is contained in the scale of a carp.

A blacksmith of Milan, named Ponti, has discovered that, by suspending a length of chain to one of the corners of the anvil, by means of a ring, the noise of the hammer may be almost entirely deadened. This discovery

would be of great importance in large towns, where the noise of the hammer is so serious a nuisance.

State of the Arts in France.—There are in France, at the present moment, 82 museums; 162 public schools for the advancement of the fine arts; 2231 exhibiting artists, namely, 1096 painters, 150 sculptors, 113 engravers, 263 architects, 309 painters in water colour and draughtsmen. There are in Paris alone, 35 public schools of art, 20 museums, 773 painters, 106 sculptors, 102 engravers, 195 architects, 209 painters in water colour and draughtsmen; in all, 1385 artists. Besides the institutions above enumerated, there are societies for the encouragement of art, and exhibitions of modern pictures in all the principal provincial towns in France. The five departments, which are the richest in artists and in art, after that of the Seine, are those of the North, the Gironde, the Rhone, the Lower Seine, and the Seine-et-Oise. There is scarcely a town of any importance throughout France that does not boast of its annual exhibitions of modern pictures, its society for the encouragement of art, and its honorary and substantial rewards for artists.

According to the Dutch papers there were, on the 1st of January, in Holland:—Calvinists, 1,489,505; Roman Catholics 8,57,951; Lutherans, 65,931; Jews, 46,665; Jansenists, 5007; Remonstrants, 4970; other sects, 1975. The population of the kingdom of Portugal, according to the last returns, amounts to 3,372,940; the National Debt, 6,400,000*l.*; the Loan just contracted, 900,000*l.*; in all, 7,300,000*l.*; the revenue being 2,200,000*l.*

The budget of the city of Paris for 1837 presents a very favourable aspect. It appears that 4,782,064 francs will be applied to useful public works and embellishments. When the accounts of 1835 are balanced, it is expected there will be a surplus of 4,095,000 francs, which, it is believed, the Municipal Council will apply to public works in 1837. If this be the case the total sum employed would be upwards of 9,000,000 francs. (360,000*l.*)

Colonel Chesney started on his voyage down the Euphrates some time ago, and, according to a letter from Alexandria, he had proceeded a hundred miles down the river prosperously. As he sails with the stream, his voyage, though a thousand miles in length, would not necessarily occupy much time; but it is probable that he will be much retarded by shoals. For a great part of the way the country on both sides of the river is a desert, infested by Arab freebooters; it was so even in the time of the Romans, for Strabo states that the mercantile caravans travelling from the Mediterranean to Babylon or Ctesiphon crossed the river high up, and struck far into the interior of Mesopotamia, to avoid the plundering tribes of the desert. If the expedition succeeds, our next accounts of it will probably be from Bussorah.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Reports from the Agricultural Committees in both Houses of Parliament—Confused and contradictory nature of the evidence collected—Remarks on the erroneous views contained in both Reports—Supply and demand the only permanently regulating principles—Present state and progress of agricultural operations.

The Committees of the Lords and Commons have come at last to their conclusion, and it can but be deemed "most lame and impotent." Reports have been prepared for both and rejected by both, so that nothing but the bare evidence will come before Parliament. This, from its volume, will be read by few, if any; and, when read, it will be found to contain a mass of crude, contradictory opinions, enveloping and confounding the few facts which may be profitably applied. But such an estimate ought not to stand

upon assertion—nor does it. The Report proposed in the Lords' Committee has been printed, and it will be found to be such as we have described: the evidence is a tissue of contradictions, of which it is our purpose to give some proofs in the progress of our speculation. The fate of that prepared for the Commons was the same—namely, rejection; but accompanied with some circumstances worth relating. The following appears to be the most accurate account of the proceedings:—

The Committee met the week before last, when the Chairman read to them the proposed Report. It was then resolved that they should meet again last week, to take the same into their consideration. They accordingly met on Thursday or Friday, when Sir James Graham rose, and after paying a just tribute to the ability with which the Report was drawn up, observed that he knew enough of the opinions of the Members of the Committee to enable him to say that it would not be approved of by them. There were, in fact, parts of it of which he entirely disapproved; and as he felt that there would be great difficulty, indeed, in framing a Report which would have the concurrence of the Committee, he suggested, as their best course, that they should report the evidence alone to the House, and he accordingly made a motion to that effect. Lord Chandos seconded the motion. We hear that Lord John Russell expressed his astonishment at this proposition, and that he thought it extraordinary in Lord Chandos, who had so often pressed the condition of the agriculturists upon Parliament, as one that required immediate consideration and relief, now to second a proposition for postponing any expression of the opinion of the Committee on that subject. It was nevertheless determined, after some discussion, that the motion of Sir James Graham should be adopted.

The public commentators express their wonder, that, "although a large majority of the Committee consisted of landowners, they were unable to agree as to the remedies for agricultural distress." To us it affords not the slightest wonder, for he must have a more than ordinarily clear understanding who could classify and arrange the conflicting opinions of men reasoning from local contingencies, affected strongly by personal prejudices, and guided or regulated, in but few instances, by any knowledge of principles. All that could be done is shown in the Lords' Report, to which we have alluded, and this is to balance those opposites. The result of such a process must needs be the production of a series of equivalent contradictions.

The commencement declares broadly that "there can be no doubt that a great and generally prevailing distress has affected, and, except mitigated by circumstances of a questionable character, both in respect of real relief and of probable duration, still continues to affect the agriculture of this kingdom." Now, we doubt the fact. Let us be understood. We doubt whether agriculture has been affected to any degree beyond that distress which has at intervals fallen upon commerce, manufactures, and navigation; and if it has not, agriculture has only shared in common the fluctuations incident to natural and political causes.

The Report thus adverts to the three classes:—"The owner of the soil is labouring under fixed charges, with greatly diminished rents; the occupier is contending with reduced prices of produce, while the wages of labour, the cost of implements of husbandry, and most of the costs of production, are, in comparison, but slightly diminished; and the yeomanry, uniting the character of the two, and sharing in the distress of both, are suffering in a still greater proportion in the general depression which prevails."

First, of the first—the owner. By "fixed charges" can only be meant, fairly taken, the taxation to which he is subjected; for if any allusion be intended to purchases of land made during the artificial state of things created by the war, or to mortgages contracted in order to enable the owner to make such purchases, they fall not legitimately within such a term;—they are merely the effects of miscalculation, or no calculation at all.

It is admitted that it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to demonstrate that land is more burdened by taxation, on the whole, than other property. The plain truth, therefore, appears to be, that the diminished rents are simply a return to the natural relations of value. The case of the landlord, then, is not made out.

The doctrine, with respect to the occupier, appears to fall equally short of proof. The charges upon him are these:—1. Rent; 2. Tithes; 3. Poor-rate and taxes; 4. Labour; 5. Seed corn and horse provender; 6. Tradesmen's bills; and, 7. Interest of capital. Now, then, let us take these articles in succession. "Rents," says the Report, "are greatly diminished," which means, if it mean anything, "disproportionately diminished;" if not, of what has the landlord to complain? This, therefore, relieves the tenant of this part of his burden. Tithes adjust themselves, almost universally, to the price of produce. "Produce," says the Report, "is too low." Of these, then, the occupier cannot complain; added to which, they form the subject of computation in bargaining for his hire, and act always as a drawback upon the rent.

Concerning taxes, it should seem that the malt tax forms the only great item which even this Committee can advert to. Now, it is questionable (we think it certain) whether any advantage would be derived from the repeal of the tax to the tenant, for that is now the point under consideration. It seems, to us, reducible to a clear rule. The rent of land rises or falls with the rate of the productions of land, and nothing can be more certain, than that if barley were to rise permanently, more rent would be asked. On the contrary, it is almost equally certain, that were the price of barley greatly above the relation of price to other grain, more barley would be grown, and an augmented supply would bring down the price. Taking these two contingencies together, there can scarcely be a doubt, that, after a short, and a very short, period, the farmer would be injured rather than benefited, because his rent would be fixed during his lease, and probably barley would again fall before its termination. So much for relief from taxation. There does not, we say, appear to be any partial or greater pressure on those engaged in the cultivation of land, than on the other classes of the community.

With respect to the poor-rates, the country rings with their diminution through the new poor-law; and, again, it must so happen that high poor-rates operate to diminish rent, wherever such is the case. In none of the first three great items does there exist, then, the grievance which the Report would insinuate.

Labour, it is asserted, is too high, because it has fallen one-eighth or one-ninth, while produce has fallen from thirty to fifty per cent. But this is a very short view of the matter. Labour, at the very highest, cannot be computed at more than one-fifth of the outgoings of a farm. What then is the reduction the fall of produce bears to the whole, and does labour stand in a just proportion? Taken in this, its true ratio, it will be found that it affects the farmers' profits so little as to be of very slight importance in the account. One-eighth compared with one-fortieth looks enormous, but when reduced to its true dimensions, when one-fortieth is subdivided by one-fifth, it sinks to its real proportion, and, from the incontrovertible laws which govern these items, it must be so. There is, we believe, no ground for asserting that labour is paid beyond the relation of price.

The fifth items—seed, corn, and horse provender—regulate themselves by the price of produce. If the farmer get a high price for oats and hay, he is repaid; if not, the cost of his seed and feed are depressed accordingly. The tradesmen's bills fall within the laws of general price, and they form but a small sum in the total. Implements, &c. are part of the interest of capital. Now it cannot for a moment be contended but that much less capital is required than formerly, and even upon that which is employed the interest is much lower, say one-fifth. This is a truth always kept out of sight in agri-

cultural computations, though (perhaps because) it is one of the most important. If the amount of capital depend upon the rate of the price of produce, which it does, only compare the effect. When produce was at 60s. 900*l.* was required to cultivate a tract of land for which 600*l.* will suffice when produce is at 40s.

Now, suppose the first sum was necessary for 100 acres (which is not far above or below the average truth) when wheat was at 60s., and five per cent. the rate of interest, 45*l.* per 100 acres was then the charge for capital. Suppose wheat at 60s., the rate of interest four per cent., and 600*l.* to be required, the capital would be only 24*l.* per 100 acres. Hence there would be a diminution equal to a fourth of the rent, for we conceive the average rent of the kingdom not to exceed 1*l.* per acre. Add to this that the farmer pays nothing for his house, compared to the commercial classes, and we do not see that the case is made out as regards the occupier in any single particular. The truth will rather appear to be, that the fall in all the several items of the tenantry expenditure has obeyed the general laws that govern the relations of cost and price.

Again, when it is remembered that all these things form the subject of computation in taking a farm, we cannot perceive any peculiar hardship the farmer labours under more than other manufacturers, among whom, notwithstanding the distinction of names, he must be classed.

The labourer (the most doubtful point of the whole), the Report, on the authority of Mr. Cayley insinuates to be "thriving at the expense of his employer." Till very lately the complaints of the condition of the labourer were heaviest, and we do not see what has so suddenly operated to remove them. There is but too much cause to suspect that a reduction of labour is so strongly anticipated and dwelt upon, merely because it is a reduction which seems to be most within the absolute power of the tenant. But here a disappointment may arise. The emigrations abroad, and of those employed in the manufacturing districts, have created a demand for labour, which, augmented so vastly as it must shortly be, by the railroads and building of workhouses, &c. must rather tend to a rise than a fall in wages. We can speak positively to the fact that in many districts it has been difficult to obtain harvest-men even at an advanced rate of price; while the weather, crowding hay-making, turnip-hoeing, and the general harvest, into a narrow period of time, has enhanced that difficulty. If it become a question which of the three—rent, or tithes, or labour—is to undergo a reduction, there is no doubt which ought to give way. Making the inevitable allowance for the effects of demand and supply, we should still say the two former must be the first to sink to the times, for under the exasperation amongst the labouring classes, produced by the effects of the new poor-law, were the crisis the Report anticipates (bad seasons raising the price of necessaries) to occur, there is no computing the disastrous consequences that might and would arise.

It is curious that the Committee, while declaring that "it is impossible to contemplate a state of things not only possible, but to which the situation of the country rapidly tends, without the deepest apprehension," is nevertheless unable to suggest the slightest remedy; yet such was the only object of its assembling. Not the least singular part of this document is that in which the Committee acknowledges its incapacity to discover whether the depression of the price of wheat be owing to increased growth, decreased consumption, or both. The gravity with which they proceed to reason a case so clearly settled by facts is exceedingly entertaining.

Population has increased—that is ascertained. More must therefore be consumed, whether of wheat or any other sustenance; but probably it is of wheat in its proportion. For four years there has been no foreign import. Even during the present year, with an extended period between the harvests, and consequently an increased quantity consumed, the price does not rise,

the supply is adequate. How, then, in the name of heaven, can the conclusion of an enlarged growth be matter of the slightest doubt? What signifies it what witnesses say? There stands the fact—the supply more than meets the demand. A change in the currency cannot increase the quantity in the market. Its tendency in reducing price, on the contrary, is the way, they all state, to overcrop the land and throw it out of cultivation. Cash payments and currency indeed! How these budge doctors labour to get rid of the excruciating fact, that while wheat is depressed by these causes, as they aver, the same causes have not brought down barley, wool, or meat. And why? Because barley has been comparatively scarce, the sheep rotted, and beef came into demand from want of a supply of mutton. These they call “disturbing causes.” Really, gentlemen, this is too good. Supply and demand, disturbing causes!—disturbing of what? of the effects of a contracted circulation? the effects of a contracted understanding? The *constantly* operating causes are demand and supply—the *disturbing* causes, the *casual and transient* operation (till settled by time) of the change of the monetary system. If seventeen years be not a sufficient period for this disturbing cause to subside, then is no period sufficient. But it is sufficient. Many of the most intelligent witnesses avouch the fact; and the general prosperity of the country, exhibited in its commerce and revenue, its internal condition, its increasing affluence, and the obvious augmentation of all the accumulation of property, confirms this most important of all political truths.

The Committee next descends to the remedies, the first of which is the institution of a silver as well as a gold standard, which they infer would raise the price of produce five per cent. An inference exceedingly dubious but it is an experiment which might be tried without involving any danger.

The importation of Ireland is the next topic, and here we have the mere equiponderance of contradictory equivalents to its perfection. Increased import is balanced by augmented population. But the remedy? To give Poor Laws to Ireland in order to enable the Irish to consume a greater portion of their produce! Bravo, my Lords! excellent economists ye are. The way to increase consumption, my Lords, is not to take from one class to give to another; but to increase the general production by labour, in order that the class which labours may obtain commodities in exchange for its only commodity. To plunder one for another under any name or form of taxation will not do this. Whatever is taken in poor-rates from one, will lessen the consumption of that one precisely to the same amount it increases the consumption of the rest. Augment the general fund of wealth by converting labour into production, and you will effect your purpose, but not by poor-rates.

Next comes the repeal of the malt tax, which we have already argued. A remission of the duty on soap is proposed, and we heartily wish it had been preferred to the taxes on knowledge.

The reasoning upon the warehousing settles itself. The agricultural classes would clearly derive no benefit from forbidding it. The simple reason why the merchant prefers to speculate in foreign corn, if he speculates in corn at all, is, because it yields him a better chance of profit. He has indeed three chances—his cargo of merchandize outwards—his freight outwards and inwards, and his corn. There is also the embarrassing fact, that the supply of English wheat having proved in average years to be inadequate to the consumption, the price has scarcely risen at all. What then is to induce the buyer to speculate? Look again, ye agriculturists, to the leading—the governing phenomena—supply and demand; therein lies the solution.

All that follows about the issues of the joint stock banks, the price of gold, possible panic, and contraction of the circulation, is gratuitous supposition. That all these things may happen is certainly not out of the calculation of chances, but that they will happen is by no means within the computation

of probabilities. *Banks cannot* increase the circulation beyond what the transactions of the country require; and it is not easy, if it be practicable even, to prevent the country enjoying all the circulation its transactions do require. There is far more fear from the speculations in companies of all denominations, than from any based on joint stock bank issues.

But to the conclusion—"the lame and impotent conclusion." After some slight declamatory vapouring, the *Report* concluded with expressing a confident hope that, besides adopting such present remedies as may appear just or expedient, the House will keep steadily and anxiously in their view the consideration of this the greatest question which can occupy their attention; in order, as circumstances may arise, to afford to the agriculturist of this kingdom that protection or relief which a just consideration of their situation in all its different bearings still continues imperatively to suggest; and the *Committee* concludes by *rejecting the Report*; thus practically exemplifying that their minds (that is the majority) are influenced by reasons similar, or the same, to those we have advanced, for the information of those who may not have considered the subject in all its bearings. The termination of the Commons' inquiry avouches the same thing.

We have devoted so much space to the indispensable obligation of examining and discussing so much of the views of the Committee as have reached us, that little remains for the technical operations of agriculture. The upland-hay is all gotten in and well, but it is very various in the bulk of the produce. Upon the heavy lands it is abundant, in the light as greatly deficient, though the late rains have improved even them. The Swedish turnips are in and up, exhibiting in most places a vigorous plant; but in some parts of the Eastern districts especially, the black canker has damaged the crop. From the rains which have lately fallen we hope and imagine, however, that it will be a good turnip year.

The crops of corn are also various, but still we are disposed to think neither wheat nor barley will be found below an average. On the good soils the promise is in most instances excellent. We have within the last week passed through a pretty extensive country, exhibiting both light and heavy land, and we never saw better. The late rains have done wonders, not only in swelling the ears, but in preventing that premature and sudden ripening which would have dried the kernel to nothing. The commencement of harvest may be fixed generally for the first of August. Oats and rye will be cut down before that, nay, in pretty large quantities towards the east. But there will be more time taken to get in the whole, from the comparatively smaller number of labourers employed. We need not, however, speculate much on the prospects of the future, for the sufficient supplies, the dull demand, and decreasing prices demonstrate that the predominant opinion accords with our belief of a good harvest. Wheat may be said to have fallen two shillings at least in Mark-lane during the last month, and more in many of the provincial markets.

Look, then, farmers, to the tenor of this article, confirming all our former anticipations of the results of central associations, committees of inquiry, parliamentary relief, and the effect of the seasons. Let it teach you to rely on your own prudence, skill, and industry; for these are the true, the only sources of a just dependence.

Imperial averages, July 8 —Wheat, 50s. 6d.; Barley, 33s. 1d.; Oats, 23s. 10d.; Rye, 25s. 2d.; Peas, 42s. 10d.

The weather has been exceedingly favorable to the breed of game. The coveys of partridges are large and numerous, very few nests have been spoiled in the hay, from its thinness and lateness. The pheasants have died in some places from the croup to some amount. But, on the whole, the season was never more favorable.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Trifolium Incarnatum, or, Italian Clover.—The *Trifolium* has, in many parts of the country, this season presented a most beautiful and luxuriant appearance, and, although the month of May and part of April were particularly cold and frosty, still this plant has produced, in many places, full two tons per acre. On its first introduction it was the general opinion that severe frost would destroy it; but this season has proved it to be a more hardy plant than the old-fashioned broad clover, which has this summer, in too many instances, been a complete failure, either from late feeding or the severity of the spring. Another erroneous opinion respecting this new clover was, that it would not grow to cut a second year; this, our informant has fully proved to the contrary, as he has cut this season from a piece of ground which, in the early part of last spring (1835) was fed down bare with sheep, and in June following was cut in a green state for the cows and horses, and, before any seeds could have been deposited, the same piece was again fed off in the early part of last April, and has now produced from thirty to forty hundred per acre—and this on a piece of thin gravelly soil. It would be well if farmers generally were to harrow or drag in after harvest, in their young seeds, from six to ten pounds of trifolium per acre, for, if it escape the ravages of the slug or fly, neither time of feeding nor frost will injure it. Sheep are particularly partial to this plant, and for early spring feed for lambs, nothing yet ever introduced equals it either in quality or quantity. The surest method of producing a crop is to drag it in as early as possible after harvest, in any clean stubble, and after to roll it or tread it down hard with sheep. If the soil be very light it would answer well to adopt the latter method, particularly after a shower of rain.—*Salisbury Journal.*

Remedy for the Taint in the Potato Crop.—Amidst so many failures this season, there is one well cultivated farm in the parish of Borgue, in which there is a very promising potato crop. Two years ago, the tenant suffered considerably by the deficiency in his crop; but last season those he intended for seed were planted two weeks after Whitsunday. When they were thoroughly ripe, they were dug up, and about one hundred and fifty bushels put into a pit two feet and a half wide; shovelful of earth were frequently scattered among them; a small quantity of straw, and six or eight inches of earth, covered them. They were not disturbed until the time for planting; the pit was then opened, and not a rotten one was to be seen; they were slightly sprouted, moist, and perfectly fresh. Before the time of planting, the manure had been turned two or three times, and was in a proper temperature. As soon as three drills were drawn, the manure was in readiness, was quickly scattered, and the ground planted and covered in fifteen or twenty minutes after the seed was cut. When the pit was opened, a few basketsful were carried into the potato-house, and when they were cut into the ordinary size, they were laid on the floor, and a certain quantity of powder of lime thrown among them. After it was carefully mixed, they were quickly taken to the field, and a finer broird has rarely been seen, even before the taint made its appearance. The kinds planted are old blues and second earlies—flat-ends having failed on the farm for several years past. During the extreme drought, the field was drill-harrowed; the drills were then ploughed, to preserve the little moisture they contained; and afterwards, instead of harrowing (the common practice), were carefully rolled.—*Correspondent of the Dumfries Courier.*

Potatoes have of late years excited much alarm by reason of a disease in the sets, and numerous methods have this season been tried to avoid the malady—in many instances to little purpose; and complaints are numerous of partial decay in the sets, with a puny and weakly stem. Now, it must be

observed, that such complaints are not peculiar to the farmer,—the poor cottager comes in for a share; and it were hard indeed to deny one the privilege of stating facts, although they may seem a little uncouth to polished ears. But what signifies complaining? Were it not better to set about applying a remedy, by raising and encouraging more youthful vigorous varieties? Of succeeding in this we do not despair; and we call upon all ^{and} sundry to turn attention to this subject. Procure seeds from the most vigorous plant; bruise the pulp, and immerse in water: strain out the clean seeds; dry them, and sow in spring: plant out in a rich spot in May, about six inches apart every way; mark the most vigorous, and preserve their tubers for planting the following spring. Select ultimately such as prove of excellence in quality and fertility, and extend their culture. Were a tithe of farmers and cottagers to act in this rational manner, one cause of grumbling would soon be removed.—*Carse of Gowrie Report for May, in Dundee Advertiser.*

USEFUL ARTS.

Purification of Coal-Gas.—Mr. H. Phillips, superintending engineer of the Exeter Gas Works, has discovered the means of arresting the volatile alkali, to which, from its known corrosive property, when in contact with copper or brass, is to be attributed the destruction of cocks, fittings, and meters; and as azote (one of the constituents of ammonia) is highly injurious to respiration, that peculiarly pungent and obnoxious quality of the air in rooms in which gas is burnt for a long portion of the night, is probably augmented, if not produced by it, from the circumstance of the ammonia not being previously separated: azote is alike injurious to combustion;—by employing two burners of the same size, and supplying one with gas from which the ammonia has been removed, and the other with gas from which the ammonia has not been removed, the superiority of the light produced by the one over that produced by the other, will be clearly apparent. Mr. Phillips has taken out a patent for his discovery.—*Worcester Journal.*

New Lamp.—A lamp of a new construction, which describes a circle of light of about thirty feet in diameter, of the apparent intensity of sunshine, showing the objects within its sphere as distinctly as on the table of a camera obscura, has been erected at the head of the inclined plane in St. Leonard's dépôt. Its object is to enable the engine-men to a distinct view of the inclined ropes during the night, and this has been fully attained. The lamp consists of an argand burner placed in the focus of a large speculum of a peculiar form, by which the whole light is distributed just on the space where it is required; it is computed that the light on the above space is equal to that of twenty-five or thirty similar burners in common lamps. A lamp of this kind we have no doubt would be useful for other purposes; it appears to us that the largest assembly-room might be brilliantly lighted by one placed at each end of the room, and one would be sufficient to light the stage of a theatre. The cost of this one is said to be about 200*l.*, but we understand it saves an annual expense of about half that sum. The inventor is a Mr. Rankin, and he names it the Conoidal lamp, probably because the light is thrown from it in the form of a cone.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

NEW PATENTS.

To Alexander Ritchie, of Leeds, in the county of York, merchant, for a certain improvement in dressing and finishing woollen cloths, and other woven fabrics, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Thomas Vaux, of Woodford Bridge, in the parish of Woodford, in the county of Essex, land surveyor, for his invention of a certain mode of constructing and applying a revolving harrow for agricultural purposes.

To Robert Smith, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the means of connecting metallic plates for the construction of boilers and other purposes.

To William Wright, of Salford, in the county of Lancaster, machine-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in twisting machinery, used in the preparation, spinning, or twisting of cotton, flax, silk, wool, hemp, and other fibrous substances.

To Henry Dunnington, of Nottingham, lace manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in making or manufacturing lace.

To Samuel Hall, of Basford, in the county of Nottingham, gentleman, for his invention of improvements in propelling vessels: also improvements in steam-engines, and in the method or methods of working some parts thereof, some of which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes.

To Joseph Bencke Gerothwohl, of Camberwell Grove, in the county of Surrey, merchant, for certain improvements in filtration, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Francis Pettit Smith, of Hendon, in the county of Middlesex, farmer, for his invention of an improved propeller for steam and other vessels.

To William Gossage, of Stoke Prior, in the county of Worcester, for his invention of certain improvements in the apparatus or means used for evaporating water from saline solutions, and in the construction of stoves for drying salts.

To Luke Hebert, of Paternoster Row, in the city of London, patent agent, for certain improved machinery and processes for economising and purifying the manufacture of bread, a part of which is applicable to other purposes.

To Baron Henry de Bode, Major-General in the Russian service, of Edgeware Road, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of improvements in capatans.

To Manoh Bower, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, for his invention of improvements applicable to various descriptions of carriages.

To John Young, of Wolverhampton, in the county of Stafford, patent locksmith, for his invention of certain improvements in the making or manufacturing of metal hinges for doors, and other purposes.

To Daniel Chambers, of Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, water-closet manufacturer, and Joseph Hall, of Margaret Street, Cavendish

Square, plumber, for their invention of an improvement in pumps.

To Miles Berry, of Chancery Lane, Holborn, in the county of Middlesex, mechanical draftsman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cleaning, purifying, and drying wheat, or other grain or seeds, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Amos Gerald Hull, of Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of improvements in instruments for supplying the prolapsed uterus.

To Edward Massey, of King Street, Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, watch-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in the apparatus used for measuring the progress of vessels through the water, and for taking soundings at sea.

To Jacob Perkins, of Fleet Street, in the city of London, civil engineer, for his invention of improvements in apparatus for cooking.

To Miles Berry, of Chancery Lane, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for improved apparatus for torrefying, baking, and roasting vegetable substances, which, with certain modifications and additions, is also applicable to the evaporation and concentration of saccharine juices and other liquids, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Charles Schaffhautil, of Dudley, in the county of Worcester, gentleman, for his invention of certain improved apparatus for puddling iron.

To John White, of the town and county of Southampton, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in rotary steam-engines, which implements, or parts thereof, are applicable to other useful purposes.

To James Dreige, of the parish of Walcot, in the city of Bath and county of Somerset, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of suspension chains for bridges, viaducts, aqueducts, and other purposes; and in the construction of such bridges, viaducts, or aqueducts.

To John Hopkins, of Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, surveyor, for his invention of improvements in furnaces for steam-engines, boilers, and other purposes.

To Louis Gachet, of Cambridge Heath, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of improvements in machinery for manufacturing and producing velvets and certain other fabrics.

To Joseph Bunnett, of Newington Causeway, in the county of Southwark, window-blind maker, for his invention of certain improvements in window-shutters, which improvements may also be applied to other useful purposes.

To William Watson, of Liverpool, in the county of Lancashire, merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacturing of sugars from beet-root and other substances,

being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To John Young, of Wolverhampton, in the county of Stafford, patent lock-smith, for his invention of certain improvements in manufacturing boxes and pulleys for window-sashes and other purposes.

To Charles Pearce Chapman, of Cornhill, in the city of London, zinc manufacturer, for his invention of improvements in printing silks, calicoes, and other fabrics.

To William Barratt, of Brighton, in the county of Sussex, founder, for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for generating and purifying gas for the purposes of illumination.

To Hamer Stansfield, of Leeds, in the county of York, merchant, for improvements in machinery for preparing certain threads or yarns, and for weaving certain fabrics.

To John Woolrich, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, professor of chemistry in

the Royal School of Medicine at Birmingham, for his invention of certain improvements in producing or making the substance commonly called or known by the name of carbonate of baryta or carbonate of barytes.

To John McDowall, of Johnstone, in the county of Renfrew, North Britain, and of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the machinery for sawing timber, and in the mode of applying power to the same.

To George Richards Elkington, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, gilt-toy manufacturer, for his invention of an improved method of gilding copper, brass, and other metals or alloy of metals.

To Alexander Stocker, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, for his invention of improvements in machinery for making files.

* BANKRUPTS,

FROM JUNE 28, TO JULY 22, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

June 28.—J. WARR, Lynn Regis, Norfolk, stationer and printer. T. H. EVN, Milson-street, Bath, milliner. J. MITCHELL, Bright-helmstone, Sussex, lodging-housekeeper. W. STUART, Wick, Sussex, wine-merchant. W. P. ATKINS and R. FREEMAN, Houndsditch, bricklayers. T. ROGERS, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, straw-bonnet-maker. E. QUIN, Park-lane, Piccadilly, coachmaker. R. WILLIAMSON, Derby, saddler. G. COMBS, Chichester, common brewer. J. WADDINGTON, Pontefract, Yorkshire, common brewer. J. RYDE, jun., Ilminster, Somersetshire, lace manufacturer.

July 1.—W. MARRS, Arbour-place, Fairfield, Stepney, rope-manufacturer. J. HARMAN, Clifton, Bristol, jeweller. R. ASPINALL, Ramsbottom, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.

July 5.—J. DAVY, Battles-bridge-mill, Rar-reth, Essex, miller. H. GIMSON, Leicester, straw hat-dealer. J. MEYER, Houndsditch, warehouseman. G. WILSON, Hexham, Northumberland, spirit-dealer. E. T. COLEMAN, Leominster, Herefordshire, scrivener. T. PROSSER, Worcester, builder. W. WHITE, Aston, Birmingham, cabinet-maker.

July 9.—J. BOTTOMLEY, Beech-street, Barbican, sunlight manufacturer. J. NICHOLS, Pope's Head-alley, oil-broker. T. H. FORKSTER, Baltic Coffee-house, Threadneedle-street, Russia broker. J. HALE, Bromley, Middlesex, maltster. J. SMITH, Curzon-street, Mayfair, furnishing ironmonger. R. H. MANN, Parliament-street, Westminster, linen-draper. I. MAPLEY, Landogo, Monmouthshire, innkeeper. S. MINSHULL, Manchester, commission agent. T. FLANAGAN, Bath, tailor. H. L. TAYLOR, Highworth, Wiltshire,

saddler. J. RAMSDEN, Kirkgate, Bradford, Yorkshire, hatter.

July 12.—H. J. CORN, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant. C. WRIGHT, Dover-street, Piccadilly, hotel-keeper. J. JACKSON, Poultry, glass-dealer. J. B. TAYLOR, Robin Hood and Little John, Deptford, victualler. C. HALL, Salford, Lancashire, malt dealer. J. MARSHALL, Bollington, Cheshire, grocer. S. JACOB, Sheffield, clothes dealer. J. UNSWORTH, Radcliffe, Lancashire, ironmonger. G. WALKER, Newport, Shropshire, diaper.

July 15.—I. ANCHER, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, tailor. J. EDWARDS, Shepherd's-market, Mayfair, carver and glider. R. FLEMING, Soley-terrace, Fentonville, lodging-house-keeper. M. C. GAFFTON, Alcester, Warwickshire, tanner. T. ROK, Fenny Compton, Warwickshire, draper and grocer. G. SCARLETT, Birmingham, jeweller.

July 19.—J. KENNEDY, Spencer-street, Northampton-square, goldsmith and jeweller. W. HINDLEY, Gray's Inn-lane, cheesemonger. F. NEWTON, Norwich, silk-mercer. J. ANDREW, Rising-bridge, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. J. DUCKWORTH, Broughton, Lancashire, calico-printer. W. SNOODMOSS, Leamington Priory, Warwickshire, jeweller. J. SMITH, Chesterfield, inn-keeper. J. P. HORTON, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, engine-boller maker. W. WALFORD, Birmingham, maltster.

July 22.—T. GRIFFITHS, Liverpool, builder. J. PIER, Fisherton Anger, Wiltshire, cheese factor. G. P. TOBY, Exeter, linen-draper. T. DREW, Bridport, grocer. G. COMBS, Chichester, common-brewer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE accounts from all the great manufacturing districts continue to exhibit the most satisfactory pictures of national industrial prosperity. Occasional fluctuations among the several varieties of goods fashioned by manufacturing activity, and by which a temporary dulness with respect to one particular article is occasioned by an extraordinary excitement in the case of some other, will of course be of continued recurrence. But taking a general view of the operative class of society, the demand for labour is full to abundance, and seems to baffle even all the appliances which machinery can furnish to modify and control it.

IN the Market for Colonial produce, there has lately been considerable animation in the purchase of British Plantation Sugars; it is now found that the late large arrivals so far from gorging the Market, are scarcely adequate to the ordinary demand, and the Grocers as well as the Refiners, who, in anticipation of these arrivals, had been limiting their purchases to their immediate occasions, are coming forward so eagerly, as to have caused an advance of about 1s. per cwt., and to make many of the holders hesitate to sell even at that improvement.

The present stock of British Plantation Sugars is 26,470 hhds. and trs., being 1900 less than at the corresponding date of last year; the total stock of Mauritius Sugar (East India Dock included) is 59,430 bags, showing a diminution, as compared with last year, of 20,120 bags.

IN Mauritius Sugars, the advance has been commensurate with that obtained on the produce of the West Indies, and is supported by a steady demand on the part of the Grocers; in East India, the demand is checked by the indisposition on the part of the holders to give way a little in price; there have, however, been some inquiries for Siam at last sale's prices. The Market for Foreign Sugars is extremely dull, and in the few transactions which have lately taken place, the sellers have been compelled to make a considerable sacrifice.

The present quotations are, for Jamaica, brown to middling, 67s. to 69s.; good to fine, 70s. to 73s.; Barbadoes, 69s. to 73s.; Mauritius, brown, 63s. to 65s.; yellow, 65s. 6d. to 71s. 6d.; Bengal, yellow, 38s. to 38s. 6d.; white, 39s. to 43s.; Manila and Java, 28s. to 42s.; Siam and China, 31s. to 40s.; Havan-

nah, brown, 37s. to 39s.; yellow, 40s. to 42s.; white to fine white, 52s. 6d. to 55s.

Until the last week, there was a continued steady demand for Refined Sugars both for shipping and for home consumption; latterly, the demand for the Continent has subsided, but the Grocers are ready purchasers at fair prices.

Much business has lately been done in the finer descriptions of West India Molasses: the prices realized have been, for Trinidad, 31s.; Dominica, 34s. to 34s. 6d.; other kinds, 32s. to 34s.; for fine Antigua, 35s. has been refused.

There is a continued extensive consumption for British Plantation Coffee, which has occasioned so eager demand on the part of the Grocers for all clean qualities, particularly of good colour descriptions, but unclear is of very dull sale. Jamaica, middling, and low middling, has realized 91s. to 97s. 6d.; good to fine ordinary, 79s. to 80s.; Demerara, middling, 94s.; Trinidad, good and fine ordinary, 86s. 6d. to 88s. 6d. There is also a good demand for East India Coffee for home consumption, and a moderate one at somewhat easier prices for shipping; good and fine ordinary Ceylon, at the 6d. duty, 75s. 6d. to 77s. 6d.; good ordinary Mocha at 67s. 6d. Foreign Coffee has, towards the close of the month, suffered a depression of 1s. to 2s.; good ordinary coloury Brazil has sold at 51s. to 52s.; St. Domingo, good ordinary mixed, 52s. 6d., and good 54s.; Bahia, good ordinary mixed pale, 49s. 6d. to 50s.

The demand for Rum, particularly for Leeward Islands, has been very extensive for some time past, and for these, as well as for Jamaica, an advance of 1d. per gallon has taken place during the month. Leewards, proof to 3 per cent. over, have sold for 2s. 4d. to 2s. 5d., 5 to 8 over, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 7d.; Jamaica, 17 per cent. over, 3s. 10d.. 28 to 34 over, 4s. 2d. to 4s. 5d.; 35 to 38 over, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. Very little has been done in Brandy and Geneva.

The public sales of Tea have gone off with much spirit, and at full prices, particularly the better qualities of Congou; ordinary Teas were heavy, and a large portion was taken in; fine Congous fetched 1s. 10d. to 2s. 5½d.; common, 1s. 2d. to 1s. 3½d.; common Hysons, 2s. 9d. to 2s. 11d.

Cotton has regained the former prices which had given way, in some degree, in consequence of the large importa-

tions; much business is doing both for shipping and on speculation, as well as for the manufacturers. The prices recently obtained have been for Bengal, $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $5\frac{1}{2}d.$; Surat, $5d.$ to $7\frac{1}{4}d.$; Madras, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $7d.$; Egyptian, $14d.$

The large public sales of Indigo, which have recently concluded, have gone off generally with great spirit, and at considerably advanced prices; the improvement resulting, as compared with the prices of the former sales, is $9d.$ to $1s.$ for middling good and fine, and $6d.$ to $9d.$ for ordinary and consuming sorts of Bengal, and $3d.$ to $9d.$ for Madras. Of the whole quantity offered, 1500 chests have been taken by the home trade, 900 chests bought in, and the remainder, nearly 7060 chests for exportation, except a small quantity on speculation.

The Wool sales have gone off with great animation, particularly the Colonial descriptions, which have obtained an advance of $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $2d.$ on the preceding sales. At the various fairs, too, in the country, the deficiency of the clip this season, and the short stocks on hand have induced ready purchases at prices rather higher than those of last season.

Pimento and Pepper are in no great demand, but with firm prices; Jamaica Ginger is much in request; there is little call for Mace, Nutmegs or Cloves, but the quotations have not given way.

The unsettled state of the weather has interrupted the Wheat-reaping, which had commenced partially after the middle of the month; and by the short arrivals consequent upon the interruption, an advance of about $2s.$ per quarter took place. In Barley and Oats the trade is very dull.

Hops appear to promise an abundant crop; the duty is now estimated at 250,000*l.*, but there are not wanting those who anticipate its reaching 300,000*l.*

The recent announcement made by the Directors of the Bank of England, that the rate of discount would be increased to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. produced some apprehension for the moment in the commercial world, lest it portended some violent restriction of the circulation, and the consequence was a depreciation in Consols to the extent of nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a sudden fall of prices in every description of Railway Shares. This effect was however very transient, and was speedily overcome by a better state of the Foreign Exchanges than had previously obtained, particu-

larly of the New York exchange upon England.

The continued inaction of Cordova, and the sinister suspicions to which his conduct gives rise, have an unfavourable effect upon Spanish Securities; Active Stock is nearly 4 per cent. worse than it was a month ago, and the other descriptions are proportionately depressed; Portuguese Bonds have, as usual, sympathized in the fluctuations of the Securities of the neighbouring states.

The closing prices of the principal National Securities, and of Shares in the principal Joint Stock speculations, on the 26th, are subjoined.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 212 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per cent. Reduced, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per cent. Consols, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three and a Half per cent. New, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 154 $\frac{1}{2}$ —India Stock, 258 9—India Bonds, 2 dis. par.—Exchequer Bills, 10 12—Consols for Account, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$.

SHARES.

Canada Land Company, 37 8—Australian Agricultural Company, 39 41—New Brunswick Land Company, 6 6 dis.—Van Diemen's Land Company, 13 14—General Steam Navigation Company, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Australian Banking Company, 16 18 par.—Irish Provincial Bank, 46 7—Irish National Bank, 16 17—English Provincial Bank, 3 4 par.—South African Bank, par 1—Colonial Bank, 1 2—Imperial Brazil Mining Company, 26 7—General Mining Company, 7 8.

RAILWAYS.

London and Birmingham, 65 70 pm.—London and Southampton, par. 2 pm.—London and Brighton, 7 8 pm.—London and Greenwich, 4 5 pm.—London and Blackwall, $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ dis.—London Grand Junction, $\frac{1}{2}$ dis. $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.—Great Western, 16 18 pm.—South Eastern, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.—North Midland, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.—York and North Midland, par. 1 pm.—Derby and Birmingham, 2 3.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Chilian, 6 per cent. 47 8—Colombian, 6 per cent. 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish, 3 per cent. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7—Dutch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Peruvian, 6 per cent. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese Scrip, 6 per cent. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 1835, 3 per cent., 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Russian £ Sterling, 5 per cent. 110 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Spanish Active Bonds, 1834, 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9—Ditto Deferred Ditto, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto Passive Ditto, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

June 20.—Lord Ashburton and other Peers urged the importance of improving the Post-office Establishment, and of the policy of seeking to extend the advantages of the establishment for the benefit of the public, and of not looking to it so sedulously as a source of revenue.

June 23.—Lord Lyndhurst moved the second reading of the Prisoners' Defence by Counsel Bill. His Lordship powerfully illustrated the great injustice and inconsistency in the present state of the law and the practice on this subject, and of the monstrous severity with which it bore upon those placed at the criminal's bar.—Several Noble Lords gave their support to the Bill, which was read a second time.

June 24.—Their Lordships went into Committee on the Scotch Entails Bill. On clause 3 being read, the Earl of Mansfield objected to the clause which allowed the heirs of entail, in possession, the power to grant feus for building, notwithstanding the prohibition in the deeds of entail. The principle was one which he could not agree to, as it would enable the heirs of entail to let land, to increase the 10*l.* constituency; it would also be very injurious to the heirs in succession, and be productive of much inconvenience where a difference of political opinion existed. The Noble Lord concluded by moving that clause 3 be expunged.—The Earl of Roseberry had proposed the clause with the impression that it would produce considerable beneficial effects on the estates of gentlemen of small fortune.—The Earl of Devon did not think it a proper clause to be introduced into the Bill, and therefore he should support the motion of his Noble Friend. After a few words from Lord Wharncliffe, the House divided, when there appeared—for the clause, 17; against it, 29; majority, 12.

June 27.—Lord Melbourne brought forward the Commons' alterations of their Lordships' amendments to the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, for the purpose of inducing the adoption of those alterations. His Lordship said he grieved that their Lordships should have made such extensive changes in the Bill, actually altering its principle as well as its details; and he could not but think that, had the Commons made any similarly extensive and vital alterations in a Bill originating in their Lordships' House, their Lordships would have rejected them. The Commons, in the desire of maintaining a good understanding with their Lordships, had not insisted on their restoration of the whole of their Bill, but they had named some of the Corporations of Ireland, declaring that they could not consent to the entire destruction of the principle of the Bill by the annihilation of Corporations in Ireland—a sentiment in the justness of which he concurred. He moved that the amendments of the Commons be taken into consideration. Lord Lyndhurst entered into an eloquent explanation and vindication of his political career, especially as regarded his conduct on the Catholic claims, and his subsequent proceedings towards Ireland. He confessed that he had acquiesced in the full concession of the Catholic claims, but he must also avow that he had been grievously disappointed by the results. Instead of peace and satisfaction being the effects, the concessions had only given rise to new and extensive agitations, to the undermining and assailing of all authority, and to the advancing of the most extravagant and threatening demands. With respect to the amendments to the Bill, sanctioned by so large a majority of their Lordships, he for one must adhere to them as requisite to the tranquillity and security of our Protestant Establishments. His Lordship resisted the motion. Earl Grey said he thought that their Lordships had been rather severe towards Ireland. He was most anxious to

promote compromise, and proposed a plan for allowing Corporations to continue, and the voters to have limited influence in returning to the Corporations. The Duke of Wellington resisted the Commons' alterations; he should adhere to the Bill as amended by their Lordships. Lord Melbourne replied, stating that he could not consent to defer this measure, and that he must press forward the Bill, believing it to be just and right. The House then divided. The numbers were—for the motion, 78; against it, 142; majority, 64.

June 30.—Lord Ellenborough presented the Report of the Committee appointed to draw up reasons to be forwarded to the Commons for not agreeing to the restoration of corporate towns, &c., in the Bill regarding Municipal Corporations, Ireland. His Lordship moved that the reasons be adopted. Lord Melbourne said that he did not concur in them, but that he should offer no opposition to the unwise course which he considered the majority of Lords to be pursuing regarding Ireland and this Bill. They were adopted, and at a conference with the Commons, the reasons were delivered.

July 2.—The Bishop of Exeter inquired when the House might expect to have laid on the table a copy of the Report of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland?—The Duke of Leinster said he had written for it, but had not yet received it.

July 4.—The Marquess of Londonderry deferred putting questions on the subject of Spanish affairs, as he had no desire to throw difficulties in the way of the Government. At the same time he hoped that the Government would cautiously observe the situation of the British forces in the Peninsula. —Earl Minto observed that no forbearance from the Noble Lord was required. The British forces in Spain were not placed in any new situation; besides, they were only auxiliaries.

July 7.—The Duke of Richmond presented the second Report of the Select Committee as to the danger that might result from locomotive engines passing through crowded streets and places. The Committee ascertained that there might be great danger from fire, but they did not recommend any particular measure as a remedy: at the same time they entertained the opinion that if the Companies were rendered liable to make good any damage that might result from their engines, that would promote caution, if not security.

July 8.—The Marquess of Westmeath moved for a copy of a petition which had been presented to the Crown, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department, relative to the Church patronage which was now vested in the Crown, the former possessors of it having been Roman Catholics.—Agreed to.

July 11.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill.—The Duke of Wellington objected to the lateness of the period at which so important a measure was brought on; and, with a view to postpone it till another session, moved that it be read a second time that day three weeks.—On a division, the numbers were, for the amendment, 46; for the second reading, 22.

July 12.—Their Lordships received a message from the Commons, requesting a conference on the subject of the amendments in the Corporations Act Amendment Bill. The conference took place, and the reasons offered by the Commons were ordered to be considered. The House then went into Committee on the Tithe Commutation Bill, and several amendments were agreed to.

July 15.—On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the Order of the Day for taking into consideration the reasons of the House of Commons to the amendments made by their Lordships to the Municipal Act Amendment Bill, was read.—The Lord Chancellor moved that their Lordships do agree

to the first amendments made by the Commons.—Lord Lyndhurst complained of the difficulty of discussing these amendments until they had been printed. After a desultory conversation, Viscount Melbourne suggested that it would be better to have these amendments printed at once. The motion was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS

June 20.—Mr. G. Price asked Lord Palmerston whether any cartel had been concluded for the exchange of such of his Majesty's forces as might fall into the hands of Don Carlos; his Lordship replied that they would of course be exchanged under the Eliot convention.—The House went into Committee on the Stamp and Excise duties.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a resolution that the duty on newspapers should be reduced to one penny.—Sir Charles Knightley moved, as an amendment, that certain reductions should be made in the excise duty on soap. The Hon. Baronet said that great benefit would result to the farming interest from the measure he urged, and contended that no real advantage could accrue to the poorer classes from the cheapness of newspapers.—After an extended debate, the question was put upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposition, and carried by a majority of 33, the numbers being, for the original motion, 241; for the amendment, 208.

June 21.—Mr. Hume presented the petition of 34 architects who had been competitors regarding the best design for rebuilding the Houses of Parliament, praying to be heard by Counsel, or for the appointment of competent persons to investigate the grounds of the Commissioners' report, previously to a final decision on the design.

June 22.—The Report of the Metropolitan Suspension Bridge Bill, after some opposition, was received and agreed to, on a division of 109 for it, and 38 against it.—Mr. Gully brought forward statements in support of the charges made by Mr. O'Connell against Mr. Hardy, regarding the Pontefract election.—The proposition to print a letter of Mr. Hardy's was negatived, on a division, of Ayes, 97; Noes, 136.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he should press the whole of the Stamp Duties Bill; and that he confidently expected to be able to carry it this Session.

June 23.—Mr. Grote again brought forward his motion for a Bill to provide that the votes at elections be taken by ballot. After a long debate the House divided, when there appeared, for the motion, 88; against it, 139; majority against it, 51.

June 24.—Mr. Maclean asked if the Poor-law Commissioners had the power of preventing the poor from attending divine service on Sundays?—Lord J. Russell said that on one occasion they had been let out, and instead of going to church they spread themselves over the country, doing much damage to the public.

June 27.—Lord J. Russell moved that after the 1st of July all Orders of the Day have precedence of Notices of Motions, it being important to have their Bills in the House of Lords before August next. The regulation was adopted.

June 28.—A long debate took place on a motion of Lord G. Lennox, that the Report of the Committee on the Brighton railway should be agreed to. The result was a majority of 101 to 61 in favour of Stephenson's line.

June 29.—On the motion of Mr. Hume the resolutions of the Committee for inquiring into the salaries of the officers of the House were agreed to.

June 30.—After the presentation of many petitions, there was a Conference with the Lords. The "Reasons" having been presented and read to the House, Lord J. Russell said, that as these Reasons held out no prospect

of any settlement between the Commons and the Lords, as to what ought to be the provisions of the Irish Corporations Bill, he should not propose that the Reasons be taken into consideration. On the contrary, he moved that they be taken into consideration that day three months. His Lordship observed, that there were observations in the Lords' Reasons, which induced him to cherish a hope that at no distant period, perhaps within a few months, their Lordships would co-operate in the devising of measures for the improvement of local government in Ireland.—Sir R. Peel condemned the proposition now made, and thought that they ought to take into consideration the Lords' Reasons.—After some discussion, the motion was carried without any division, by which decision the Commons have terminated the matter for the present session.—Sir J. Hanmer moved a resolution condemnatory of Members of Parliament receiving pay as the avowed advocates in the House of any set of men.—On a division, the resolution was negatived by 178 to 67.

July 1.—Viscount Morpeth moved the Order of the Day for the Committee on the Church of Ireland Bill.—Mr. S. Crawford then brought forward his resolution, "That it is expedient that tithes, and all compositions for tithes in Ireland, should cease, and be for ever extinguished."—The subject seemed to excite little if any interest; few Members were present, and the motion was opposed both by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Grattan, who recommended the resolution to be withdrawn. It was eventually negatived by 51 to 18.—The House went into Committee, and the clauses up to the 43th were agreed to, after a long but desultory discussion upon some of them.

July 4.—On the Order of the Day having been moved for the House going into Committee on the Church of Ireland Bill, Sir G. Sinclair expressed his belief that Ministers could not be sincere in their attachment to this measure, or they would have brought it forward at an earlier period of the session, when there must have been a greater probability of its passing.—The House then went into Committee; and Lord Mahon moved the omission of the 50th, or appropriation clause.—A debate of great length ensued.—Lord Stanley remarked, that the people of Ireland, if they now followed the advice of Mr. O'Connell, would, as in former instances, do so to their own detriment.—Mr. O'Connell replied, "It is untrue."—A scene of indescribable confusion ensued.—Lord Stormont rose to order, as did several other Hon. Members; and Mr. Bernal, the Chairman, declared Mr. O'Connell out of order, and stated that he would have sooner noticed his conduct, but that in the present House of Commons such matters were so frequent, that to remark upon them would be a serious interruption of the public business.—Lord J. Russell expressed his concurrence in what had fallen from the Chair, and expressed his hope that Lord Stanley would no longer charge Ministers with acting under an influence that they dared not resist.—Lord Stanley proceeded to reiterate his charge, and Lord J. Russell rose to order.—The Chairman began by talking about the difficulty of his position, but having been met by a tremendous cheer from the House, pronounced against the Noble Lord, by stating Lord Stanley to be in order.—Lord Stanley then concluded his speech, and Mr. O'Connell spoke for some time. Among other observations, he said—"The people of Ireland will not accept, next year, what you offer them this; I had almost said they *shall* not accept it."—Lord J. Russell closed the debate. In the course of his speech he said, if the division were less than it had been, or if he were left in a minority, then, as a Minister of the Crown, or as a Member of Parliament, he would not hold himself responsible for attempting the settlement of the question as regarded Ireland.—The House divided. The numbers were, for the clause, 290; against it, 264; majority in its favour, 26.

July 5.—Sir R. Peel inquired if the General Order published in the newspapers, as addressed to the British Legion in Spain by Brevet Lieut.-Col. Evans, was genuine or not?—Lord Palmerston said that, speaking as a Minister of the Crown, he knew nothing officially of the document in question; but that, as an individual, he believed it to be authentic.

July 7.—The House having gone into Committee on the Court of Sessions (Scotland) Bill, Sir W. Rae moved an amendment, by which 800*l.* a-year would be saved to the public. The House, however, negatived the motion by a majority of 53 to 34.

July 8.—Lord J. Russell moved the committal of the Established Church Bill.—Mr. C. Lushington moved, as an amendment, that an address be presented to his Majesty for the appointment of a commission to consider and report on the expediency of abolishing the existing system of translation of Bishops.—After a debate, the House divided, when the amendment was negatived by 124 to 41.—Another amendment was proposed by Mr. Trevor, and negatived by 142 to 22.—The House then went into Committee on the Bill, and proceeded as far as the 8th clause.

July 11.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer presented the Report of the Committee appointed to prepare reasons for the Lords for dissenting from some amendments made by their Lordships to the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill.—The House then went into Committee on the Stamp Duties Bill, and several clauses were agreed to.

July 12.—On the Order of the Day having been read for going into Committee on the Established Church Bill, Mr. Jervis moved an instruction to the Committee, that a clause be introduced, providing that no clergyman should hereafter be qualified to hold a living in Wales, without having a competent knowledge of the Welsh language.—A debate of some length followed, and the instruction was agreed to by a majority of 74 to 64.

July 13.—Sir C. Burrell complained of a breach of privilege, he having been charged with receiving a compensation of 15,000*l.* for property worth only a few hundred pounds, by which he was induced to alter his opinion, and support Stephenson's Brighton line of Railway. He declared it to be false, and that he should deem himself unworthy of his seat if he could be guilty of any such conduct.—After a long conversation, in the course of which Lord J. Russell declared that the whole House could bear testimony to the character of the Honourable Baronet, it was ordered that Mr. Cundy should attend at the Bar of the House.

July 14.—The House discussed the Report on the Established Church Bill. The various clauses were considered, and several divisions took place. All were in favour of the Bill. The last was on a motion by Mr. C. Buller, to reduce still further than as provided for by the Bill the emoluments of the Bishops. It was lost by a large majority.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the								
	Yrs. ended July 5,		In-	De-	Yrs. ended July 5,		In-	De-
	1835.	1836.	crease.	crease.	1835.	1836.	crease.	crease.
Customs, &c.	4,461,627	4,842,837	381,260	18,004,725	19,167,127	1,162,402
Excise	2,502,048	3,215,069	713,021	11,598,607	12,439,519	831,912
Stamps	1,624,171	1,734,267	110,096	6,493,029	6,722,902	229,874
Taxes	1,500,393	1,571,150	70,757	3,887,691	3,690,980	196,611
Post-Office	342,000	376,000	34,000	1,390,000	1,459,000	69,000
Miscellan.	10,789	7,974	2,815	61,936	62,806	870
	10,441,028	11,747,347	1,309,134	2,815	41,435,937	43,536,334	2,297,058	196,611
Imprest and other Monies, &c.	101,269	101,588	329	477,131	492,140	54,991
Total	10,542,297	11,848,936	1,309,463	2,815	41,913,118	43,958,474	2,297,058	251,602
	Deduct Decrease		2,815		Deduct Decrease			251,602
	Incr. on the Quar. .		1,306,648		Increase on the Year			2,045,456

It appears from the above, that there is an increase on the year of no less

Jan. 2,045,456*l.*, and on the quarter of 1,306,648*l.* The principal increase has been in the Customs' revenue, being mainly occasioned by the increased consumption of tea, in consequence of the fall in its price, growing out of the abolition of the monopoly. There has also been an increase of 834,912*l.* in the Excise, of which 713,021*l.* has been in the quarter now ended. This account bears, therefore, the most decisive testimony to the flourishing state of the country, and shows that our resources are not only unimpaired, but greater than at any former period.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

Trial and Execution of Alibaud.—The trial of this criminal, for an attempt to assassinate the King of the French, commenced in the Court of Peers on the 8th July, and concluded on the afternoon of the following day. On being asked by the President to declare his motives for attempting to commit such an enormous crime, Alibaud said—"that he had done it from conviction, and that he had already sufficiently explained his motives." The *sang froid* which the prisoner manifested at the time when the King's life was attempted, was equally apparent during the trial, and in his incoherent and intemperate defence, in which he declaimed violently in favour of republican institutions, and against the government of Louis Philippe; and that he had the same right over Louis Philippe as Brutus had over Cæsar: he was soon, however, stopped short in his bravado, and the Court retired to deliberate on its verdict. On their return Alibaud was condemned to the punishment of parricides, viz.:—to walk to the scaffold in his shirt and bare-footed, his head covered with a black veil, and the sentence to be read to him on reaching the place of execution in the presence of the people, and then to be decapitated. He was condemned to pay the costs of the trial! and to be executed as soon as the Attorney-General should think proper. He was executed accordingly.

SPAIN.

The war in the North of Spain afflicts humanity, without seeming to bring one whit nearer the decision of any political question. General Cordova, the Queen's Commander-in-Chief, is paralyzed either by treachery or by absolute want of resources. General Evans, whose health has been impaired, is unable from want of support to undertake any great operation; and an attack made upon the fortress of Fontarabia by the British and Spanish troops, on the 11th and 12th ult., was defeated by the Carlists. Many of the British officers have quitted the Legion, and returned to England, being disgusted with the conduct of the Spanish Government. The Carlists carry on an active partisan warfare in the mountainous country which they occupy, and seem on the whole to have the advantage.

AMERICA.

The American Senate and the House of Representatives have agreed to the following resolution, on the subject of slavery, with a view of putting an end to all discussion upon it in Congress:—Resolved, by a large majority,—“That Congress possesses no constitutional authority to interfere in any way with the institution of slavery in any of the States of this Confederacy.”—It was also resolved, as a means of allaying excitement, that all petitions, memorials, resolutions, or other papers, relating any way to the subject of slavery, or the abolition of slavery, should, without being referred to especially, be laid on the table, and that no further proceedings should be heard thereon.

* BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

VISCOUNT CLIFDEN.

Died, on the 15th ult., at his residence in Hanover-square, London, in the 79th year of his age, Viscount Clifden, Baron Mendip, in the Peerage of Great Britain. His Lordship had held the sinecure office of Clerk of the Privy Council in Ireland, and Recorder of Gowran, a corporate town on his estate in Kilkenny, of which he was the patron: it used to return two members to the Irish Parliament. His Lordship succeeded to the English title and privileges as a Peer of Parliament in 1802, on the death of his grandmother's brother, Welbore Ellis, the first Lord Mendip. He married, in 1792, Lady Caroline Spencer, eldest daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1813, by whom he had issue the late Lord Dover, and an only daughter, who died unmarried in 1814, at the age of twenty. The late Lord, though possessing considerable estates in Ireland, seldom resided in that country. He is succeeded in his titles and extensive estates by his youthful grandson, Henry Lord Dover, now Viscount Clifden, who is a minor, being only in his twelfth year, the eldest son of the late regretted Lord Dover, formerly the Honourable Agar Ellis. The present Peer is now Viscount Clifden, Baron Gowran, in the Peerage of Ireland; and Baron Mendip and Baron Dover (in all, four Peerages) in that of Great Britain.

MR. JAMES MILL.

Died, at Kensington, James Mill, Esq., the author of "The History of British India," the treatise on "The Elements of Political Economy," and also the treatise on "The Analysis of the Human Mind," which bear his name. He fell a victim to consumption, after nearly one year's illness, during which time he was disabled from attending to the duties of his most important office, that of chief examiner to the East India Company, which duties were those of preparing despatches and other state papers submitted to the consideration of the Court of Directors. The more important state papers, prepared under many disadvantages, in that department, by the agency of the distinguished men whom the Company honoured themselves by employing, have been declared by competent judges to be without exception the most comprehensive and masterly of any that have been issued from a public body. His relaxation after the hours of official business was, like that of Bacon, in the cultivation of the higher sciences, some of which he advanced by profound and original views. All which he studied he contributed to diffuse by the masterly expositions and applications of principles. In metaphysics he aided to extend the province of the school of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Hartley, Condillac, and the promoters of inductive science. In morals and legislation he was, with Priestley, Bentham and Paley, the advocate of the principle of the greatest happiness of mankind (considered in their totality), as the test of human action. Until the pressure of his official duties restricted his leisure, he was, next to Dumont, Bentham's most frequent companion and powerful auxiliary. In the science of political economy he was the ally of Adam Smith and Ricardo. He was for many years of his earlier life a contributor of articles of great power to the "Edinburgh Review." Until within the last four or five years he wrote the philosophical articles for the "Westminster Review." His articles on government, education, and jurisprudence, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," are amongst the most distinguished, and have been the subject of much controversy. He was retiring in his habits, and seldom took part in any public proceedings, though he took a lively interest in all proceedings for national and social improvement. He has left a widow and nine children, five of whom are grown up. He was remarkable for his sedulous attention to their education, which was a duty he would never delegate to any one.—*Globe*.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At Poyninge, in Sussex, on the 6th of July, Captain Charles Bradford, to Anna Margaret, third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Holland, Precentor of Chichester, and niece of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine, his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Bavaria.

At St. George's Hanover-square, the Rev. George Bingham, of the late Lieut. General Bingham or Bingham's Melcombe, Dorsetshire, to Frances Margaret Byam Hannah, only daughter of Anthony Blagrove, Esq., of Harp Tree Court, Somersetshire.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Lieut.-Col. Colville, Scots Fusilier Guard, to Julia, eldest daughter of the late James Henry Leigh, Esq., of Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire.

At Richmond, Surrey, the Rev. G. Trevor, S.C.L., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, Chaplain to the Forces in Madras, to Elizabeth Louisa, eldest daughter of Christopher P. Garrick, Esq., of Richmond, and of Cleve, Somersetshire.

At St. Georges, Hanover-square, Captain the Hon. Arthur Duncombe, R.N., second son of the Right Hon. Lord Faversham, to Delia, youngest daughter of John Wilmer Field, Esq., of Heaton Hall, York.

At Streatham, the Rev. B. Donne, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late W. Eade, Esq., of Bordeaux.

At Hitcham, Bucks., Lieut.-Colonel Home, Madras Native Infantry, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Duncan Campbell, Esq., of York-place, Barnes, Islington.

Died.—Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., Secretary to the General Post-office, in the 72nd year of his age.

On the 3rd ult., at Charlton Lodge, Chester, aged 60, Thomas Trelton, Esq.

At Edinburgh, J. C. Blair, Esq., Commander in the Royal Navy, eldest son of W. Blair, Esq., of Blair, county of Ayr.

At the Cape of Good Hope, W. Wilberforce Bird, Esq., late Comptroller of Customs, in the 78th year of his age.

At Worthing, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Sir H. Hallowell Carew, G.C.B.

At his house in Hanover-square, Viscount Clifden, in the 76th year of his age.

At Pisa, in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, after a short illness, and in the 16th year of her age, Emily, second daughter of Sir B. Palk Wrey, Bart., of Fawstock Court, in the county of Devon.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Corporation of London.—By the report of the City Revenue Committee it appears that the total income of the corporation, in 1797, was 74,000*l.*, and in the year 1833, as upwards of 141,000*l.*; and that a further sum of 74,000*l.* has been received from the public in fees and other charges by various officers of the corporation. The corporation, therefore, has an annual income of upwards of 215,000*l.* to account for.

New Metropolitan University.—The following constitute the Board of Examiners of the new Metropolitan University:—Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham; Henry Warburton, Esq. M.P.; Andrew Amos, Esq., professor of law in University of London; W. Emmon, Esq., professor of law in the East India College; Dr. Roget; J. Shaw Lefevre, Esq.; Dr. Arnold; Rev. R. Sheepshanks, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal; J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Vice-President of the Royal Society; Nassau W. Senior, Esq.; and Michael Faraday, Esq., F.R.S.

Operation of the Poor-Law Act.—The following statement will show the beneficial working of the Poor-Law Bill in the parish of St. Giles, Camberwell:—The expenditure, in the year ending April, 1834, was 22,363*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, rates 3*s.* 7*d.* in the pound; in 1835, 19,648*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*, rates 3*s.* 3*d.* in the pound; in 1836, 17,875*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*, rates 2*s.* 10*d.* in the pound. The year ending April, 1837, will not exceed 12,000*l.*, as a rate of 10*d.* has been made for the half year: thus, comparing the year 1834, the last year of the old system, and the present, ending April, 1837, will show a saving of the large sum of 10,363*l.* per annum. The results are most satisfactory, not only as regards the saving effected, but in the great moral improvement among the poor, and in converting the idle pauper into a hard-working labourer. It is a remarkable fact that, at the sitting of the Board on the 1st of June last, there was not one application for relief; and, what is more remarkable, four letters were received from paupers thanking the Board for what they have received, and that having employment, they had no further need of relief.

DEVONSHIRE.

An Order in Council appears in the Gazette of last night, declaring the port of Plymouth a fit and proper place for the reception of goods from places within the limits of the East India Company's charter, and authorising the importation of such goods into that port.

KENT.

The Poor Laws' Amendment Bill is spoken of as working well in all parts of the country. At Canterbury, the city and county poor-rates, which in the year ending July 1, 1834, were 8745*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*, in 1835, were reduced to 7163*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*; and in the present year, they are only 6056*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*

LANCASHIRE.

Port of Liverpool.—The account of the number of vessels and their tonnage entering the port of Liverpool, is made up annually on the 30th of June. The following is a comparison of the number and tonnage, with the amount of dues paid on the same, in the two last years:—

Years ending June	1835.	1836.
Number of Vessels . . .	13,941	14,989
Tonnage of Ditto . . .	1,768,426	1,947,613
Dues on Tonnage and Goods . . .	£198,637	£221,945
Gross Revenue of Corporation . . .	£217,825	£244,814

In 1565, Liverpool was a hamlet to the adjoining parish of Walton, and contained 138 huts, owning 225 tons of boats. It emerged from its obscurity at the close of the 17th century, when the population amounted to 5145. In 1797 the population had increased to 34,407, and the dock-dues then amounted to 13,320*l.* The following is a statement of the population of the town and suburbs at each of the four ten yearly periods, viz.:—

In 1801 . . . 86,519	In 1821 . . . 146,881
1811 . . . 109,772	1831 . . . 215,969

The amount of customs' duties collected at the port of Liverpool in the year 1835 was 4,044,895*l.*, and in London 10,601,600*l.* The shipping owned, and entered inwards and outwards, are in about the same proportion—which amounts may suffice as a fair indication of the relative extent of the foreign trade of the two ports; but as focuses of activity and of internal exchange, there is no comparison to be drawn. In the manufacture of soap, Liverpool exceeds London in the proportion of 47,000,000 lbs. to 33,000,000 lbs.; in brewing, London exceeds Liverpool in the ratio of 5,200,000 to 900,000; and in the distillation of spirits in a still greater proportion.

SHROPSHIRE.

Ingenious Piece of Mechanism.—A very ingenious piece of mechanism, a miniature steam-engine, has been constructed by Mr. Richard Corfield, a young man in the employ of Messrs. Gittins and Cartwright, at the eagle foundry, in Shrewsbury. It consists of an engine not exceeding a half-inch cylinder, for the purpose of setting a small steam-boat, working its propelling shaft at the enormous speed of 550 revolutions per minute—travelling a distance of thirty miles in one hour. The boiler is so constructed as to admit a spirit-lamp in the centre of the water, which affords sufficient fuel and steam for one hour. We should add that the above is only one of many extraordinary specimens of useful, though miniature, and elaborate, works of art made by Mr. Corfield.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The project of forming a ship canal, to connect the English and Bristol Channels, which was deferred owing to the panic of 1825, has been revived by the original shareholders. This important national work, as pointed out by the survey of the late Mr. Telford and Capt. Nicholls, is to extend from Lyme Regis, in the English Channel, to Bridgewater Bay, in the Bristol Channel, and will be 44 miles long, and 90 feet wide.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Steam Carriage Experiment on the Coventry Road.—A very beautiful steam carriage, built on the plan of those to be employed by the London and Birmingham Steam-Carriage Company, has been exhibited on the Coventry road; and the ease and facility, combined with the perfect safety of its working, gave the most unqualified satisfaction to the numbers who witnessed the experiment. We understand that, at the meeting of the directors of this company, it was announced that two bills were now before parliament for regulating turnpike tolls on steam-carriages, and for improving the road between London and Birmingham. The shareholders seem determined to prosecute the undertaking with vigor, and feel confident of realising the expectations held out as to the profits of working of steam-carriages on the common roads.

IRELAND.

Last year Ireland distilled 11,167,580 gallons of proof spirits, which was nearly equal to the distillation of England and Scotland in the same period. Amount of duty paid on last year's consumption, 1,327,809*l.* for Ireland.

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END OF THE SECOND PART FOR 1836.

